SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIII JANUARY, 1923 NO. 1

Some Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson

WITH A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND ORI, AT TAHITI

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1889

IT was in March, 1889, in the picturesque days when King Kalakaua sat on the throne of Hawaii, that the yacht *Casco*, with R. L. Stevenson on board, arrived at Honolulu, after nearly a year's cruising among the Marquesas and Society Islands, and anchored inside the coral reef that forms the harbor. Close by lay Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Cormorant*, in which I was then serving as a lieutenant, and the coming of the *Casco* was an event of great interest to us all, especially to myself, for I was already an ardent admirer of Stevenson and hoped it might be my good luck to meet him. I felt convinced that his personality must possess the charm that pervades his writings and confers on him "the happy privilege of making lovers among his readers."

The *Casco* party, consisting of Stevenson, his wife, his mother, and Lloyd Osbourne, landed soon after the yacht anchored, and took up their quarters in a seaside bungalow at Waikiki, a few miles outside Honolulu, a delightful place where they lived for several months in rather strict seclusion. Society in Honolulu, which included a large number of British and American residents and visitors, saw little of any of them except Lloyd Osbourne, who was occasionally to be seen at some of the frequent festivities that took place.

It was at a dance at the King's palace, if I remember aright, that I met Osbourne, with whom I had a long and interesting talk. It is probable that he was at the palace that night to represent Stevenson, who must certainly have been invited, for he had made the acquaintance of King Kalakaua, an acquaintance that ripened into friendship. Kalakaua, though a hard drinker, was a very intelligent and well-educated man, quite capable of appreciating Stevenson, who, on his part, must have found the huge, brown-skinned king a highly interesting character.

My conversation with Lloyd Osbourne no doubt revealed to him my admiration for his famous stepfather, and my hopes of meeting him, for a few days later I received a friendly little note from R. L. S. himself, inviting me to go and see him at Waikiki.

On the day appointed I set forth and walked out, along the beautiful tree-lined roads, to Waikiki, where I found the bungalow I sought, standing amid trees and oleanders, and so close to the beach as almost to overhang the sea. As I approached, a man dressed in flannels came out on the veranda and welcomed me heartily. Him I recognized instantly, from portraits I had seen, as R. L. Stevenson: a tall, thin figure, very quick and graceful in movement; a face of extraor-

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dinary character, not to be easily forgotten; dark hair worn rather long; slight mustache; clean-cut features, and the most expressive brown eyes. The charm of his manner struck me instantaneously, and enthralled me throughout our conversation. I had rather expected to find something of an invalid, knowing of his long ill-health, but he looked nothing of the sort. There was, it is true, a certain delicacy in his looks, but it appeared more the delicacy of refinement and culture than of ailment; he had a well-colored, rather bronzed complexion, and a wonderful suggestion of activity and energy in his talk and movements.

He led me into the "lanai," a large room which was really a roofed veranda overlooking the sea, and which had no side walls, though the sides could be closed by shutters or "tatties," if required. It made an ideal living-room for such a climate, cool, spacious, and comfortable. Here we sat and talked, and I straightway found myself under the spell of Stevenson's wonderful charm of conversation. I say we sat, but for the most part I sat while he paced up and down as he talked, pausing now and then to fix his dancing brown eyes on me or to roll a new cigarette with his nimble fingers. He professed, by the way, scorn for the ready-made cigarette. "The true cigarette-smoker," he said, "always makes his own"; and a jar of tobacco and packets of cigarette-papers on the table provided his wants. Cigarette followed cigarette, and the time flew while he talked. I wish that, Boswell-like, I had taken notes of that conversation so that I could reproduce it now! He was in the highest spirits, and wit and humor flowed from him without the least suggestion of effort. He told me of the cruise he had just finished among the islands, of various experiences at sea in the *Casco* (which led us to discuss matters of seamanship), and spoke of the eagerness with which he and his party were looking forward to receiving on their arrival at Honolulu English newspapers, from which they had been cut off for months, and of their dismay at finding only one English journal awaiting them—a weird weekly called the *Pictorial News*, dated February 9, 1889. He produced this paper, one of a class intended for "the masses" and devoid of any pretension to literary merit, and said: "Imagine our feelings, when we were starving for our newspapers, to receive only this, and this only, to satisfy our hunger!" Then he added, "But there is one page of it which is sublime; it brought tears to our eyes," and he turned to a page which he showed to me with a comic pretense of emotion. It was a page full of the crudest woodcuts, depicting the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, evidently the work of an imaginative artist in Fleet Street.

After we had admired these atrocities Stevenson suddenly said: "I must send this sheet to the officers of the *Cormorant* as a mark of my esteem; don't you think they would appreciate it?" "I'm sure they would," I replied. So he tore out the sheet, sat down, took up a pen, and began to write: "To the Officers of H.M.S. *Cormorant* this little gem—" He paused, and said: "Now, how shall I put it?" and then wrote "—is cordially offered by R. L. S." I took the sheet on board in due course, and showed it to my brother officers, but claimed the right of retaining it and have kept it ever since.

While we were talking we were joined by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, known as an authoress by the name of Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson, who very soon struck me as a woman of character and intellect, and of marked individuality. Small and dark-haired, she was dressed in a "holoku"—the invariable dress of the South Sea Island women—a very sensible garment for a warm climate, being a loose gown flowing freely from the shoulders; and her feet were bare. She must have possessed considerable beauty in her youth, still retained a good figure, and had beautifully shaped little hands and feet.

Conversation turned somehow to the stage and the dramatization of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which, of course, none of us had seen. I said that I had heard that in the stage version Dr. Jekyll had a wife or a sweetheart—I was not sure which. Stevenson was interested to hear of this, and said: "I thought of that, but I couldn't do it; it was too horrible." We went on to speak of Shakespeare, and Stevenson told an amusing story of a performance of "Macbeth," by Salvini,

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which he had seen, I think, in Edinburgh, in which, owing to some mismanagement, the ghost of Banquo, rising slowly and solemnly, twice appeared prematurely, and had to be lowered again with ludicrous rapidity; when the proper moment for his appearance arrived the stage-hands, daunted by their previous mistakes, failed to hoist him, and an awkward pause ensued; the manager behind the scenes must have fired out a volcanic order, for with a terrific jerk up shot the ghost of Banquo, so violently that an effect still more comic was produced. Stevenson's description of this incident, in which he vividly imitated the action of the unfortunate ghost, especially the final jerk, which caused his long hair to fly outward, was intensely amusing.

I had intended to pay a short call, not wishing to take up too much of the author's time, but when I rose to go I found I had actually stayed two hours, entranced by the charm of his talk. He made light of my apologies, however, and invited me to dine with him one evening a day or two later.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edmund R. Pears, R. N.

At that dinner, besides Stevenson and his wife, his mother (the elder Mrs. Stevenson), Lloyd Osbourne, and his sister, Mrs. Strong, were present. It was an unconventional, but most delightful, affair; the men in flannels, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson in her "holoku," with a brazier burning under the table to keep mosquitoes away from her bare feet, Mrs. Strong (whose husband was an artist of San Francisco) similarly attired; the food

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plain but good; the table undecorated; the conversation unflagging and lively. One felt that both food and formality were not worth troubling one's head about; it was the company and talk that mattered. In this Bohemian atmosphere the elder Mrs. Stevenson, a most lovable and charming old lady, neatly, almost primly, dressed in black, with a white muslin cap, looked at first sight out of her proper element; but it was not so in reality; she understood her companions and was entirely sympathetic. The strong affection binding the typical Scotch mother to her strange, brilliant bantling, and him to her, was unmistakable and beautiful.

Stevenson, eager and vivacious, did most of the talking, but entirely without egotism or arrogance. The fact is, it was so delightful to listen to him that no one felt inclined to cut in, unless to prompt or to spur. Dinner over and the plates removed by the attendant Chinaman (who, I was amused to note, seemed to be as devoted to, and fascinated by, his whimsical master as any of us), coffee and tobacco-jar were placed on the table, and as we rolled our cigarettes and smoked we continued to talk and laugh till a fairly late hour. Much of Stevenson's lively conversation was about his South Sea cruise and the *Casco*, but all sorts of things were discussed besides, including experiences with publishers and magazine editors. He was then engaged on "The Master of Ballantrae," which, although not quite completed, was running in SCRIBNER'S. I admitted that I was reading it as it appeared monthly in that magazine, an admission for which he strongly reproved me! Somewhat taken aback, I pleaded that I could not restrain my impatience, but he would not accept the excuse. "What?" I asked, in rather feeble self-defense, "isn't one supposed to read it in SCRIBNER'S?" "Of course not!" he replied. Still more flabbergasted, I inquired why, in that case, was it published in the serial form? "Simply as an advertisement," was the answer. I had not, in my simplicity, realized this fact, which, of course, must be well understood in the publishing world, and which Stevenson, being quite aware of the market value of his work, could state without vanity. On the other hand, the work would be useless as an advertisement unless thousands of magazine readers were ready to enjoy it in serial form. But, for the true book-lover, to read a long novel in monthly instalments is neither doing justice to the author nor giving complete enjoyment to the reader, and this would naturally be Stevenson's point of view.

Stevenson and Osbourne discussed their jointly written book, "The Wrong Box," which had not long been published, and which I had not read. Stevenson said it was nothing but "wild farce," and we laughed over its absurdities. Apparently they had another book on the stocks, for they were anxious to learn something about tidal waves, and questioned me closely as to the localities and effects of these phenomena. I gathered that their intention was to get rid of some of their characters with a tidal wave, but I do not remember if this idea was ever used.

That dinner was the precursor of many delightful evenings and similar dinners spent with the Stevensons in their cool and pleasant "lanai" by the edge of the sea. I felt it to be a rare and extraordinary privilege to be admitted for a while as a member of that charming circle, the more so since they held aloof from society, feeling (to quote from one of Stevenson's letters) "oppressed with civilization" after their free and untrammelled existence in the South Sea Islands. A quotation from the same letter will give a better description of the Stevensons' home at Waikiki than I could attempt:

"The buildings stand in their groups by the edge of the beach, where an angry little spitfire sea continually spirts and thrashes with impotent irascibility, the big seas breaking farther out upon the reef. The first is a small house, with a very large summer parlor, or *lanai* as they call it here, roofed, but partially open. There you will find the lamps burning and the family sitting about the table, dinner just done: my mother, my wife, Lloyd, Bella, my wife's daughter, Austin her child, and to-night (by way of rarity) a guest. All about the walls our South Sea curiosities, war clubs, idols, pearl-shells, stone axes, etc.; and the walls are only a small part of a *lanai*, the rest being glazed or latticed windows, or mere

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open space." He goes on to describe the other buildings, including a little "shanty" which was his own particular den. "It is a grim little wooden shanty; cobwebs bedeck it; friendly mice inhabit its recesses; the mailed cockroach walks upon the wall; so also, I regret to say, the scorpion. Herein are two pallet beds, two mosquito curtains, strung to the pitch-boards of the roof, two tables laden with books and manuscripts, three chairs, and, in one of the beds, the Squire busy writing to yourself, as it chances, and just at the moment somewhat bitten by mosquitoes."

It was in this room that Stevenson, while at Honolulu, slept and passed much of his time in writing and in playing on his "flageolet."

He loved music, of which he had considerable knowledge (as of most subjects), and finding I was an amateur of the violin asked me to bring my fiddle with me one evening. Although I assured him I was a very poor performer, he insisted, and I brought it accordingly, expecting that Mrs. Strong would accompany me on the piano. On that occasion, however, I found Stevenson alone, and to my dismay he asked me to play to him without accompaniment. I did so, feeling that my efforts could not possibly give him any pleasure. He sat by me, leaning forward, head on hand, listening intently, and (to my inward amazement) evidently enjoying it. The secret of this (and it was characteristic of the man) was that his attention was concentrated, not on me or my fiddle, but on the music itself, the beauties of which, however indifferently rendered, he appreciated and enjoyed.

It was interesting to hear his opinions on contemporary authors. Of then living novelists he held Hardy and Meredith to be the greatest. "I am an out-and-out Meredith man," he said, and advised me to make the acquaintance of "Rhoda Fleming," which I had not read. I asked him whether William Archer was a Socialist. "Not exactly," he replied with twinkling eyes, "but he has aspir-r-ations in that direction" (rolling the r in the slight Scotch accent which never quite deserted him); he spoke of both William Archer and Andrew Lang with much affection. He appeared to regard Rider Haggard as his own chief rival in popular esteem.

He loved a joke at his own expense, and, when we were talking of Monte Carlo, told me, with great enjoyment, that he had the rare distinction of being refused admission to the Casino, "solely on my appearance!" for no other reason was given. This tickled and delighted him immensely.

I have spoken of Stevenson's love for his mother. He was not a man who, as the saying goes, wore his heart on his sleeve, but the deep, understanding love subsisting between his wife and himself was, without any outward kind of demonstration, equally obvious and beautiful. A look exchanged was sufficient, their minds accorded perfectly. One can imagine what she must have been to him through all the years of ill health and suffering he so bravely bore, and can understand the depth of feeling revealed in those well-known lines addressed to her, beginning: "Trusty, dusky, vivid, true."

I have said that in conversation Stevenson did most of the talking, but he by no means monopolized it; he was as good a listener as he was a talker. By this I mean that he gave the closest attention to all that was said by others; he listened with an eager intentness that is as flattering to the speaker as it is uncommon. This impressed me from the first; indeed, it was almost embarrassing to see the actual deference which he showed to the probably quite uninteresting remarks made by one who was fully conscious of mental inferiority to his listener. This was no pose nor mere politeness on Stevenson's part. The truth is that he was genuinely interested in every one he met, and hoped to hear or learn something new to him, to get views on any question from different angles, or to discover various phases of human character. Whether it was a South Sea Island fisherman, a disreputable beach-comber, a Hawaiian king, or a naval lieutenant, he was equally interested, and by a delightful sort of silent emanation of sympathy drew out all that was best in the speaker.

I felt this strongly in conversation with him, and I found these impressions of mine confirmed in an article (written, I think, by Mr. Augustus Moore) that I

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came across, some time afterward, in a London journal, from which I am tempted to quote, for it expresses exactly the feelings I experienced.

"In all my life, I have never seen a fellow who had such a gift of attracting affection, and the queer thing is that the affection once attracted always remains with him, so that he has never lost a friend or made an enemy. Moreover, by some miraculous sleight, it happens that in whatever company he is placed he becomes first, and that, too, without any effort. As soon as he opens his mouth something falls from him which forces you to heed him, and the intense charm of the talk is so moving that most men do not care to check the magic of it by interpolating words of their own; so that at one time I fear that Master Louis was acquiring a trick of monologue which gained upon him. But it did not matter: there was no man whom ever I knew who would not be very content to let Stevenson pour out his indescribably beautiful thought. . . . Let me name one very singular thing: you cannot remain long in Stevenson's company *without feeling like a good man.* You may not be good, mark you, any more than I am, but everything that is bad in you lies low, and every power that makes for kindness, tenderness, uprightness, and charity seems as if it must begin to flourish."

That is a very true and just appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson as a conversationalist and a companion.

I happened to be spending an evening with the Stevensons on the day on which he finished "The Master of Ballantrae." He was in the highest possible spirits, delighted to have got the book off his mind; both he and Lloyd Osbourne were like a pair of schoolboys just off for a holiday, and we had a merry evening. Stevenson must celebrate the occasion with a "Bismarck"; asked me if I knew what that was, and, on my admitting my ignorance, explained that it was a drink composed of a mixture of champagne and stout, and was so called because it was a favorite drink of Bismarck's. It did not sound promising to me; but as a matter of fact I found it excellent—a kind of glorified shandy-gaff—stimulating and invigorating. Stevenson asked me to accept a copy of "The Master of Ballantrae," which reached me in due course and which I treasure to this day.

On two occasions Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne gave me the pleasure and honor of their company at luncheon on board the *Cormorant.* I need hardly say how my brother officers in the wardroom mess appreciated these visits and enjoyed Stevenson's talk, though only one of them was really a Stevenson enthusiast like myself; this was the chief engineer, a very original character, who evidently delighted our distinguished guest, for he asked me to bring him out with me to see him at Waikiki. This I did, and my friend the chief engineer took with him, as an offering, a bottle of navy rum, inscribed with the words, "Yo-ho! and a bottle of rum" (from "Treasure Island"), which Stevenson very joyfully received.

Stevenson was, of course, intensely interested in everything on board the ship; he loved the sea and everything connected with it, and he was delighted with the offer of some hammocks which we were able to give him. In one of his letters he refers to these visits to the *Cormorant:*

"I have been twice to lunch on board, and H. B. M.'s seamen are making us hammocks; so we are very naval. But alas, the *Cormorant* is only waiting her relief, and I fear there are not two ships of that stamp in all the navies of the world."

It was at about this time (March, 1889) that the disaster at Samoa occurred, in which three American and three German men-of-war were wrecked in the harbor of Apia, in a terrific hurricane, the only British man-of-war in the harbor, H. M. S. *Calliope,* escaping by steaming out to sea. We were specially interested in this event, because the three American ships, the *Vandalia, Trenton,* and *Nipsic,* had shortly before been lying in the harbor at Honolulu with us, and we had many friends on board those ships. On April 10 a solemn memorial service was held in the cathedral in honor and remembrance of those who had lost their lives. There were some other American men-of-war in the harbor at the time, and their ships' companies, with ours, took part in the service. In a letter to Mr. Baxter, Stevenson thus described this incident:

"*27th April,* 1889.—A pretty touch of

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seamen manners: the English and American Jacks are deadly rivals: well, after all this hammering of both sides by the Germans, and then the news of the hurricane from Samoa, a singular scene occurred here the Sunday before last. The two church parties *sponte propriâ* fell in line together, one Englishman to one American, and marched down to the harbor like one ship's company. None were more surprised than their own officers. I have seen a hantle of the seaman on this cruise; I always liked him before; my first crew on the *Casco* (five sea-lawyers) near cured me; but I have returned to my first love."

On the seashore near Papeete.

It may be noted, by the way, that Stevenson was mistaken in supposing that the combination of British and American seamen in this march to and from the cathedral was spontaneous. It was a prearranged matter, intended to mark the sympathy of the British with the Americans in their loss.

In May, 1889, the *Cormorant* received orders to sail for a cruise round the Pacific Islands and thence to Chili. Stevenson was immensely interested to hear that we were to visit Tahiti during the cruise, and asked me to execute a commission for him there, which, of course, I gladly undertook. This commission was to take from him a sum of £50 to Mr. Tati Salmon, chief of Pápara, to be expended for the relief of the people of his district, and especially of Tautira, who had suffered from the recent hurricane which had created such havoc at Samoa, and which Stevenson knew had inflicted much loss and damage in that district. It was at the village of Tautira, in the house of Ori, the sub-chief, that Stevenson and his party had lived for two or three months during the previous autumn and winter, and this generous gift from R. L. S. showed that he had not forgotten his Tahitian friends. I have not seen this incident mentioned in any life or letters concerning Stevenson.

Together with this check he gave me letters to Tati Salmon and Princess Moë, and earnestly adjured me to go to Tautira, if possible, while I was at Tahiti, and to see and give his warmest remembrances to his old friend Ori. I had reason afterward to be grateful to Stevenson for intrusting these wishes to me, for in carry-

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ing them out I experienced one of the most lovely and delightful expeditions in my life, as will be told later.

Stevenson also asked me, if possible, to hear some of the "Himini" singers of Tahiti and to write down for him the words and music of some of their "Himinis." I promised to do the best I could, but, having heard this music at Tahiti and other islands, I knew that it was no easy task to attempt.

It was in this same month of May, before I left Honolulu, that Stevenson was negotiating for the charter of a schooner to take him and his party for a further cruise among the South Sea Islands; his intended destination was the Gilbert Islands, and at that time, I think, he had no definite intention of visiting Samoa; but as it turned out, the cruise ended at Samoa, where he lived the rest of his life. He was not to leave Honolulu, however, before the latter part of June, and we sailed toward the end of May, so it was at Honolulu that I bade farewell to the great writer whom I had learned to love, and whom I was never to see again. I had known him in his books for some years, and I had found the man even more fascinating than his books. Warm were the farewells from him and his wife and Lloyd Osbourne (the elder Mrs. Stevenson had returned home some weeks before) as I left them, and warm the hopes of meeting again, which, alas! were never fulfilled.

I had parted from Stevenson, but not from his paths or his influence. The *Cormorant* arrived at the port of Papeete, in Tahiti, on June 20, and I lost no time in setting forth on my journey to Tautira, which is about sixty miles distant by road from Papeete. In shape, the island of Tahiti is not unlike a human head joined to a limbless trunk both in outline and proportionate size; it just escapes being two islands by the narrow neck—the isthmus of Taravao—which joins the two parts. The smaller part, called Taiarapu, extends from the larger in a southeasterly direction. Papeete, the capital and chief port, is on the northwestern coast of the larger part, Tautira on the northeastern coast of Taiarapu. The road from Papeete—debarred by mountains from cutting straight across the island—runs round the west coast from Papeete toward the south, crosses the isthmus of Taravao, and continues along the east coast of Taiarapu, on which lies the village of Tautira.

Before leaving Papeete I ascertained that Princess Moë was living close by that town, and therefore went to pay my respects to her and to deliver to her Stevenson's letter. I found her in a tiny house by the seashore, and she opened the door to me herself. It will be remembered that Stevenson, landing from the *Casco* a physical wreck on their first arrival at Tahiti, was visited by Princess Moë, who arranged for his being received in the house of Ori, at Tautira. And Stevenson's grateful poem to the kind little princess may be recalled, of which the concluding lines run thus:

> "I threw one look to either hand,
> And knew I was in Fairyland.
> And yet one point of being so,
> I lacked. For, Lady (as you know),
> Whoever by his might of hand
> Won entrance into Fairyland,
> Found always with admiring eyes
> A Fairy princess kind and wise.
>
> It was not long I waited; soon
> Upon my threshold, in broad noon,
> Fair and helpful, wise and good,
> The Fairy Princess Moë stood."

These lines were written at Tautira in November, 1888; it was now, in July, 1889, that this little fairy princess stood before me on her own threshold, and welcomed me in with all the dignity and grace of any princess in the world. She was a slight, slim little woman, past her youth, but with all that engaging charm of manner so marked in Polynesian women, and perhaps above all in the women of Tahiti. The mention of Robert Louis Stevenson was a talisman; her face lighted up at my mention of him, and she was delighted to receive his messages and to hear I had so lately seen him. I doubt, by the way, if she could have appreciated his verse to her in the original, for her knowledge of English was slight and our conversation was in French. But it was quite evident that she had fallen under the spell of Stevenson's charm.

The principal lady of Tahiti at that time was Mrs. Darsie, who possessed a most beautiful home at Fautaua, a few

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miles outside Papeete. Her mother was a Tahitian princess of the old royal family of Teriirere, and had married an English trader named Salmon. Their daughter, of whom I write, first married a Mr. Brander, by whom she had several sons and daughters, and had been well-known for years to British naval officers visiting Tahiti, for her generous hospitalities at Fautaua, as well as for her own extraordinary charms of beauty and manners. After Mr. Brander's death she married Mr. Darsie, and had given him one charming young daughter. I had made the acquaintance of this fascinating family on a previous visit to Tahiti, and knew that I could count on their help in the matter of getting to Tautira, and in noting down some Tahitian music, if possible. With the help of Mr. Arthur Brander, Mrs. Darsie's son, all arrangements were made; and, leaving the ship before daylight one morning, a brother officer, called Bedford, and I landed and made our way to the market-place at Papeete, where we were met by Mr. Arthur Brander and his uncle, Paia Salmon—a giant of a man, weighing over twenty-two stone, tall and broad, with a handsome, laughing face. The physical splendor of the Salmon family was remarkable: Mrs. Darsie must have been a great beauty in her youth, and was still wonderfully handsome and upright, and all her sons and daughters had inherited strength and beauty. It may be observed here that while "half-castes" the world over usually show deterioration in appearance and

Women of Tahiti.

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character, inheriting, as has been said, "the vices of both races and the virtues of neither," the mixed marriages between Europeans and Polynesians result in an improvement, if anything, in the offspring—so, at least, it seemed to me.

After a breakfast of excellent coffee, bread and butter, and fruit in a café in the market-place with our two kind friends, who had come to see us off, we took our seats at 5.30 A. M. in the stage, or diligence—a wagonette open at the sides, but covered with a canopy—and drove off through the wooded streets of Papeete just as the first streaks of daylight were appearing. In a few minutes we were clear of the town and driving on a good road along the seacoast and through scenery which was as beautiful as any dream of Paradise.

A Tahitian girl.

I had long considered Tahiti to be the most beautiful place I had ever seen in the world; I was now to see that Tahiti (of which I had only seen Papeete and its neighborhood) was even more beautiful than I had thought. I despair of giving any idea, by mere words, of the entrancing loveliness, and varieties of loveliness, of that sixty miles' drive. In the delicious freshness and coolness of the morning air perfumed with the scent of flowers, the effect of all this beauty was like intoxication. As the sun rose, all the exquisite coloring gradually emerged, in a thousand shades of green alone: trees, shrubs, ferns, and creepers, with splashes of every other tint here and there of flower or fruit, all sparkling with dew-drops; tall cocoanuts along the shore; and, beyond, seen through their curving stems, the calm blue sea, protected by the coral reef encircling the island.

The two or three Tahitian fellow passengers in the diligence with us were amused and delighted with our enthusiasm, especially when (in the intoxication above mentioned) my companion—a grave man, without a note of music in him—joined me in song, and we raised our voices in rapturous melody as we bowled along the road. Every now and then the diligence stopped at a lovely little village where there was usually a café, at which our driver refreshed himself, the inhabitants, in their bright-colored gowns, gathering round us to hear the news; sometimes the road would run close by the beach, to avoid a jutting spur of the hills, which rose like a precipice on our landward side, covered with ferns and twinkling cascades; then we would ford a shallow river, and look up the beautiful valley through which it ran to the sea; we passed through open park-like land, through forests where the branches met in arches over our heads, through fern-banked lanes, through plantations of bananas, vanilla, and taro. And above and behind all these towered the lofty mountains which occupy the middle of each peninsula.

At about noon we arrived at the village of Pápara, in the district known by that name, which lies on the south coast of the larger part of the island, about fifteen miles from the isthmus of Taravao. This district was ruled over by Tati Salmon, one of the most important chiefs of Tahiti, to whom I bore a note of introduction from Stevenson. We found, however, that Tati just then was away from his house at Pápara, and was on his sugar plantation, ten miles farther along the road, at Mataiea, so we decided to go on

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A young man of Tahiti.

to that place in the stage, which was to pass through it.

Soon after one o'clock we arrived at Mataiea, where we alighted from the stage and found Tati Salmon on the veranda of a small country house by the sugar plantation. Not expecting us, he was much surprised to see two Englishmen appear in this remote corner of Paradise, but the magic name of Stevenson had its usual effect and he was at once all cordiality and hospitality. Was not Stevenson one of his clansmen? He had been enrolled in the clan Tati by the name Teriitera, and it was evident that Tati regarded him with brotherly affection.

Tati Salmon was a big, tall, dark, handsome man, very like his brother Paia and, like him and all the Salmon and Brander families, had been educated in Europe; consequently, with all the knowledge and refinement of English ladies and gentlemen they combined the appearance and charms of the Tahitians. While he entertained us at a delightful little impromptu luncheon, we discussed our plans. I was very anxious to get on to Tautira, where Stevenson had lived, but it was thirty miles farther on, and I had only two more days at my disposal. At last Tati solved the difficulty by obtaining a horse and buggy for us, in which we could drive on to Tautira at once, sleep the night there; return the next day to Pápara, where we should find Tati; stay the night with him there and return to Papeete the following day.

In another hour Bedford and I were driving off in a very shaky-looking old

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buggy with an equally shaky-looking old horse, Tati laughing and shouting out "good-bye" to us from his veranda.

Thus began the second stage of our journey, and, though we could not have believed it possible, the scenery through which we now passed was even more beautiful than that which we had previously seen. We had the same sylvan lanes, tropical woods, and lovely hills, but as we neared the isthmus we had a greater variety of glorious sea-views, for the coast-line was now formed of a number of beautiful bays and inlets, some of which we skirted, others crossed by causeways. Half-way across the isthmus we came to a lonely wayside house, serving the purpose, though undeserving the name, of an inn, kept by a wizened old Chinaman. Here Tati Salmon had asked us to change horses, so we stopped, and after considerable difficulty we induced the Chinaman to accede to our wishes. Fortunately he spoke English well. He was an interesting old creature, with a varied experience of life, having lived in all parts of the world, including London, and had served on board an American man-of-war. He was, as might be expected, a philosopher, very deliberate in speech and not given to emotion. A long argument was necessary before Ah Fun would consent to let us have his horse; the magic name of Stevenson was unknown to him and therefore useless; but mention of the potent Tati effected our purpose. While waiting for the horse to be brought we sat in the Chinaman's trellised veranda and enjoyed a bottle of wine which was produced by his wife, a charming little Tahitian girl of fifteen or sixteen, of whom we decided the old philosopher was quite unworthy. We were soon on our way again, behind the Chinaman's horse, of which he urged us to be most careful, as it was the best he had. If such was the case, what, we thought, must his other horses be like? The day was drawing on and we wished, if possible, to reach Tautira before dark, but this horse was entirely impervious to every kind of argument we employed to increase his speed. We broke sticks over his back; we racked our inventive powers to produce new kinds of noise; we called him names; all in vain. We came to various conclusions about him: that he was weak of intellect; that he was a philosopher like his master; that he was a somnambulist; that he was merely absent-minded and meditative; that he was brooding over past wrongs and taking sullen revenge, but he looked too peaceful and benevolent for that. We gave it up; one thing only was certain, that he was the slowest horse in the world.

But, truth to tell, and though we did desire to arrive at Tautira before nightfall, having still twenty-four rivers to cross, we were well content with our horse's maxim of *festina lente*, for it seemed to us that the scenery through which we passed grew lovelier and lovelier. For miles the road led us through shady woods and smooth shallow rivers, with dark pools under the trees; groups of girls in their gay gowns giving patches of color here and there. Anon we entered a long avenue, the road of smooth green turf, on either hand endless orange-trees, golden with fruit. Stopping under these trees, we picked oranges to our hearts' content, rich, sweet, juicy fruit, delicious to the taste. And for miles the trees were yellow, and the ground beneath them yellow, with millions of these oranges, and apparently none to gather them.

Passing from orange groves we skirted the sea—now on our left—again, and forded more rivers; drove through beautiful little villages suggesting the very spirit of peace and loveliness; and just as darkness drew on we turned round a vast precipice jutting from the hills out to the beach, and saw the village of Tautira on the shore of a headland a few miles distant. It was dark when we forded our last river—a wide one just outside Tautira—and entered the village, where we met a group of the natives. Knowing that Norman Brander (one of Mrs. Darsie's sons) was in the village, I inquired for him by his native name of Teriitua, upon which a very fine tall man came forward and offered to come with us and show us the way; with him mounted behind us, we drove through the village, accumulating an ever-growing escort of excited boys and girls, until we arrived at a house larger than the others, with a veranda in front and behind it. Here

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Norman Brander came out, astonished to see us, for he had not heard of the *Cormorant's* arrival at Papeete, and invited us into the house, which was no other than the house of Ori, in which Stevenson had lived, and we found that our guide was Ori-a-Ori himself, host, friend, and brother of R. L. S., to whom he dedicated his "Ballads" in the following lines:

A public meeting-house, Tahiti.

"*To Ori a Ori.*
Ori, my brother in the island mode,
In every tongue and meaning much my friend,
This story of your country and your clan,
In your loved house, your too much honored guest,
I made in English. Take it, being done;
And let me sign it with the name you gave.
TERIITERA."

Lloyd Osbourne describes Ori thus:

"A life-guardsman in appearance; six foot three in bare feet, deep and broad in proportion; unconsciously English to an absurd extent; feared, respected, and loved." To this excellent description I would add that no English nobleman could have treated his guests with greater consideration, delicacy of feeling, and dignified courtesy than did this perfect Tahitian gentleman, Ori, our host. The fact that we were friends of his beloved "Rui" (Louis) was sufficient to endear us to him, and nothing could be too good for us. He made us at once feel ourselves at home, put a scrupulously clean little bedroom—one of three which ran along each side of the central room or hall—at our disposal, and in a short time placed an excellent meal before us, in which we were joined by Norman Brander and his charming young wife, the Princess Vetua. She was one of the royal family of Tahiti, and queen of the adjacent island of Raiatea, over which she was destined never to reign, for that island was annexed by the French against the wishes of its people. But the tragic story of Raiatea is not to be entered upon here. There, at any rate, sat with us its lovely young queen, twenty years old, with her handsome husband, Norman Brander; and a cheerful little party we were, with much talk of R. L. Stevenson, who had the year before occupied that house, and had there recovered health and strength. It was easy to see how he had won all hearts at Tautira.

While we sat at the table half a dozen Tahitian women sat on the floor, and groups of men and boys stood looking in at doors and windows—a state of affairs thoroughly Tahitian, for Ori, as sub-

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chief and head of an important family, kept open house for all his clansmen, who seemed to come in and out as they liked. But what struck us most were the grace of manner and natural refinement of all these simple villagers.

After our meal, hearing that a practice of "Himini" singing was to take place, we walked in the darkness across the grass to a large hut, illuminated within, whence came sounds of strange and powerful music; we looked in at the entrance for a few minutes, but were then led to another large hut, similarly illuminated, where the best singing in the village was to be heard. Here, on the grass outside the wide entrance, mats were laid down on which we lay to listen to the music and to watch the singers.

Two rows of women sat on the ground, brightly illuminated; behind them, in semi-darkness, a row of men. In the middle of the front row of women sat a young girl of about twelve, who sang the solos, which led up to the choruses. It is impossible to describe the singing, which was strange, thrilling, and unlike any other singing in the world outside Polynesia. The young leader would begin a bar or two solo; then like a hurricane the whole chorus burst in, the different parts rising and falling like waves in a gale—overrunning each other, catching each other up, interweaving, but all in a peculiar kind of harmony; some of the women maintained an almost continuous high note; some of the men a low, sustained drone. It was like Bach's "Fugue in G Minor" gone mad, or a performance of giant bagpipes. The time throughout was perfect and strongly marked; it was emphasized by one of the strangest effects in the chorus: a number of the men behind emitted, with the full force of their bodies (pressing their waists with their hands) a kind of terrific gasp, short, loud, and on no ascertainable note, accenting each beat of the bar with a tremendous and astonishing effect; at the same time heaving up their shoulders and bowing their heads alternately to one side and the other, perspiring with the force exerted. The extraordinary vim and energy instilled into the chorus by this gasping accompaniment cannot be described.

As for the women in front, they sat like so many pretty images of Buddha, their faces fixed and expressionless, except for a pensive sadness, their teeth kept close together, giving their voices a nasal but not unpleasant *timbre*.

We felt we could listen to this strange and enchanting music all night, but it was getting late, and at ten o'clock we bade good-night to the singers and returned to Ori's hospitable house. It was at Tautira that Stevenson had heard this "Himini" singing, and had been so struck by it that he was anxious for me to commit some of it to paper; I was equally anxious to achieve that feat, but it seemed to me impossible. One could catch bits of the air now and then, but not much, and as for the harmonies, a month of study would be needed.

There was great competition among the districts and villages of Tahiti to produce the best "Himini" singing; and an annual contest took place at Papeete, prizes being given to the best choirs. The word "Himini," of course, is a corruption of "hymn," introduced by the missionaries, but was now applied to all choral singing, sacred or otherwise.

We passed a peaceful and comfortable night and rose soon after daylight next morning to find tea and an excellent omelet ready for us. The village, hitherto seen in darkness, looked beautiful in the freshness of early morning. We walked out to the river we had crossed the night before and had a delicious bath in one of its deep pools, the water running down sweet and clear from one of the loveliest valleys I ever saw, beyond which ran the purple mountains.

After returning to dress at Ori's, and a breakfast that would have done credit to a Parisian cook, we walked about the village for a while. One could hardly conceive a more delightful spot to dwell in, or a happier existence than that which R. L. S. and his party must have led during their stay in this tranquil and beautiful village. They wore the native dress, mingled with the natives (far superior, it must be remembered, to Orientals in refinement) and entered thoroughly into the spirit of Tahitian life. No wonder Ori and his people cherished their remembrance.

At 11.30 our equipage was ready for us,

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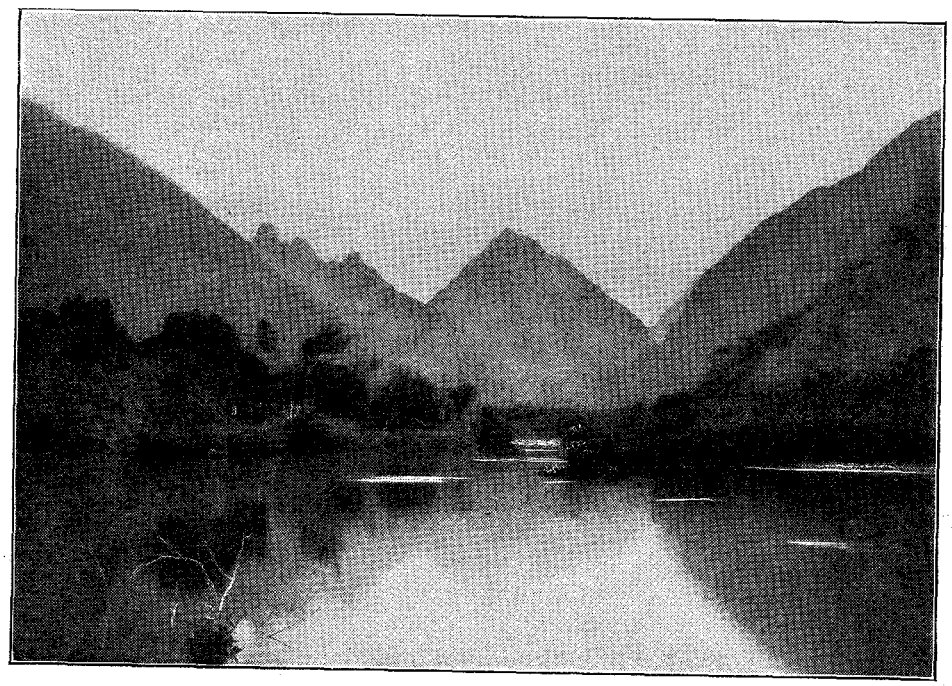
the horse as emotionless as ever. Norman Brander and Queen Vetua were to follow, having a good pair of horses which would soon catch us up. We said "good-bye" to noble old Ori, with love and admiration; never should we forget (nor have we forgotten) him and Tautira, though we were never to see him again. we drove on to Pápara, arriving at the hospitable house of Tati, high chief of the Tevas, at 5 P. M.

Tati received us with the heartiest welcome, and introduced us to his brother Narii, as big and handsome as himself. Never, indeed, have I seen men and women so physically gifted as this semi-



River near Tautira.

The drive back to Pápara was through the same fairyland as before, but this time (to borrow Stevenson's conceit) we had the added pleasure of a fairy princess's company, for within an hour of our start Brander and lovely Vetua had caught us up, and, adapting their speed to that of our imperturbable old horse, kept us company as far as Mataiea. Often we stopped to pick the sweet juicy oranges, and in one beautiful wood we stopped while Vetua made wreaths of a certain scented fern, which she placed round our hats, Tahiti fashion. At Taravao we returned our inscrutable horse to his inscrutable Chinese master, and went on with Tati's horse to the house at Mataiea where we had met Tati. There Brander and Vetua parted from us, and

Tahitian family. If further proof were needed, it was soon forthcoming, for while we were talking in the veranda two girls, without exception the most beautiful we had seen in Tahiti (and that is saying much), came out and were introduced to us by Tati as his sisters, Telaatau and Manihinihi, otherwise known as Lois and Chick. Both spoke English perfectly and had travelled considerably, Lois having been educated in Europe and lived in England for some time. They combined all the charm of Tahitian girls with the breeding and education of English ladies, and in their fine and delicate holokus, with their black hair hanging in two long plaits, made a pretty picture, while their ease of manner and love of fun soon put us on friendly terms.

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While talking in the central room, or hall, a grand old native lady sailed in, whom all greeted with deep respect. And with reason, for she was the great royal chiefess, Teriirere, who had married Mr. Salmon, and was the widowed mother of Tati and Mrs. Darsie, and of their brothers and sisters. She was a splendid old lady, a *grande dame*, with whom, unfortunately, our conversation was limited, for she spoke very little English.

After a very excellent dinner on the veranda, followed by wine and cigars, we returned to the central hall, where Tati had arranged to gather the singers of his district together to practise "Himinis" for the approaching competition at Papeete. The "Himini" singers of Pápara were generally acknowledged to be the finest in the island, and had won several prizes, so it was a piece of special good fortune for us to hear them.

The singers came in and took their seats on the floor, their chief, Tati, sitting in his chair opposite them, and conducting the practice himself, for they were anxious to learn a new piece, and he was going to practice the Toreador's song from "Carmen"—to be sung, of course, in Tahitian style. Another lady now came into the room, and Tati presented us to her; she was his sister Marautaaroa, and a very exalted lady, for she was the wife of Pomare, King of Tahiti, who was virtually a state prisoner, living on a pension allowed by the French, but who was so drunken and dissolute that it was impossible for this dignified and accomplished lady (who had been educated in France) to live with him.

She took her seat at the piano and accompanied the singing. Fifty times over was the tune sung by the patient natives and played by the patient queen, until the former had learned the air; then they retired to practise it with their own harmonies and embellishments in their huts. I had heard them sing also some of the old Pápara Himinis, which I knew Stevenson wanted, and on returning to Papeete was able, with the kind help of Mrs. Goddefroy, Mrs. Darsie's daughter, and some native singers, to write down one or two airs with words; but the harmonies were beyond me.

To Tati Salmon I handed the £50 Stevenson had intrusted to him to disburse, and asked him to acquaint him of its distribution in due course. The next morning, after a good night's rest and a delicious early breakfast, we bade adieu to the kind and hospitable chief and his charming sisters, took our seats in the stage, and returned to Papeete, through the same enchanting scenery, and so completed the most delightful and interesting expedition I have ever experienced, and one for which I have ever been grateful to R. L. Stevenson, who gave me the opportunity to carry it out. It was a fitting corollary to the pleasant hours I had spent with him in Honolulu thus to trace his previous footsteps in the more beautiful island of Tahiti.

In due course I forwarded through a friend of his a report to Stevenson of my proceedings, and the rather unsuccessful results of my efforts to transcribe the "Himini" tunes; but whether this letter ever reached him in his distant home at Samoa I never heard.

In Mr. Frederick O'Brien's "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," published about two years ago, he mentions Ori as still living, and gives a photograph of that grand old man of Tautira, who must now be of a great age; but alas! the handsome and genial chief, Tati Salmon, of Pápara, had fallen a victim, with thousands of his fellow islanders, to the epidemic of influenza that swept Tahiti after the war.

Tahiti will long be the Garden of the Pacific, but the blight of modern civilization has attacked it and decay is setting in. It will never again be the Tahiti of the days of Robert Louis Stevenson, when he dwelt in the house of Ori, at Tautira, thirty-four years ago.

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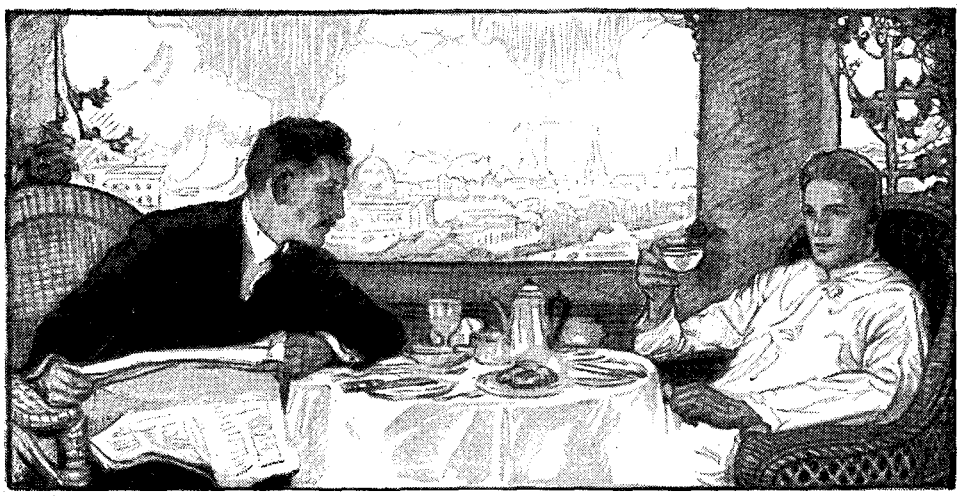

"I think I'll drop in at Cook's about our tickets."

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANCES ROGERS

V

THE next morning he said to George, over coffee on the terrace: "I think I'll drop in at Cook's about our tickets."

George nodded, munching his golden roll.

"Right. I'll run up to see mother, then."

His father was silent. Inwardly he was saying to himself: "The chances are she'll be going back to Deauville this afternoon."

There had not been much to gather from the newspapers heaped at their feet. Austria had ordered general mobilisation; but while the tone of the despatches was nervous and contradictory that of the leading articles remained almost ominously reassuring. Campton absorbed the reassurance without heeding its quality: it was a drug he had to have at any price.

He expected the Javanese dancer to sit to him that afternoon, but he had not proposed to George to be present. On the chance that things might eventually take a wrong turn he meant to say a word to Fortin-Lescluze; and the presence of his son would have been embarrassing.

"You'll be back for lunch?" he called to George, who still lounged on the terrace in pyjamas.

"Rather.—That is, unless mother makes a point... in case she's leaving."

"Oh, of course," said Campton with grim cordiality.

"You see, dear old boy, I've got to see Uncle Andy some time..." It was the grotesque name that George, in his babyhood, had given to Mr. Brant, and when he grew up it had been difficult to substitute another. "Especially now—" George added, pulling himself up out of his chair.

"Now?"

They looked at each other in silence, irritation in the father's eye, indulgent amusement in the son's.

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"Why, if you and I are really off on this long trek——"

"Oh, of course," agreed Campton, relieved. "You'd much better lunch with them. I always want you to do what's decent." He paused on the threshold to add: "By the way, don't forget Adele."

"Well, rather not," his son responded. "And we'll keep the evening free for something awful."

As he left the room he heard George rapping on the telephone and calling out Miss Anthony's number.

Campton had to have reassurance at any price; and he got it, as usual, irrationally but irresistibly, through his eyes. The mere fact that the midsummer sun lay so tenderly on Paris, that the bronze dolphins of the fountains in the square were spraying the Nereids' Louis Philippe chignons as playfully as ever; that the sleepy Cities of France dozed as heavily on their thrones, and the Horses of Marly pranced as fractiously on their pedestals; that the glorious central setting of the city lay there in its usual mellow pomp—all this gave him a sense of security that no criss-crossing of Reuters and Havases could shake.

Nevertheless, he reflected that there was no use in battling with the silly hysterical crowd he would be sure to encounter at Cook's; and having left word with the hotel-porter to secure two "sleepings" on the Naples express, he drove to the studio.

On the way, as his habit was, he thought hard of his model: everything else disappeared like a rolled-up curtain, and his inner vision centred itself on the little yellow face he was to paint.

Peering through her cobwebby window, he saw old Mme. Lebel on the watch for him. He knew she wanted to pounce out and ask if there would be war; and composing his most taciturn countenance he gave her a preoccupied nod and hurried by.

The studio looked grimy and disordered, and he remembered that he had intended, the evening before, to come back and set it to rights. In pursuance of this plan, he got out a canvas, fussed with his brushes and colours, and then tried once more to make the place tidy. But his attempts at order always resulted in worse confusion; the fact had been one of Julia's grievances against him, and he had often thought that a reaction from his ways probably explained the lifeless neatness of the Anderson Brant drawing-room.

Campton had fled to Montmartre to escape a number of things: first of all, the possibility of meeting people who would want to talk about the European situation, then of being called up by Mrs. Brant, and lastly of having to lunch alone in a fashionable restaurant. In his morbid dread of seeing people he would have preferred an omelette in the studio, if only Mariette had been at hand to make it; and he decided, after a vain struggle with his muddled "properties," to cross over to the Luxembourg quarter and pick up a meal in a wine-shop.

He did not own to himself his secret reason for this decision; but it caused him, after a glance at his watch, to hasten his steps down the rue Montmartre and bribe a passing taxi to carry him to the Museum of the Luxembourg. He reached it ten minutes before the midday closing, and hastening past the serried statues, turned into a room half way down the gallery. Whistler's Mother and the Carmencita of Sargent wondered at each other from its walls; and on the same wall with the Whistler hung the picture Campton had come for: his portrait of his son. He had given it to the Luxembourg the day after Mr. Brant had tried to buy it, with the object of inflicting the most cruel slight he could think of on the banker.

In the generous summer light the picture shone out on him with a communicative warmth: never had he seen so far into its depths. "No wonder," he thought, "it opened people's eyes to what I was trying for."

He stood and stared his own eyes full, mentally comparing the features before him with those of the firmer harder George he had left on the terrace of the Crillon, and noting how time, while fulfilling the rich promise of the younger face, had yet taken something from its brightness.

Campton, at that moment, found more satisfaction than ever in thinking how it must have humiliated Brant to have the

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picture given to France. "He could have understood my keeping it myself—or holding it for a bigger price—but *giving it*—!" The satisfaction was worth the sacrifice of the best record he would ever have of that phase of his son's youth. At various times afterward he had tried for the same George, but not one of his later studies had that magic light on it. Still, he was glad he had given the picture. It was safe, safer than it would have been with him. His great dread had always been that if his will were mislaid (and his things were always getting mislaid) the picture might be sold, and fall into Brant's hands after his death.

The closing signal drove him out of the Museum, and he turned into the first wine-shop. He had advised George to lunch with the Brants, but there was disappointment in his heart. Seeing the turn things were taking, he had hoped the boy would feel the impulse to remain with him. But, after all, at such a time a son could not refuse to go to his mother. Campton pictured the little party of three grouped about the luncheon-table in the high cool dining-room of the Avenue Marigny, with the famous Hubert Robert panels, and the Louis XV silver and Sèvres; while he, the father, George's father, sat alone at the soiled table of a frowsy wine-shop.

Well—it was he who had willed it so. Life was too crazy a muddle—and who could have foreseen that he might have been repaid for twenty-six years with such a wife by keeping an undivided claim on such a son?

His meal over, he hastened back to the studio, hoping to find the dancer there. Fortin-Lescluze had sworn to bring her at two, and Campton was known to exact absolute punctuality. He had put the final touch to his fame by refusing to paint the mad young Duchesse de la Tour Crenelée—who was exceptionally paintable—because she had kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour. But now, though it was nearly three, and the dancer and her friend had not come, Campton dared not move, lest he should miss Fortin-Lescluze.

"Sent for by a rich patient in a war-funk; or else hanging about in the girl's dressing-room while she polishes her toe-nails," Campton reflected; and sulkily sat down to wait.

He had never been willing to have a telephone. To him it was a live thing, a kind of Laocoon-serpent that caught one in its coils and dragged one struggling to the receiver. His friends had spent all their logic in trying to argue away this belief; but he answered obstinately: "Every one would be sure to call me up when Mariette was out." Even the Russian lady, during her brief reign, had pleaded in vain on this point.

He would have given a good deal now if he had listened to her. The terror of having to cope with small material difficulties, always strongest in him in moments of artistic inspiration—when the hushed universe seemed hardly big enough to hold him and his model—this dread anchored him to his seat while he tried to make up his mind to send Mme. Lebel to the nearest telephone-station.

If he called to her, she would instantly begin: "And the war, sir?" And he would have to settle that first. Besides, if he did not telephone himself he could not make sure of another appointment with Fortin-Lescluze. But the idea of battling alone with the telephone in a public place covered his large body with a damp distress. If only George had been in reach!

He waited till four, and then, furious, locked the studio and went down. Mme. Lebel still sat in her spidery den. She looked at him gravely, their eyes met, they exchanged a bow, but she did not move or speak. She was busy as usual with some rusty sewing—he thought it odd that she should not rush out to waylay him. Everything that day was odd.

He found all the telephone-booths besieged. The people waiting were certainly bad cases of war-funk, to judge from their looks; after scrutinising them for a while he decided to return to his hotel, and try to communicate with Fortin-Lescluze from there.

To his annoyance there was not a taxi to be seen. He limped down the slope of Montmartre to the nearest métro-station, and just as he was preparing to force his lame bulk into a crowded train, caught sight of a solitary horse-cab: a vehicle he had not risked himself in for years.

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The cab-driver, for gastronomic reasons, declined to take him farther than the Madeleine; and getting out there, Campton walked along the rue Royale. Everything still looked wonderfully as usual; and the fountains in the Place sparkled gloriously.

Comparatively few people were about: he was surprised to see how few. A small group of them, he noticed, had paused near the doorway of the Ministry of Marine, and were looking—without visible excitement—at a white paper pasted on the wall.

He crossed the street and looked too. In the middle of the paper, in queer Gothic-looking characters, he saw the words "Les Armees de Terre et de Mer. . . ."

War had come——

He knew now that he had never for an instant believed it possible. Even when he had had that white-lipped interview with the Brants, even when he had planned to take Fortin-Lescluze by his senile infatuation, and secure a medical certificate for George; even then, he had simply been obeying the superstitious impulse which makes a man carry his umbrella when he goes out on a cloudless morning.

War had come.

He stood on the edge of the sidewalk, and tried to think—now that it was here—what it really meant: that is, what it meant to him. Beyond that he had no intention of venturing. "This is not our job anyhow," he muttered, repeating the phrase with which he had bolstered up his talk with Julia.

But abstract thinking was impossible: his confused mind could only snatch at a few drifting scraps of purpose. "Let's be practical," he said to himself.

The first thing to do was to get back to the hotel and call up the physician. He strode along at his fastest limp, suddenly contemptuous of the people who got in his way.

"War—and they've nothing to do but dawdle and gape! How like the French!" He found himself hating the French.

He remembered that he had asked to have his sleepings engaged for the following night. But if he managed to secure his son's discharge, there could be no thought, now, of George's leaving the country; and he stopped at the desk to cancel the order.

There was no one behind the desk: one would have said that confusion prevailed in the hall, if its emptiness had not made the word incongruous. At last a waiter with rumpled hair strayed out of the restaurant, and of him, imperiously, Campton demanded the concierge.

"The concierge? He's gone."

"To get my places for Naples?"

The waiter looked blank. "Gone: mobilised—to join his regiment. It's the war."

"But look here, some one must have attended to getting my places, I suppose," cried Campton wrathfully. He invaded the inner office and challenged a secretary who was trying to deal with several unmanageable travellers, but who explained to him, patiently, that his sleepings had certainly not been engaged, as no trains were leaving Paris for the present. "Not for civilian travel," he added, still more patiently.

Campton had a sudden sense of suffocation. No trains leaving Paris "for the present"? But then people like himself—people who had nothing on earth to do with the war—had been caught like rats in a trap! He reflected with a shiver that Mrs. Brant would not be able to return to Deauville, and would probably insist on his coming to see her every day. He asked: "How long is this preposterous state of things to last?"—but no one answered, and he stalked to the lift, and had himself carried up-stairs.

He was confident that George would be there waiting for him; but the sitting-room was empty. He felt as if he were on a desert island, with the last sail disappearing over the dark rim of the world.

After much vain ringing he got into communication with Fortin's house, and heard a confused voice saying that the physician had already left Paris.

"Left—for where? For how long?"

And then the eternal answer: "The doctor is mobilised. *It's the war.*"

Mobilised—already? Within the first twenty-four hours? A man of Fortin's age and authority? Campton was terrified by the uncanny rapidity with which events were moving, he whom haste had

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always confused and disconcerted, as if there were a secret link between his lameness and the movements of his will. He rang up Dastrey, but no one answered. Evidently his friend was out, and his friend's *bonne* also. "I suppose *she's* mobilised: they'll be mobilising the women next."

At last, from sheer over-agitation, his fatigued mind began to move more deliberately: he collected his wits, laboured with his more immediate difficulties, and decided that he would go to Fortin-Lescluze's house, on the chance that the physician had not, after all, really started.

"Ten to one he won't go till to-morrow," Campton reasoned.

The hall of the hotel was emptier than ever, and no taxi was in sight down the whole length of the rue Royale, or the rue Boissy d'Anglas, or the rue de Rivoli: not even a horse-cab showed against the deserted distances. He crossed to the métro, and painfully descended its many stairs.

VI

CAMPTON, proffering twenty francs to an astonished maid-servant, learned that, yes, to his intimates—and of course Monsieur was one?—the doctor *was* in, was in fact dining, and did not leave till the next morning.

"Dining—at six o'clock?"

"Monsieur's son, Monsieur Jean, is starting at once for his depot. That's the reason."

Campton sent in his card. He expected to be received in the so-called "studio," a lofty room with Chinese hangings, Renaissance choir-stalls, organ, grand piano, and post-impressionist paintings, where Fortin-Lescluze received the celebrities of the hour. Mme. Fortin never appeared there, and Campton associated the studio with amusing talk, hot-house flowers, and ladies lolling on black velvet divans. He supposed that the physician was separated from his wife, and that she had a home of her own.

When the maid reappeared she did not lead him to the studio, but into a small dining-room with the traditional Henri II sideboard of waxed walnut, a hanging table-lamp under a beaded shade, an India-rubber plant on a plush pedestal, and napkins that were just being restored to their bone rings by the four persons seated about the red-and-white checkered table-cloth.

These were: the great man himself, a tall large woman with grey hair, a tiny old lady, her face framed in a peasant's fluted cap, and a plain young man wearing a private's uniform, who had a nose like the doctor's, and simple light blue eyes.

The two ladies and the young man—so much more interesting to the painter's eye than the sprawling beauties of the studio—were introduced by Fortin-Lescluze as his wife, his mother and his son. Mme. Fortin said, in a deep alto, a word or two about the privilege of meeting the famous painter who had portrayed her husband, and the old mother, in a piping voice, exclaimed: "Monsieur, I was at Sedan in 1870. I saw the Germans. I saw the Emperor sitting on a bench. He was crying."

"My mother's heard everything, she's seen everything. There's no one in the world like my mother!" the physician said, laying his hand on hers.

"You won't see the Germans again, *ma bonne mère!*" her daughter-in-law added, smiling.

Campton took coffee with them, bore with a little inevitable talk about the war, and then eagerly questioned the son. The young man was a chemist, a *préparateur* in the laboratory of the Institut Pasteur. He was also, it appeared, given to prehistoric archæology, and had written a "thesis" on the painted caves of the Dordogne. He seemed extremely serious, and absorbed in questions of science and letters. But it appeared to him perfectly simple to be leaving it all in a few hours to join his regiment. "The war had to come. This sort of thing couldn't go on," he said, in the words of Mme. Lebel.

He was to start in an hour, and Campton excused himself for intruding on the family, who seemed as happily united, as harmonious in their deeper interests, as if no musical studio-parties and exotic dancers had ever absorbed the master of the house.

Campton, looking at the group, felt a pang of envy, and thought, for the thousandth time, how frail a screen of ac-

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tivity divided him from depths of loneliness he dared not sound.

"'For every man hath business and desire'"

he muttered.

In the consulting-room he explained: "It's about my son——"

He had not been able to bring the phrase out in the presence of the young man who must have been just George's age, and who was leaving in an hour for his regiment. But between Campton and the father there were complicities, and there might therefore be accommodations. In the consulting-room one breathed a lower air.

It was not that Campton wanted to do anything underhand. He was genuinely anxious about George's health. After all, tuberculosis did not disappear in a month or even a year: his anxiety was justified. And then George, but for the stupid accident of his birth, would never have been mixed up in the war. Campton felt that he could make his request with his head high.

Fortin-Lescluze seemed to think so too: at any rate he expressed no surprise. But could anything on earth have surprised him, after thirty years in that confessional of a room?

The difficulty was that he did not see his way to doing anything—not immediately, at any rate.

"You must let the boy join his base. He leaves to-morrow? Give me the number of his regiment and the name of the town, and trust me to do what I can."

"But you're off yourself?"

"Yes: I'm being sent to a hospital at Lyons. But I'll leave you my address."

Campton lingered, unable to take this as final. He looked about him uneasily, and then, for a moment, straight into the physician's eyes.

"You must know how I feel; your boy is an only son, too."

"Yes, yes," the father assented, in the absent-minded tone of professional sympathy. But Campton felt that he felt the deep difference.

"Well, goodbye—and thanks."

As Campton turned to go the physician laid a hand on his shoulder and spoke with sudden fierce emotion. "Yes: Jean is an only son—an only child. For his mother and myself it's not a trifle—having our only son in the war."

There was no allusion to the dancer, no hint that Fortin remembered her; it was Campton who lowered his gaze before the look in the other father's eyes.

VII

"A son in the war——"

The words followed Campton down the stairs.

What did it mean, and what must it feel like, for parents in this safe denationalized modern world to be suddenly saying to each other with white lips: A son in the war?

He stood on the kerbstone, staring ahead of him and forgetting whither he was bound. The world seemed to lie under a spell, and its weight was on his limbs and brain. Usually any deep inward trouble made him more than ever alive to the outward aspect of things; but this new world in which people talked glibly of sons in the war had suddenly become invisible to him, and he did not know where he was, or what he was staring at. He noted the fact, and remembered a story of St. Dominick—he thought it was—walking beside a beautiful lake in supersensual ecstasy, and saying afterward: "Was there a lake? I didn't see it."

On the way back to the hotel he passed the American Embassy, and had a vague idea of trying to see the Ambassador and find out if the United States were not going to devise some way of evading the tyrannous regulation that bound young Americans to France. "And they call this a free country!" he heard himself exclaiming.

The remark sounded exactly like one of Julia's, and this reminded him that the Ambassador frequently dined at the Brants'. They had certainly not left his door untried; and since, to the Brant circles, Campton was still a shaggy Bohemian, his appeal was not likely to fortify theirs.

His mind turned to Jorgenstein, and the vast web of the speculator's financial relations. But, after all, France was on the verge of war, if not in it; and following up the threads of the Jorgenstein web

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was likely to land one in Frankfort or Vienna.

At the hotel he found his sitting-room empty; but presently the door opened and George came in laden with books, fresh yellow and grey ones in Flammarion wrappers.

"Hullo, Dad," he said; and added: "So the silly show is on."

"Mobilisation is not war—," said Campton.

"No——"

"What on earth are all those books?"

"Provender. It appears we may rot at the depot for weeks. I've just seen a chap who's in my regiment."

Campton felt a sudden relief. The purchase of the books proved that George was fairly sure he would not be sent to the front. His father went up to him and tapped him on the chest.

"How about this—?" He wanted to add: "I've just seen Fortin, who says he'll get you off"; but though George's eye was cool and unenthusiastic it did not encourage such confidences.

"Oh—lungs? I imagine I'm sound again." He paused, and stooped to turn over the books. Carelessly, he added: "But then the stethoscope may think differently. Nothing to do but wait and see."

"Of course," Campton agreed.

It was clear that the boy hated what was ahead of him; and what more could his father ask? Of course he was not going to confess to a desire to shirk his duty; but it was easy to see that his whole lucid intelligence repudiated any sympathy with the ruinous adventure.

"Have you seen Adele?" Campton enquired, and George replied that he had dropped in for five minutes, and that Miss Anthony wanted to see his father.

"Is she—nervous?"

"Old Adele? I should say not: she's fighting mad. *La Revanche* and all the rest of it. She doesn't realise—*sancta simplicitas!*"

"Oh, I can see Adele throwing on the faggots!"

Father and son were silent, both busy lighting cigarettes. When George's was lit he remarked: "Well, if we're not called at once it'll be a good chance to read 'The Golden Bough' right through."

Campton stared, not knowing the book even by name. What a queer changeling the boy was! But George's composure, his deep and genuine indifference to the whole political turmoil, once more fortified his father.

"Have they any news—?" he ventured. "They," in their private language, meant the Brants.

"Oh, yes, lots: Uncle Andy was stiff with it. But not really amounting to anything. Of course there's no doubt there'll be war."

"How about England?"

"Nobody knows; but the bankers seem to think England's all right." George paused, and finally added: "Look here, dear old boy—before she leaves I think mother wants to see you."

Campton hardened instantly. "She *has* seen me—yesterday."

"I know; she told me."

The son began to cut the pages of one of his books with a visiting-card he had picked up, and the father stood looking out on the Place de la Concorde through the leafy curtain of the terrace.

Campton knew that he could not refuse his son's request; in his heart of hearts he was glad it had been made, since it might mean that "they" had found a way—perhaps through the Ambassador.

But he could never prevent a stiffening of his whole self at any summons or suggestion from the Brants. He thought of the seeming unity of the Fortin-Lescluze couple, and of the background of peaceful family life revealed by the scene about the checkered table-cloth. Perhaps that was one of the advantages of a social organization which still, as a whole, ignored divorce, and thought any private condonation better than the open breaking-up of the family.

"All right; I'll go—" he agreed. "Where are we dining?"

"Oh, I forgot—an awful orgy. Dastrey wants us at the Union. Louis Dastrey is dining with him, and he let me ask Boylston——"

"Boylston——?"

"You don't know him. A chap who was at Harvard with me. He's out here studying painting at the Beaux-Arts. He's an awfully good sort, and he wanted to see me before I go."

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The father's heart sank. Only one whole day more with his boy, and this last evening but one was to be spent with poor embittered Dastrey, and two youths, one unknown to Campton, who would drown them in stupid war-chatter! But it was what George wanted; and there must not be a shade, for George, on these last hours.

"All right! You promised me something awful for to-night," Campton grinned sardonically.

"Do you mind? I'm sorry."

"It's only Dastrey's damned chauvinism that I mind. Why don't you ask Adele to join the chorus?"

"Well—you'll like Boylston," said George.

Dastrey, after all, turned out less tragic and aggressive than Campton had feared. His irritability had vanished, and though he was very grave he seemed preoccupied only with the fate of Europe, and not with his personal stake in the affair.

But the older men said little. The youngsters had the floor, and Campton, as he listened to George and young Louis Dastrey, was overcome by a sense of such dizzy unreality that he had to grasp the arms of his ponderous leather armchair to assure himself that he was really in the flesh and in the world.

What! Two days ago they were still in the old easy Europe, a Europe in which one could make plans, engage passages on trains and steamers, argue about pictures, books, theatres, ideas, draw as much money as one chose out of the bank, and say; "The day after to-morrow I'll be in Berlin or Vienna or Belgrade." And here they sat in their same evening clothes, about the same shining mahogany writing-table, apparently the same group of free and independent youths and elderly men, and in reality prisoners, every one of them, hand-cuffed to this hideous masked bully of "War"!

The young men were sure that the conflict was inevitable—the evening papers left no doubt of it—and there was much animated discussion between young Dastrey and George.

Already their views diverged; the French youth, theoretically at one with his friend as to the senselessness of war in general, had at once resolutely disengaged from the mist of doctrine the fatal necessity of this particular war.

"It's the old festering wound of Alsace-Lorraine: Bismarck foresaw it and feared it—or perhaps planned it and welcomed it: who knows? But as long as the wound was there, Germany believed that France would try to avenge it, and as long as Germany believed that, she had to keep up her own war-strength; and she's kept it up to the toppling-over point, ruining herself and us. That's the whole thing, as I see it. War's rot; but to get rid of war forever we've got to fight this one first."

It was wonderful to Campton that this slender learned youth should already have grasped the necessity of the conflict and its deep causes. While his own head was still spinning with wrath and bewilderment at the bottomless perversity of mankind, Louis Dastrey had analysed and accepted the situation and his own part in it. And he was not simply resigned; he was trembling with eagerness to get the thing over. "If only England is with us we're safe—it's a matter of weeks," he declared.

"Wait a bit—wait a bit; I want to know more about a whole lot of things before I fix a date for the fall of Berlin," his uncle interposed; but Louis flung him a radiant look. "We've been there before, my uncle!"

"But there's Russia too—" said Boylston explosively. He had not spoken before.

"'*Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand,*'" quoted George, as he poured a golden Hock into his glass.

He was keenly interested, that was evident; but interested as a looker-on, a dilettante. He had neither Valmy nor Sedan in his blood, and it was as a sympathising spectator that he ought by rights to have been sharing his friend's enthusiasm, not as a combatant compelled to obey the same summons. Campton, glancing from one to another of their brilliant faces, felt his determination harden to save George from the consequences of his parents' stupid blunder.

After dinner young Dastrey proposed a music-hall. The audience would be a curious sight: there would be wild enthusi-

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asm, and singing of the Marseillaise. The other young men agreed, but their elders, after a tacitly exchanged glance, decided to remain at the club, on the plea that some one at the Ministry of War had promised to telephone if there were fresh news.

Campton and Dastrey, left alone, stood on the balcony watching the Boulevards. The streets, so deserted during the day, had become suddenly and densely populated. Hardly any vehicles were in sight: the motor omnibuses were already carrying troops to the stations, there was a report abroad that private motors were to be requisitioned, and only a few taxis and horse-cabs, packed to the driver's box with young men in spick-and-span uniforms, broke through the mass of pedestrians which filled the whole width of the Boulevards. This mass moved slowly and vaguely, swaying this way and that, as though it awaited a portent from the heavens. In the glare of electric lamps and glittering theatre-fronts the innumerable faces stood out vividly, grave, intent, slightly bewildered. Except when the soldiers passed no cries or songs came from the crowd, but only the deep inarticulate rumour which any vast body of people gives forth.

"Queer—! How silent they are: how do you think they're taking it?" Campton questioned.

But Dastrey had grown belligerent again. He saw the throngs before him bounding toward the frontier like the unchained furies of Rude's "Marseillaise"; whereas to Campton they seemed full of the dumb wrath of an orderly and laborious people upon whom an unrighteous quarrel has been forced. He knew that the thought of Alsace-Lorraine still stirred in French hearts; but all Dastrey's eloquence could not convince him that these people wanted war, or would have sought it had it not been thrust on them. The whole monstrous injustice seemed to take shape before him, and to brood like a huge sky-filling dragon of the northern darknesses over his light-loving, pleasure-loving, labour-loving France.

George came home late.

It was two in the morning of his last day with his boy when Campton heard the door open, and saw a flash of turned-on light.

All night he had lain staring into the darkness, and thinking, thinking: thinking of George's future, George's friends, George and women, of that unknown side of his boy's life which, in this great upheaval of things, had suddenly lifted its face to the surface. If war came, if George were not discharged, if George were sent to the front, if George were killed, how strange to think that things the father did not know of might turn out to have been the central things of his son's life!

The young man came in, and Campton looked at him as though he were a stranger.

"Hullo, Dad—any news from the Ministry?" George, tossing aside his hat and stick, sat down on the bed. He had a crumpled rose in his button-hole, and looked gay and fresh, with the indestructible freshness of youth.

"What do I really know of him?" the father asked himself.

Yes: Dastrey had had news. Germany had already committed acts of overt hostility on the frontier: telegraph and telephone communications had been cut, French locomotives seized, troops massed along the border on the specious pretext of the "*Kriegsgefahrzustand.*" It was war.

"Oh, well," George shrugged. He lit a cigarette, and asked: "What did you think of Boylston?"

"Boylston——?"

"The fat brown chap at dinner."

"Yes—yes—of course." Campton became aware that he had not thought of Boylston at all, had hardly been aware of his presence. But the painter's registering faculty was always latently at work, and in an instant he called up a round face, shyly jovial, with short-sighted brown eyes as sharp as needles, and black hair curling tightly over a wide watchful forehead.

"Why—I liked him."

"I'm glad, because it was a tremendous event for him, seeing you. He paints, and he's been keen on your things for years."

"I wish I'd known... Why didn't he say so? He didn't say anything, did he?"

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"No: he doesn't, much, when he's pleased. He's the very best chap I know," George concluded.

VIII

THAT morning the irrevocable stared at him from the head-lines of the papers. The German Ambassador was recalled. Germany had declared war on France at 6.40 the previous evening; there was an unintelligible allusion, in the declaration, to French aeroplanes throwing bombs on Nuremberg and Wesel. Campton read that part of the message over two or three times.

Aeroplanes throwing bombs? Aeroplanes as engines of destruction? He had always thought of them as a kind of giant kite that fools went up in when they were tired of breaking their necks in other ways. But aeroplane bombardment as a cause for declaring war? The bad faith of it was so manifest that he threw down the papers half relieved. Of course there would be a protest on the part of the allies; a great country like France would not allow herself to be bullied into war on such a pretext.

The ultimatum to Belgium was more serious; but Belgium's gallant reply would no doubt check Germans on that side. After all, there was such a thing as international law, and Germany herself had recognized it. . . . So his mind spun on in vain circles, while under the frail web of his casuistry gloomed the obstinate fact that George was mobilised, that George was to leave the next morning.

The day wore on: it was the shortest and yet most interminable that Campton had ever known. Paris, when he went out into it, was more dazzlingly empty than ever. In the hotel, in the hall, on the stairs, he was waylaid by flustered compatriots—"Oh, Mr. Campton, you don't know me, but of course all Americans know *you!*"—who appealed to him for the very information he was trying to obtain for himself: how one could get money, how one could get hold of the concierge, how one could send cables, if there was any restaurant where the waiters had not all been mobilised, if he had any "pull" at the Embassy, or at any of the steamship offices, or any of the banks. One disordered beauty blurted out: "Of course, with your connection with Bullard and Brant"—and was only waked to her mistake by Campton's indignant stare, and his plunge past her while she called out excuses.

But the name acted as a reminder of his promise to go and see Mrs. Brant, and he decided to make his visit after lunch, when George would be off collecting last things. Visiting the Brants with George would have been beyond his capacity.

The great drawing-rooms, their awnings spread against the sun, their tall windows wide to the glow of the garden, were empty when he entered; but in a moment he was joined by a tall angular woman with a veil pushed up untidily above her pink nose. Campton reflected that he had never seen Adele Anthony in the daytime without a veil pushed up above a flushed nose, and dangling in irregular wisps from the back of a small hard hat of which the shape never varied.

"Julia will be here in a minute. When she told me you were coming I waited," she explained.

He was glad to have a word with her before meeting Mrs. Brant, though his impulse had been almost as strong to avoid the one as the other. He dreaded belligerent bluster as much as vain whimpering, and in the depths of his soul he had to own that it would have been easier to talk to Mr. Brant than to either of the women.

"Julia is powdering her nose," Miss Anthony continued. "She has an idea that if you see she's been crying you'll be awfully angry."

Campton made an impatient gesture. "If I were—much it would matter!"

"Ah, but you might tell George; and George is not to know." She paused, and then bounced round on him abruptly. She always moved and spoke in explosions, as if the wires that agitated her got tangled, and then were too suddenly jerked loose.

"*Does* George know?" she asked.

"About his mother's tears?"

"About this plan you're all hatching to have him discharged?"

Campton reddened under her lashless

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blue gaze, and the consciousness of blushing made his answer all the curter.

"Probably not—unless you've told him!"

The shot appeared to reach the mark, for a brickish hue suffused her sallow complexion.

"You'd better not put ideas into my head!" she laughed. Something in her tone reminded him of all her old dogged loyalties, and made him ashamed of his taunt.

"Anyhow," he grumbled, "his place is not in the French army."

"That was for you and Julia to decide twenty-six years ago, wasn't it? Now it's up to him."

Her capricious adoption of American slang, fitted anyhow into her old-fashioned and punctilious English, sometimes amused but oftener exasperated Campton.

"If you're going to talk modern slang you ought to give up those ridiculous stays, and not wear a fringe like a mid-Victorian royalty," he jeered, trying to laugh off his exasperation.

She let this pass with a smile. "Well, I wish I could find the language to make you understand how much better it would be to leave George alone. This war will be the making of him."

"He's made quite to my satisfaction as it is, thanks. But what's the use of talking? You always get your phrases out of books."

The door opened, and Mrs. Brant came in.

Her appearance answered to Miss Anthony's description. A pearly mist covered her face, and some reviving liquid had cleared her congested eyes. Her poor hands had suddenly grown so thin and dry that the heavy rings, slipping down to the joints, slid back into place as she shook hands with Campton.

"Thank you for coming," she said.

"Oh—" he protested, helpless, and disturbed by Miss Anthony's presence. At the moment his former wife's feelings were more intelligible to him than his friend's: the maternal fibre stirred in her, and made her more appealing than any elderly virgin on the war-path.

"I'm off, my dears," said the elderly virgin, as if guessing his thought. Her queer shallow eyes included them both in a sweeping glance, and she added severely from the threshold: "Be careful of what you say to George."

What they had to say to each other did not last many minutes. The Brants had made various efforts, but had been baffled on all sides by the general agitation and confusion. In high quarters the people they wanted to see were inaccessible; and those who could be reached lent but a distracted ear. The Ambassador had at once declared that he could do nothing; others vaguely promised they "would see"—but hardly seemed to hear what they were being asked.

"And meanwhile time is passing—and he's going!" Mrs. Brant lamented.

The reassurance that Campton brought from Fortin-Lescluze, vague though it was, came to her as a miraculous promise, and raised Campton suddenly in her estimation. She looked at him with a new confidence, and he could almost hear her saying to Brant, as he had so often heard her say to himself: "You never seem able to get anything done. I don't know how other people manage."

Her gratitude gave him the feeling of having been engaged in something underhand and pusillanimous. He made haste to take leave, after promising to pass on any word he might receive from the physician; but he reminded her that he was not likely to hear anything till George had been for some days at his base.

She acknowledged the probability of this, and clung to him with trustful eyes. She was much disturbed by the preposterous fact that the Government had already requisitioned two of the Brant motors, and Campton had an idea that, dazzled by his newly-developed capacity to "manage," she was about to implore him to rescue from the clutches of the authorities her Rolls-Royce and Anderson's Delaunay.

He was hastening to leave when the door again opened. A rumpled-looking maid peered in, evidently perplexed, and giving way doubtfully to a young woman who entered with a rush, and then paused as if she too were doubtful. She was pretty in an odd dishevelled way, and with her elaborate clothes and bewildered look she reminded Campton of a

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fashion-plate torn from its page and helplessly blown about the world. He had seen the same type among his compatriots any number of times in the last days.

"Oh, Mrs. Brant—yes, I *know* you gave orders that you were not in to anybody, but I just wouldn't listen, and it's not that poor woman's fault," the visitor began, in a plaintive staccato which matched her sad eyes and her fluttered veils.

"You see, I simply had to get hold of Mr. Brant, because I'm here without a penny—literally!" She dangled before them an empty jewelled bag. "And in a hotel where they don't know me. And at the bank they wouldn't listen to me, and they said Mr. Brant wasn't there, though of course I suppose he was; so I said to the cashier: 'Very well, then, I'll simply go to the Avenue Marigny and batter in his door—unless you'd rather I jumped into the Seine?'"

"Oh, Mrs. Talkett—" murmured Mrs. Brant.

"Really: it's a case of my money or my life!" the young lady continued with a studied laugh. She stood between them, artificial and yet so artless, conscious of intruding, but evidently used to having her intrusions pardoned; and her large eyes turned interrogatively to Campton.

"Of course my husband will do all he can for you. I'll telephone," said Mrs. Brant; then, perceiving that her visitor continued to gaze at Campton, she added: "Oh, no, *this* is not . . . this is Mr. Campton."

"John Campton? I knew it!" Mrs. Talkett's eyes became devouring and brilliant. "Of course I ought to have recognised you at once—from your photographs. I have one pinned up in my room. But I was so flurried when I came in." She detained the painter's hand. "Do forgive me! For *years* I've dreamed of your doing me . . . you see, I paint a little myself . . . but it's ridiculous to speak of such things now." She added, as if she were risking something: "I knew your son at St. Moritz. We saw a great deal of him there, and in New York last winter."

"Ah—" said Campton, bowing awkwardly.

"Cursèd fools—all women," he anathematized her on the way downstairs.

In the street, however, he felt grateful to her for reducing Mrs. Brant to such confusion that she had made no attempt to detain him. His way of life lay so far apart from his former wife's that they had hardly ever been exposed to accidents of the kind, and he saw that Julia's embarrassment kept all its freshness.

The fact set him thinking curiously of what her existence was, and of what would be left of it now. He seemed to see her throning year after year in an awful emptiness of wealth and luxury and respectability, seeing only dull people, doing only dull things, and fighting feverishly to defend the last traces of a beauty which had never given her anything but the tamest and most unprofitable material prosperity.

"She's never even had the silly kind of success she wanted—poor Julia!" he mused, wondering that she had succeeded in putting into her life so few of the sensations which can be bought by wealth and beauty. "And now what will be left—how on earth will she fit into a war?"

He was sure all her plans had been made for the coming six months: her week-end sets of heavy millionaires secured for Deauville, and after that for the shooting at the big château near Compiègne, and three weeks reserved for Biarritz before the return to Paris in January. One of the luxuries Julia had most enjoyed after her separation from Campton (Adele had told him) had been that of planning things ahead: Mr. Brant, thank heaven, was not impulsive. And now here was this black bolt of war falling among all her carefully balanced arrangements with a crash more violent than any of Campton's inconsequences!

As he reached the Place de la Concorde a newsboy passed with the three o'clock papers, and he bought one and read of the crossing of Luxembourg and the invasion of Belgium. The Germans were arrogantly acting up to their menace: heedless of international law, they were driving straight for France and England by the road they thought the most accessible. . .

In the hotel he found George, red with

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rage, devouring the same paper: the boy's whole look was changed.

"The howling blackguards! The brigands! This isn't war—it's simple murder!"

The two men stood and stared at each other. "Will England stand it?" sprang to their lips at the same moment.

Never—never! England would never permit such a violation of the laws regulating the relations between civilised peoples. They began to say both together that after all perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened, since, if there had been the least hesitation or reluctance in any section of English opinion, this abominable outrage would instantly sweep it away.

"They've been too damned clever for once!" George exulted. "France is saved—that's certain anyhow!"

Yes; France was saved if England could put her army into the field at once. But could she? Oh, for the Channel tunnel at this hour! Would this lesson at last cure England of her obstinate insularity? Belgium had announced her intention of resisting; but what was that gallant declaration worth in face of Germany's brutal assault? A poor little country pledged to a guaranteed neutrality could hardly be expected to hold her frontiers more than forty-eight hours against the most powerful army in Europe. And what a narrow strip Belgium was, viewed as an outpost of France!

These thoughts, racing through Campton's mind, were swept out of it again by his absorbing preoccupation. What effect would the Belgian affair have on George's view of his own participation in the war? For the first time the boy's feelings were visibly engaged; his voice shook as he burst out: "Louis Dastrey's right: this kind of thing has got to stop. We shall go straight back to cannibalism if it doesn't.—God, what hounds!"

Yes, but—Campton pondered, tried to think up Pacifist arguments, remembered his own discussion with Paul Dastrey three days before. "My dear chap, hasn't France perhaps gone about with a chip on her shoulder? Saverne, for instance: some people think——"

"Damn Saverne! Haven't the Germans shown us what they are now? Belgium sheds all the light *I* want on Saverne. They're not fit to live with white people, and the sooner they're shown it the better."

"Well, France and Russia and England are here to show them."

George laughed. "Yes, and double quick."

Both were silent again, each thinking his own thoughts. They were apparently the same, for just as Campton was about to ask where George had decided that they should take their last dinner, the young man said abruptly: "Look here, Dad; I'd planned a little tête-à-tête for us this evening."

"Yes——?"

"Well—I can't. I'm going to chuck you." He smiled a little, his colour rising nervously. "For some people I've just run across—who were awfully kind to me at St. Moritz—and in New York last winter. I didn't know they were here till . . . till just now. I'm awfully sorry; but I've simply got to dine with them."

There was a silence. Campton stared out over his son's shoulder at the great sunlit square. "Oh, all right," he said briskly.

This—on George's last night!

"You don't mind *much*, do you? I'll be back early, for a last pow-wow on the terrace." George paused, and finally brought out: "You see, it really wouldn't have done to tell mother that I was deserting her on my last evening because I was dining with you!"

A weight was lifted from Campton's heart, and he felt ashamed of having failed to guess the boy's real motive.

"My dear fellow, naturally . . . quite right. And you can stop in and see your mother on the way home. You'll find me here whenever you turn up."

George looked relieved. "Thanks a lot—you always know. And now for my adieux to Adele."

He went off whistling the waltz from the Rosenkavalier, and Campton returned to his own thoughts.

He was still revolving them when he went upstairs after a solitary repast in the confused and servantless dining-room. Adele Anthony had telephoned

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to him to come and dine—after seeing George, he supposed; but he had declined. He wanted to be with his boy, or alone.

As he left the dining-room he ran across Adamson, the American newspaper correspondent, who had lived for years in Paris and was reputed to have "inside information." Adamson was grave but confident. In his opinion Russia would probably not get to Berlin before November (he smiled at Campton's astonished outcry); but if England—oh, they were sure of England! —could get her army over without delay, the whole business would very likely be settled before that, in one big battle in Belgium. (Yes—poor Belgium, indeed!) Anyhow, in the opinion of the military experts the war was not likely to last more than three or four months; and of course, even if things went badly on the western front, which was highly unlikely, there was Russia to clench the business as soon as her huge forces got in motion. Campton drew much comfort from this sober view of the situation, midway between that of the optimists who knew Russia would be in Berlin in three weeks, and of those who saw the Germans in Calais even sooner. Adamson was a level-headed fellow, who weighed what he said and pinned his faith to facts.

Campton managed to evade several people whom he saw lurking for him, and mounted to his room. On the terrace, alone with the serene city, his confidence grew, and he began to feel more and more sure that, whatever happened, George was likely to be kept out of the fighting till the whole thing was over. With such formidable forces closing in on her it was fairly obvious that Germany must succumb before half or even a quarter of the allied reserves had been engaged. Sustained by the thought, he let his mind hover tenderly over George's future, and the effect on his character of this brief and harmless plunge into a military career.

IX

GEORGE was gone.

When, with a last whistle and scream, the train had ploughed its way out of the clanging station; when the last blue figures clinging to the rear of the last carriage had vanished, and the bare rails again glittered up from the cindery tracks, Campton turned and looked about him.

The platform was crowded as he had seldom seen any place crowded; and he found himself taking in every detail of the scene with a morbid accuracy of observation. He had discovered, during these last days, that his artist's vision had been strangely unsettled. Sometimes, as when he had left Fortin's house, he saw nothing: the material world, which had always tugged at him with a thousand hands, vanished and left him in the void. Then again, as at present, he saw everything, saw it too clearly, in all its superfluous and negligible reality, instead of instinctively selecting, and disregarding what was not to his purpose.

Faces, faces—they swarmed about him, and his overwrought vision registered them one by one. Especially he noticed the faces of the women, women of all ages, all classes. These were the wives, mothers, grandmothers, sisters, mistresses of that heavy trainful of French youth. He was struck with the same strong cheerfulness in all: some pale, some flushed, some serious, but all firmly and calmly smiling.

One young woman in particular his look dwelt on—a dark girl in a becoming dress—both because she was so pleasant to see, and because there was such assurance in her serenity that she did not have to constrain her lips and eyes, but could trust them to be what she wished. Yet he saw by the way she clung to the young artilleryman from whom she was parting that hers were no sisterly farewells.

An immense hum of voices filled the vast glazed enclosure. Campton caught the phrases flung up to the young faces piled one above another in the windows—words of motherly admonishment, little jokes, tender names, mirthful allusions, last callings out: "Write often! Don't forget to wrap up your throat... Remember to send a line to Annette... Bring home a Prussian helmet for the children! *On les aura, pas, mon vieux?*" It was all bright, brave and confident. "If Berlin could only see it!" Campton thought.

He tried to remember what his own last words to George had been, but could

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not; yet his throat felt dry and thirsty, as if he had talked a great deal. The train vanished in a roar, and he leaned against a pier to let the crowd flood by, not daring to risk his lameness in such a turmoil.

Suddenly he heard loud sobs behind him. He turned, and recognised the hat and hair of the girl whose eyes had struck him. He could not see them now, for they were buried in her hands and her whole body shook with woe. An elderly man was trying to draw her away—her father, probably.

"Come, come, my child——"

"Oh—oh—oh," she hiccoughed, following blindly.

The people nearest stared at her, and the faces of other women grew pale. Campton saw tears on the cheeks of an old body in a black bonnet who might have been his own Mme. Lebel. A pale lad went away openly weeping.

But they were all afraid, then, all in immediate deadly fear for the lives of their beloved! The same fear grasped Campton's heart, a very present terror, such as he had hardly before imagined. Compared to it, all that he had felt hitherto seemed as faint as the sensations of a looker-on. His knees failed him, and he grasped a transverse bar of the pier.

People were leaving the station in groups of two or three; they all seemed to belong to each other; only he was alone. George's mother had not come to bid her son good-bye she had declared that she would rather take leave of him quietly in her own house than in a crowd of dirty people at the station. But then it was impossible to conceive of her being up and dressed and at the Gare du Nord at five in the morning—and how could she have got there without her motor? So Campton was alone, in that crowd which seemed all made up of families.

But no—not all. Ahead of him he saw a solitary woman moving away alone, and recognised Adele Anthony's adamantine hat and tight knob of hair.

Poor Adele! So she had come too—and had evidently failed in her quest, not been able to fend a way through the crowd, and perhaps not even had a glimpse of her hero. The thought smote Campton with compunction: he regretted his sneering words when they had last met, regretted refusing to dine with her. He wished the crowd had been less impenetrable; but it was useless to try to force his way to her. He had to wait till the station emptied itself, and by that time he had lost her.

At last the throng melted, and as he came out of a side entrance he saw her. She appeared to be looking for a taxi—she waved her sunshade aimlessly. But no one who knew the Gare du Nord would have gone around that corner to look for a taxi; least of all the practical Adele. Besides, Adele never took taxis: she travelled in the bowels of the earth or on the dizziest omnibus tops.

Campton guessed that she was waiting for him. He went up to her and a guilty pink suffused her nose.

"You missed him after all—?" he said.

"I—oh, no, I didn't."

"You didn't? But I was with him all the time. We didn't see you——"

"No, but *I* saw—distinctly. That was all I went for," she jerked back.

He slipped his arm through hers. "This crowd terrifies me. I'm glad you waited for me," he said.

He saw her pleasure, but she merely answered: "I'm dying of thirst, aren't you?"

"Yes—or hunger, or something. Could we find a *laiterie?*"

They found one, and sat down among early clerks and shop-girls, and a few dishevelled women with swollen faces whom Campton had noticed in the station. One of them, who sat opposite an elderly man, had drawn out a pocket mirror and was powdering her nose.

Campton hated to see women powder their noses—one of the few merits with which he credited Julia Brant was that of never having adopted these dirty modern fashions, of making up in private "like a lady"—as people used to say when he was young. But this time the gesture charmed him, for he had recognised the girl who had been sobbing so hopelessly in the station.

"How game she is! I like that. But why is she so frightened?" he wondered. For he saw that her chocolate was untouched, and that the smile had stiffened on her lips.

Since his talk with Adamson he could

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not bring himself to be seriously alarmed. Fear had taken him by the throat in the station, at the sound of the girl's sobs; but already he had thrown it off. Everybody agreed that the war would be over in a few weeks; even Dastrey had come round to that view; and with Fortin's protection, and the influences Anderson Brant could put in motion, George was surely safe—as safe at his depot as anywhere else in this precarious world. Campton poured out Adele's coffee, and drank off his own as if it had been champagne.

"Do you know anything about the people George was dining with last night?" he enquired.

Miss Anthony knew everything and everybody in the American circle in Paris; she was a clearing-house of Franco-American gossip, and it was not unlikely that if George had special reasons for wishing to spend his last evening away from his family she would know why. But the very likelihood of her knowing what had been kept from him made his question, as soon as it was uttered, seem indiscreet, and he added hastily: "Not that I want——"

She looked surprised. "No: he didn't tell me. Some young man's affair, I suppose. . ." She smirked absurdly, her lashless eyes blinking under the pushed-back veil.

Campton's mind had already strayed from the question. Nothing bored him more than Adele doing the "sad dog," and he was vexed at having given her the chance. What he really wanted to know was whether George had spoken to his old friend about his future—about his own idea of his situation, and his intentions and wishes in view of the grim chance which people, with propitiatory vagueness, call "anything happening." Had the boy left any word, any message with her for any one? But it was useless to speculate, for if he had, the old goose, true as steel, would never betray it by as much as a twitch of her lids. She could look, when it was a question of keeping a secret, like such an impenetrable idiot that one could not conceive of any one's having confided in her.

Campton had no wish to surprise George's sentimental secrets, if the boy had any. But their own parting had been so hopelessly Anglo-Saxon, so curtly affectionate and casual, that he would have liked to think his son had left, somewhere, a message for him, a word, a letter, in case . . . in case there was anything premonitory in the sobbing of that girl at the next table.

But Adele's pink nose confronted him, as guileless as a rabbit's, and he paid for their breakfast, and went out with her unsatisfied. They parted at the door, and Campton went to the studio to see if there were any news of his maid-servant Mariette. He meant to return to sleep there that night, and even his simple housekeeping was likely to be troublesome if Mariette should not arrive.

On the way it occurred to him that he had not yet seen the morning papers, and he stopped and bought a handful.

Negotiations, hopes, fears, conjectures —but nothing new or definite, except the insolent fact of Germany's aggression, and the almost certainty of England's intervention. When he reached the studio he found Mme. Lebel in her usual place, paler and haggarder than usual, but with firm lips. Her three grandsons had left for their depots the day before: one was in the *Chasseurs Alpins*, and probably already on his way to Alsace, another in the infantry, the third in the heavy artillery; she did not know where the two latter were likely to be sent. Her eldest son, their father, was dead; the second, a man of fifty, and a cabinet-maker by trade, was in the territorials, and was not to report for another week. He hoped, before leaving, to see the return of his wife and little girl, who were in the Ardennes with the wife's people. Mme. Lebel's mind was made up and her philosophy ready for immediate application.

"It's terribly hard for the younger people; but it had to be. I come from Nancy, Monsieur: I remember the German occupation. I understand better than my daughter-in-law. . ."

There was no news of Mariette, and small chance of having any for some days, much less of seeing her. No one could tell how long civilian travel would be interrupted. Mme. Lebel, moved by her lodger's plight, promised to "find some one"; and Campton mounted to the studio.

He had left it only two days before, on

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the day when he had vainly waited for Fortin and his dancer; and an abyss already divided him from that vanished time. Then his little world still hung like a straw above an eddy; now it was spinning about in the central vortex.

The pictures stood about untidily, and he looked curiously at all those faces which belonged to the other life. Each bore the mark of its own immediate passions and interests; not one betrayed the least consciousness of coming disaster except the face of poor Mme. de Dolmetsch, whose love had enlightened her. Campton began to think of the future from the painter's point of view. What a modeller of faces a great war must be! What would the people who came through it look like, he wondered?

His bell tinkled, and he turned to answer it. Dastrey, he supposed . . . he had caught a glimpse of his friend at the Gare du Nord, seeing off his nephew, but had purposely made no sign. He still wanted to be alone, and above all not to hear war-talk. Mme. Lebel, however, had no doubt revealed his presence in the studio, and he could not risk offending an old friend.

When he opened the door it was a surprise to see there, instead of Dastrey's anxious face, the round rosy countenance of a well-dressed youth with a shock of fair hair above eyes of childish candour.

"Oh—come in," Campton said, at once divining a compatriot in a difficulty.

The youth obeyed, blushing his apologies.

"I'm Benny Upsher, sir," he said, modest yet confident, as if the name were a sufficient introduction.

"Oh—" Campton stammered, cursing his absent-mindedness and his unfailing faculty for forgetting names.

"You're a friend of George's, aren't you?" he risked.

"Yes—tremendous. We were at Harvard together—he was two years ahead of me."

"Ah—then you're still there?"

Mr. Upsher's blush became a mask of crimson. "Well—I thought I was, till this thing happened."

"What thing?"

The youth stared at the older man with a look of celestial wonder.

"This war—George has started already, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Two hours ago."

"So they said—I looked him up at the Crillon. I wanted most awfully to see him; if I had, of course I shouldn't have bothered you."

"My dear young man, you're not bothering me. But what can I do?"

Mr. Upsher's composure seemed to be returning as the necessary preliminaries were cleared away. "Thanks a lot," he said. "Of course what I'd like best is to join his regiment."

"Join his regiment—*you!*" Campton exclaimed.

"Oh, I know it's difficult; I raced up from Biarritz quick as I could to catch him." He seemed still to be panting with the effort. "I want to be in this," he concluded.

Campton contemplated him with helpless perplexity. "But I don't understand—there's no reason, in your case. With George it was obligatory—on account of his being born here. But I suppose you were born in America?"

"Well, I guess so: in Utica. My mother was Madeline Mayhew. I think we're a sort of cousins, sir, aren't we?"

"Of course—of course. Excuse my not recalling it—just at first. But, my dear boy, I still don't see——"

Mr. Upsher's powers of stating his case were plainly limited. He pushed back his rumpled hair, looked hard again at his cousin, and repeated doggedly: "I want to be *in* this."

"This war?"

He nodded.

Campton groaned. What did the boy mean, and why come to him with such tomfoolery? At that moment he really felt more unfitted than usual to deal with practical problems; and in spite of the forgotten cousinship it was no affair of his what Madeline Mayhew's son wanted to be in.

But there was the boy himself, stolid, immovable, impenetrable to hints, and with something in his wide blue eyes like George—and yet so childishly different.

"Sit down—have a cigarette, won't you?—You know, of course," Campton began, "that what you propose is almost insuperably difficult?"

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"Getting into George's regiment?"

"Getting into the French army at all—for a foreigner, a neutral. . . I'm afraid there's really nothing I can do."

Benny Upsher smiled indulgently. "I can fix that up all right; getting into the army I mean. The only thing that might be hard would be getting into his regiment."

"Oh, as to that—out of the question, I should think." Campton was conscious of speaking curtly; the boy's bland determination was beginning to get on his nerves.

"Thank you no end," said Benny Upsher, getting up. "Sorry to have butted in," he added, holding out a large brown hand.

Campton followed him to the door perplexedly. He knew that something ought to be done—but what? On the threshold he laid his hand on the youth's shoulder. "Look here, my boy, we're cousins, as you say, and if you're Madeline Mayhew's boy you're an only son, aren't you? Moreover you're George's friend—which matters still more to me. I can't let you go like this. Just let me say a word to you before——"

A gleam of shrewdness flashed through Benny Upsher's inarticulate blue eyes. "A word *against*, you mean? Why, it's awfully kind, but not the least earthly use. I guess I've heard all the arguments. But all I see is that hulking bully trying to do Belgium in. England's coming in, ain't she? Well, then why ain't we?"

"England? Why—why, there's no analogy——"

The young man groped for the right word. "I don't know. Maybe not. Only in tight places we two always *do* seem to stand together."

"You're mad—this is not our war. Do you really want to go out and butcher people?"

"Yes—that kind of people," said Benny Upsher cheerfully. "You see, I've had all this talk from Uncle Harvey Mayhew a good many times on the way over. We came out on the same boat: he wanted me to be his private secretary at the Hague Congress. But I was pretty sure I'd have a job on my own to attend to."

Campton still contemplated him hopelessly. "Where is your uncle?" he wondered.

Benny grinned. "On his way to the Hague, I suppose."

"He ought to be here to look after you—some one ought to!"

"Then you don't see your way to getting me into George's regiment?" Benny replied with gentle persistency.

An hour later Campton still seemed to see him standing there, with obstinate soft eyes repeating the same senseless question. It cost him an effort to shake off the vision.

He returned to the Crillon to collect his possessions. On his table was a telegram, and he seized it eagerly, wondering if by some mad chance George's plans were changed, if he were being sent back, if Fortin had already arranged something. . .

He tore open the message, and read: "Utica July thirty first. No news from Benny please do all you can to facilitate his immediate return to America dreadfully anxious your cousin Madeline Upsher."

"Good Lord!" Campton groaned—"and I never even asked the boy's address!"

(To be continued.)

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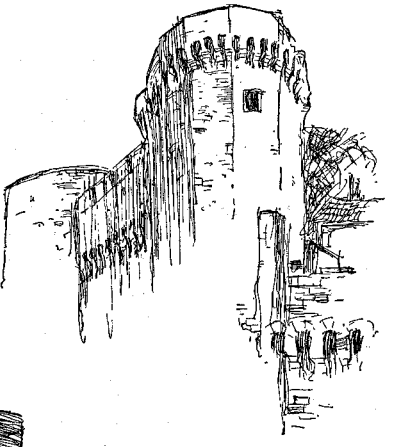
Sketches from an Old French Town

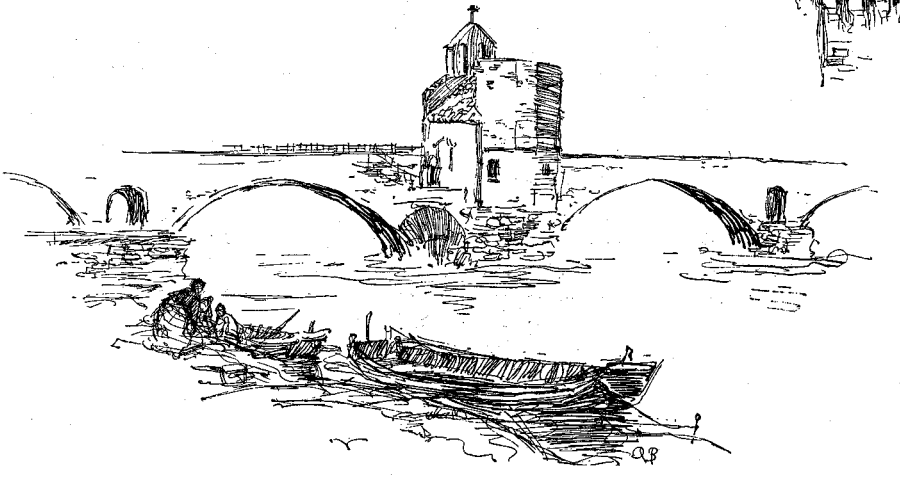
BY PERRY BARLOW

NOTES BY THE ARTIST

WE chose Avignon as the place to spend a vacation and to sketch because it is large enough to afford a few comforts of living and small enough to retain its provincial charm. At an early age we learned to pronounce its name from the old song "Sur le pont d'Avignon," and it had always been our desire to know more of the place and live there a while.

A Frenchman who boarded our boat at Alger told us many alluring things about Toulouse, his "home town," and seemed incredulous when we admitted Avignon as our destination. He said that we should find no Americans there —no sporting life, no golf or tennis, and that the people were terribly provincial, and behind the times. He added that they did have an old bridge and a few decrepit castles, but they were rotting away. Fortunately we found Avignon much as he said—"no sporting life—no golf or tennis"—and no Americans. Also we found the ruins of a wonderful old bridge, a palace and cathedral of the popes, and an old, old town surrounded by ramparts built six centuries ago.





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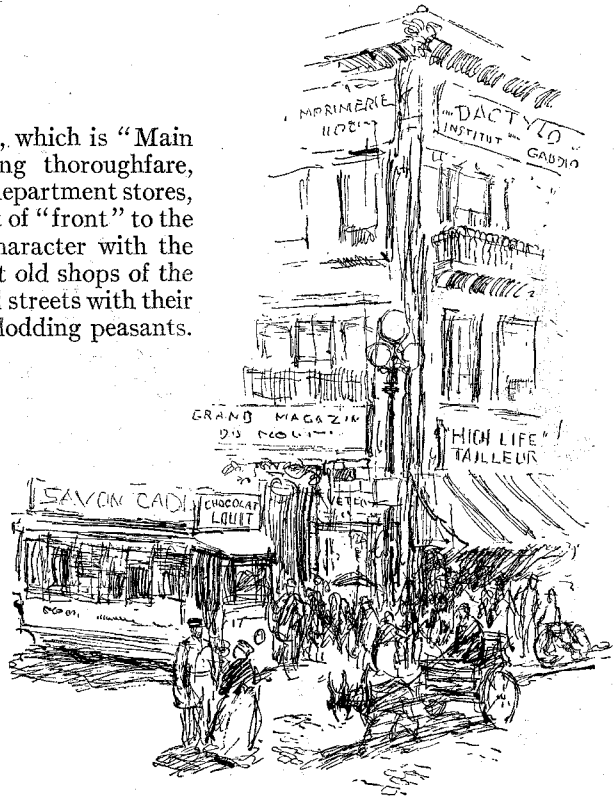
The Rue de la République, which is "Main Street," a prosperous-looking thoroughfare, lined with up-to-date shops, department stores, and business concerns—a sort of "front" to the city which is quite out of character with the time-scarred walls and quaint old shops of the adjacent winding and crooked streets with their traffic of donkey-carts and plodding peasants.



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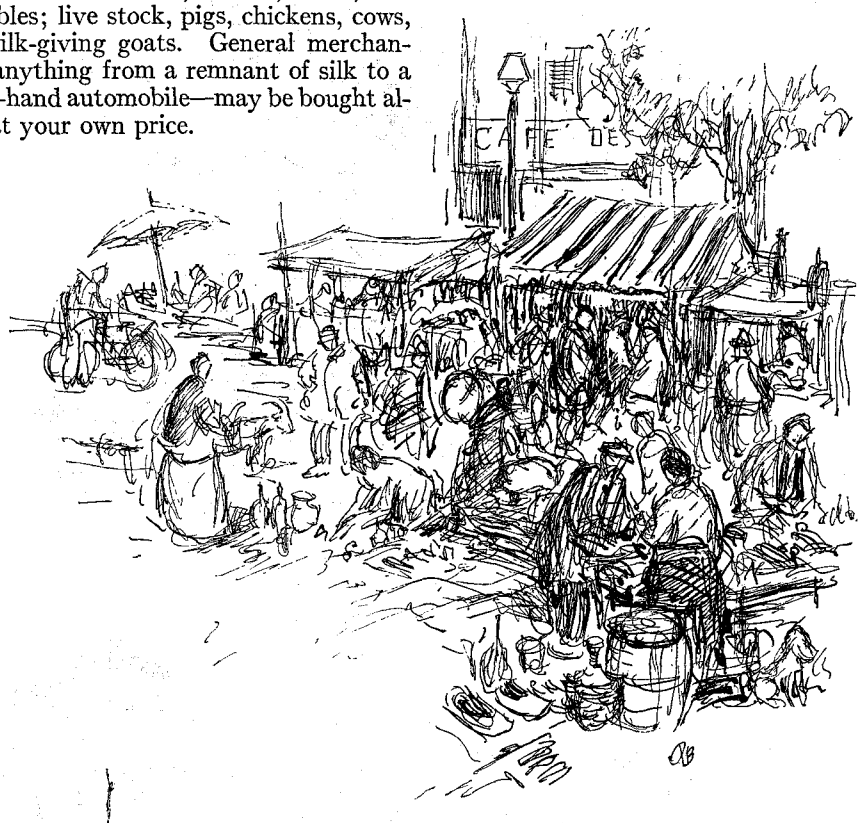
The market square is of unusual interest to foreigners, with its many-colored awnings and stalls piled high with the greatest conceivable variety of commodities: regional products such as bread, cheeses, wines, and vegetables; live stock, pigs, chickens, cows, and milk-giving goats. General merchandise—anything from a remnant of silk to a second-hand automobile—may be bought almost at your own price.



The civility shown by shopkeepers is in sharp contrast to the snappy business methods to which Americans are accustomed. "Bonjour, m'sieur," "Merci, madame," or "Au revoir, m'sieur, m'dame," are in use constantly. Even in the purchase of postage-stamps one is thanked as profusely as if a large profit was represented in the transaction.

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The numerous cafés do a rushing business between twelve and two, when the shops close for déjeuner —and a few games of cards. Black, strong coffee with cognac is the favorite beverage, and is known as "un chaud." It is as popular with the élite as with those who sweep the streets. Each café caters, more or less, to a certain class. In the large restaurants along the Rue de la République one finds mostly business men and commercial travellers, while in cafés along the smaller streets laborers and tradesmen meet to drink, gossip, and smoke.

Long beards and rich, luxuriant "side-burns" are popular, and consequently the cigarette-holder is almost a staple. Barber shops flourish in Avignon, but the real work of a coiffeur apparently consists of inducing growth, fancy trimming, and finishing rather than the actual cutting of hair.

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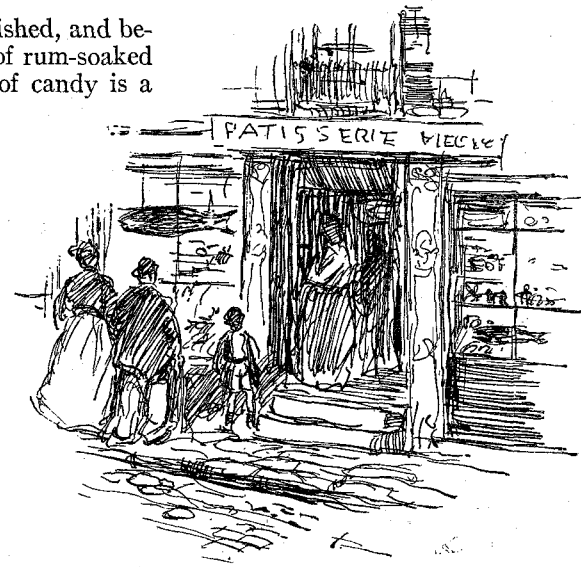
The patisseries are long established, and besides the manufacture and sale of rum-soaked tarts and pastries, the making of candy is a lucrative side-line.

Seldom is any sweet offered for sale unless it imitates or represents something. Candy, musical instruments, and what-nots—careful copies of seasonal vegetables and fruits and of animals, both wild and domestic, are most alluring to the local taste. The chocolate fish is an institution, and enormous trout serve to attract one's attention.



Tea is served in the larger patisseries, due doubtless to the demand created by the visiting English, and "Five o'Clock" is conspicuously advertised. The French tolerate the idea, and consume large quantities of rich pastries, after examining the wares on display.

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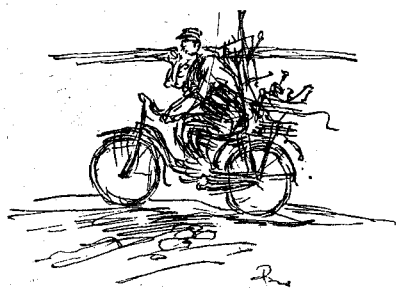
The bicycle plays a large part in the local traffic, and is used by old and young alike. While sizes and styles vary, it is of small import whether it be a large bicycle or a small one—whether "pour homme ou pour dame"—one serves the average workman as well as another. Carpenters, carrying complete sets of tools, pedal to and from work with a careless ease that is most enviable to the amateur cyclist. Women who have any distance to go shopping or selling invariably ride wheels; and, if the weather is inclement, holding an open umbrella in one hand is no handicap at all. Bread goes ramping by, propelled by any member of the baker's family who chooses to deliver it. Traffic regulations are unheard of; and, as the sidewalks are so few and so narrow, pedestrians walk in the streets among bicycles, farm trucks, and donkey-carts.



The two-wheel cart is next in popular use to the bicycle, and the biggest and stoutest peasants—often two or three, in a cart with a load of produce—are drawn by the most diminutive donkeys.

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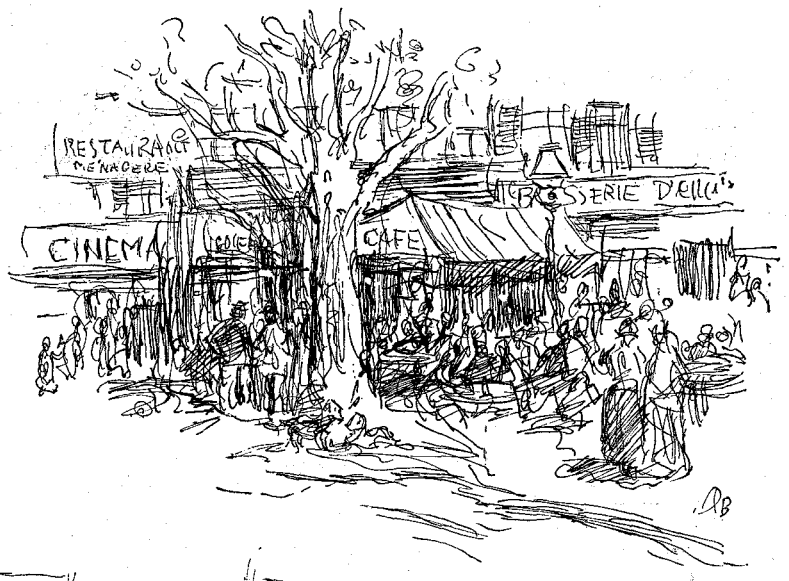

Sunday is a veritable holiday. Peasants from the surrounding villages, with their families and dogs, come to church and remain for the band-concerts on the Place d'Horloge, or to attend the one vaudeville show or take in the movies. Charlie Chaplin is the most popular attraction, and, though his films are usually two or three years old, "ce ne fait rien" to the numerous and enthusiastic "Charlot" fans.

Dogs! All sorts—Airedales, shepherds, terriers—big clumsy hounds, likable but immovable fellows who go with absolute freedom where they will. They are liked and tolerated by every one, and are a part of the general scheme.

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"Under Glass"

BY PERCY MARKS

I LEANED back in my chair, smiled my most genial now-boys-we're-all-among-friends smile, and addressed the first man, alphabetically speaking, in the class.

"Why," I demanded, "did you come to college?"

He replied with unexpected promptness: "I didn't want to come; my father made me."

There were twenty-nine men in that class, and I asked each of them the same question. I received only one other definite reply. That came from the most brilliant man in the room. He flushed a painful purple and stuttered:

"I—I don't know why I came."

The other men—and they were good students, all of them—evaded with vague generalities. One man said that he had come to get an education.

"What do you mean by education?" I asked.

"An education is—er, an education is . . ." He was getting very red. "I guess that I don't know just what I do mean by it."

After that reply no one said that he had come for an education. However, another man said that he had come to college to improve himself. Of course, I did not miss the opportunity.

"Just what," I asked amiably, "do you mean by improving yourself?"

The class waited. The class wanted very much to know. So did I.

"Why, to make me better generally."

"I don't quite understand. Can't you be more specific? I'm not sure what you mean by better. I take it that you don't mean it entirely in the moral sense."

"Oh, *no!* I mean—well, just to round me out. I think an education does that for you."

"Just how?"

He grinned. "I don't know," he said frankly, and his grin added: "You knew I didn't, too."

A few of the men thought that a college education "did a lot for a man socially," but they were hazy about what they meant by socially. Oh, not lounge-lizarding or tea-fighting, or anything like that; but it sort o' got a fellow into things like—oh, into things generally.

And so it went. They had a few fine phrases, such as: "A college education is of great value in the business world," or "A college education is a social asset," or even, "A college education is now a necessity."

Not one man was willing to admit that he had come to college because he thought that a degree would help him to make money. All of them said that that was undoubtedly true, and that was one reason why they had come, but none of them was materialistic enough to give that as his sole reason. There were other reasons—but they didn't know what they were.

I was teaching at Dartmouth College at the time I asked that question, and that class was the best one I have ever had in a good many years of teaching. There wasn't a real dud in it, and several of the men were truly brilliant, not only in my work but in all their classes. It was an exceptional group of twenty-nine undergraduates—and not one of them knew why he had come to college.

I have known hundreds, thousands of undergraduates, but I cannot think of one who actually had a clear idea of why he had come to college. I hasten to make two exceptions. Engineering students know that they have come to learn to be engineers, but they know that they must learn something more than that—and they don't know what that extra something is. The other exception is the youthful materialist. I met one of them last year. Our conversation went something like this:

"You think," I said, "that you will

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make more money as a result of your college education?"

"Yes; of course."

"Just why?"

"Well, a college man has a better chance than other men because he has had better training."

"The word training," I said, "is significant. You have come to college then, I take it, to be trained as a business man."

"Yes."

"What courses are you taking?"

"English, biology, history, French, and economics."

"Well, where does the training come in?"

He hesitated, made a few false starts, and then admitted that he did not know. He looked rather disgusted, too, and was visibly wondering if he hadn't made a mistake in coming to college.

Of course, that lad was getting some training for business, even if he didn't know it, but what he suddenly realized was that he was spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something which was of no "practical" value at all as far as he could see.

What I am getting at in a rather roundabout fashion is this: Nearly *every* undergraduate, materialist or dreamer, is doing just what my young materialist was, spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something—and he doesn't know what that something is. Neither do his parents. The father and mother talk proudly of giving their boy an education, and ninety-nine out of a hundred have only a vague idea, if any at all, of what they mean by the word.

And, indeed, why does a boy, or a girl, go to college? I am talking now of why he *goes*, not of why he *ought* to go. There are several reasons. His father wants to give him greater opportunities than he himself has had. (Most college boys do not have college-bred fathers.) The father knows that he has missed something, that his contemporaries who went to college have "the bulge on him" in a good many ways. He feels, perhaps, that he might have made more money if he had had a college education; at any rate, he would have had more "drag." He realizes that friends made in college often prove valuable in later years. And he feels, too, that a college degree gives one a certain, if undefined, social standing. All this, you will notice, is "practical." He has, however, one other motive: He guesses that his boy is as good as any other boy, and if Billy Jones and Jack Smith can go to college—well, he'll be damned if his Ferdinand can't go too.

The boy himself? Well, the boy is only eighteen years old and he doesn't think much about it. He may spout grandly about "the advantages of a college education," but he really isn't interested in those advantages at all. I am talking about the average boy; of course, there are boys, especially those who are putting themselves through college by hard work, who feel that an education is a serious business and that it must be taken seriously. But even that boy, who is working twice as hard as his high-school classmate who is "out in business" making money, does not clearly understand the reason for his own effort. He wants "to get ahead," and he knows that that is the best way to do it.

The average boy is fascinated by the glamour of college life, and well he may be. He wants to get into the so-called activities; he wants to make a fraternity; and—I hasten to admit it—he wants to do well in his studies, partly because he feels ashamed if he does badly, and partly because he wants his parents to be proud of him. Rarely, very rarely, indeed, does he see any real value in the studies themselves. The faculty tells him that there are certain subjects that he has to take—and the faculty probably knows what it is talking about. At any rate, it ought to, and if it doesn't, who does? Certainly the undergraduate does not pretend to know. He chooses his electives by reputation; that is, if the instructor is known to grade easily, the course is a good one; if the work is said to be very light, the course is a good one; if the instructor has the reputation of cutting classes regularly, the course is a good one; and if the course demands no final examination, it's a great one. It's a darb! Of course, an undergraduate occasionally chooses a course because the subject happens to interest him, but almost invariably the crowded courses

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are those known as snaps. It is a rare junior who will elect a hard course with subject-matter interesting to him in preference to an easy course with subject-matter to which he is naturally indifferent.

None of this is meant in condemnation of the undergraduate. Far from it. He is the salt of the earth—and I am the first to sing his praises in public and swear at him unmercifully in private. He is human, our undergraduate, and very young. Nobody has told him what he is supposed to get out of college. His parents urge him "to do well in his studies and write often"; and his high-school principal has patted him paternally on the shoulder and told him "that the old school is expecting him to make it very proud." Both admonitions have embarrassed the boy—and that is about all the effect that they have had.

When he gets to college, he is lectured at by the members of the faculty, the dean, the president, the president of the student body, and the football coach. (I have arranged the various notables in the order of their importance to the freshman; the most important comes last.) Out of all the many opening lectures he gets just two things: he must attend to his studies, and he's got to get out and work like hell for the team. Maybe somebody tries to tell him why he is in college, but if anybody does, the effort is wasted. The freshman is too excited, worried, homesick, and thrilled to have any clear idea of what all the shootin's about.

And, pray, just what *is* all the shootin' about? Just why does a boy spend the four most wonderful years of his life going to college? Why are so many hundreds of thousands of parents making sacrifices, real sacrifices, to give their sons the so-called college education? The question is important. What is the answer?

I am reminded of a dinner at the Engineers' Club in Boston several years ago. Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was host to the English department, of which I was at that time a member. After we had made away with the excellent dinner, the talk, naturally enough, concerned itself with matters educational. The purpose of a college education finally became the central topic. A good many things were said, some of them foolish probably, some of them wise, but none of them to the point. The discussion was lost in a fog of phrases and, I am afraid, pedagogical platitudes.

Mr. Munroe is not a pedagogue; he is a successful business man. I do not know whether we were professionally smug or merely exasperatingly vague. However, I do remember that something excited Mr. Munroe. He banged his fist on the table and exclaimed earnestly:

"A man does not come to college to learn to earn a living; he comes to college to learn to *live!*"

Nothing happened. Nobody got up and shouted, "You said a mouthful," or even, "That was a most extraordinarily thought-provoking remark." No, nobody was slangy or pedantic; the talk simply continued. I do not know how the other members of the department felt about it, but I was deeply impressed by two things: first, something intelligent had been said after a stag dinner; and, second, a question that had been troubling me for years had been settled with a sentence.

I never asked Mr. Munroe whether the idea was original with him or not; I really did not care. I believe that Nicholas Murray Butler said the same thing a few years later, and I do not know whether the idea was original with *him* or not, but I do know that Mr. Munroe said it first—and that, to speak unprofessionally, he said a mouthful. In fact, he said about all that needed to be said. Unfortunately, however, he said it only to the English department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and not to the hundreds of thousands of American undergraduates—and their parents.

Please remember that I am writing about undergraduate institutions when I mention colleges—and that Mr. Munroe was talking about Technology, which does actually train its men to earn a living. As I understood him, Mr. Munroe felt that that training was of only secondary importance even at an institute of technology. Certainly it is of even less importance at an ordinary college which does not even pretend to train its men.

I wonder how many fathers realize

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that. I wonder how many of them understand that the colleges largely ignore the so-called "practical" phases of life. (I use "so-called" deliberately. Whether those particular phases really are the most practical is debatable.) And I wonder how many of them would hesitate longer about sending their sons to college if they were better informed about the college curricula. Very few would hesitate at all, I believe, because they know that a larger proportion of men who have gone to college are successful than those who have not gone. Statistics say so!

The idea is, of course, that men are successful because they have gone to college. No idea was ever more absurd. No man is successful because he has managed to pass a certain number of courses and has received a sheepskin which tells the world in Latin, that neither the world nor the graduate can read, that he has successfully completed the work required. If the man is successful, it is because he has the qualities for success in him; the college "education" has merely, speaking in terms of horticulture, forced those qualities and given him certain intellectual tools with which to work—tools which he could have got without going to college, but not nearly so quickly. So far as anything practical is concerned, a college is simply an intellectual hothouse. For four years the mind of the undergraduate is put "under glass," and a very warm and constant sunshine is poured down upon it. The result is, of course, that his mind blooms earlier than it would in the much cooler intellectual atmosphere of the business world.

A man learns more about business in the first six months after his graduation than he does in his whole four years of college. But—and here is the "practical" result of his college work—he learns far more in those six months than if he had not gone to college. He has been trained to learn, and that, to all intents and purposes, is all the *training* he has received. To say that he has been trained to think is to say essentially that he has been trained to learn, but remember that it is impossible to teach a man to think. The power to think must be inherently his. All that the teacher can do is help him learn to order his thoughts—such as they are.

A man isn't trained in college to earn a living, for two reasons: first, there isn't time, and, second, it isn't of sufficient importance. That second statement, I know, sounds heretical, but a moment's thought will convince the reader that it is plain common sense. One cannot be a lawyer, a teacher, a doctor, or an engineer without special training, but one can be, and usually is, a business man without that special training. True, there are now graduate schools of business administration, and the college graduate who can afford the time and money to attend one is to be congratulated; but the graduate who cannot get the training such schools afford need not be downcast. He can be a business man, and perhaps a good one, without it. It may take him a little longer—that is all.

The colleges take graduate work for granted for those men who intend to enter one of the professions. Those men must be trained, but that training is not the business of the college; it is the business of the graduate school. The college must educate the man, and that brings us to the problem of "learning to live."

I cannot solve the problem of learning to live, but I can give you some idea of what the undergraduate must become conscious of if he is ever to find any satisfactory solution for himself. And the making of the undergraduate conscious of those things is, as I see it, the purpose of a college education.

Much has been written about a college education, and most of it is ponderous and unreadable. Even such essays as Cardinal Newman's on a college education and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," which, strictly speaking, is about culture, magnificent as they are, are deep-sea swimming for the average freshman—and he is as yet a very feeble swimmer. Arnold tells him that if he would be cultured he must learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. That is, of course, supremely true, but it is very difficult to make it seem more than a well-put statement to the freshman—and every man should be made deeply conscious at the very outset of his college career that it is his business to learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. The freshman will quote Ar-

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nold glibly in his final examination—and then cheerfully forget him. All of which is very human when one is eighteen, and very unfortunate.

Furthermore, the freshman does not see the relation between the best that has been thought and said in the world and himself. To him that best is merely information, information that is hard to get, harder to retain, and of no practical importance at all. He doesn't see what the facts about the neolithic age, the distance of Arcturus from the earth, the Congress of Berlin, Aristotle's theory of poetics, and the history of philosophy have to do with his life, which at the time is concerned with things very different indeed.

Our freshman realizes well enough that his life is the most important thing in the world, but, like the man who was given a whale for a present, now that he has it he doesn't know what to do with it. Ask him what he wants above all things, and he will reply, sensibly enough, happiness. Every young man is essentially a hedonist, and as a rule he is a healthy, wholesome hedonist. He wants to grab happiness with both hands, but he wants the rest of the world to have at least a fingerhold at the same time.

The thing that he must be made to see, of course, is the relation between his happiness and the best that has been thought and said in the world; in other words, he must be made to realize that the past is significant to *him*, that *his* life is a continuation of all the history that has gone before, that every discovery of science has affected and will affect *him*, that every philosophical thought that has ever been expressed in enduring form has helped and is helping to create his own philosophy, and that all the poetry of the ages, whether in verse or prose, is *his* as his natural birthright, a gift of all mankind to him, and one too great ever to be received in its entirety, and too beautiful ever adequately to be appreciated.

To put it more simply, it is the business of a college education to help a man find himself in relation to the world—and I use "world" in its broadest sense. Our freshman has a life to lead, and that life of his must thread its tortuous and difficult way through the mazes of a very complicated social system. More than that, he must, if he is going to find even a little of that happiness which he so eagerly desires, acquire some understanding of himself. "Know Thyself" was the motto over the doorway of the temple of the oracle at Delphi, and, being the motto over the doorway of a temple, it quite properly expressed an ideal; that is, something unattainable.

Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

True enough! We shall never know ourselves. I think that we should probably go mad if we ever did, but the knowledge that we can never succeed will not stop us from trying to know ourselves. And to some extent we must succeed—or go mad. Above all things, the freshman is eager to gain some understanding of himself, of his ambitions, his limitations, his abilities, his passions. And his college education, if it is of any value at all, helps him to gain some comprehension of that strange being with whom he must always live, himself.

However, Carlyle was right when he said that we must know our work. But what work? That is what the undergraduate wants to know. What is he fitted for? What does he want to do? He feels that there must be some work for him somewhere, but what is it? How can he find that work without some clear understanding of himself—and find it he must. Certainly the varied curricula of our colleges at least give him some idea of his likes and dislikes, his ability to do certain things and his lack of ability to do others. His four years at college are a breathing space while he marks time looking for his goal, that goal which seems so attainable while he is in college and so unattainable afterward.

But bigger than his work, bigger than himself, is the man in relation to his world and his God. Above all things, the undergraduate must gain some knowledge of

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that relationship, so sharply defined in many ways, so tragically vague in others. He must, absolutely must, find a philosophy of living. That philosophy will change as it adapts itself to the experiences of life, but without it to begin with the college graduate is as helpless as a blind man in the traffic of Times Square—and he is in about as dangerous a position.

You must understand that the average freshman has no philosophy of living. He has a code, which is a very different thing. He has been told that there are certain things that he can do and that there are certain things that a "real man" or a "regular fellow" does not do. Some of the undergraduates want to be "real men"—and some of them want to be "regular fellows." It really makes very little difference as far as any philosophy of living is concerned which our freshman wants to be; under any circumstances, his code is very simple, very positive—and very easily broken. No man can quite live up to his code, least of all a man only eighteen or nineteen years old, and the breaches that an undergraduate makes in his code seem to him very large and very serious.

Sometimes they are large and often they are serious, and they play an unnecessary havoc with the boy's life. I have known undergraduates who were tragically unhappy because they had done something which conflicted with their codes. They could not think around the infraction; they could not view it except as an infraction. In other words, they had no ideas; they merely had rules—and life is too complicated, too involved to be lived by rule; it must be thought about from many points of view.

There is no middle ground to the average undergraduate: a thing is either right or wrong, good or bad, glorious or utterly debased. Life is either all black or all white. He hasn't learned, as he must learn, that it is practically never either black or white, that it is usually some shade of gray, and that it is his business to learn to distinguish the shade.

The same thing is true of religion. Again, he comes to college pitifully equipped with ideas. In fact, as a rule he hasn't any. He has been, usually carelessly, instructed in some school of theology. It has not been his to reason why. He has accepted what he has been told—and let it go at that.

But when he comes to college he is just at the age when he wakes up, when he wants to know, when he begins to question. What is the result? Usually he throws away the theology he has been taught and is left spiritually stranded, worried, and miserably unhappy. His efforts at thinking are pathetic. He has no knowledge and no ideas. He has been told, as a rule, that he should take the Bible as a revelation of God, but he doesn't know anything about the Bible. I do not exaggerate; he doesn't know *anything* about it, not even the popular stories. I tried last term to get the story of Joseph out of a class of nearly forty—and only one man knew it. Practically none of them has ever read either Testament. They may know a few of the stories, but as far as the *philosophy* of the Bible is concerned, or any other philosophy, they are totally ignorant.

The colleges do not give a man a religion. That is not their business; but they do give him ideas and knowledge, and it is up to him to take those ideas and that knowledge unto himself and evolve from them at least a working philosophy of living in relation to this life and whatever may come after it.

I have said, quoting Mr. Munroe, that a man comes to college to learn to live, and I have tried to give some idea of the things he must learn. Now I am about to announce in loud, raucous tones that he won't learn them. He will never learn them. No man does. It is impossible to gain even a small idea of the best that has been thought and said in the world; culture is an ideal, not a possibility. A college does not educate a man; it merely gives him an index to an education. What use the man makes of that index in later life will largely determine his success or failure.

The senior on his graduation day is not an educated man; he is an ignoramus. However, if he has learned enough to know that he is an ignoramus, some day he will probably attain something like culture, have enough knowledge to be called educated—as education in this world goes.

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I have said nothing about the joy of learning, the pleasure that knowledge *per se* brings. I have tried to be strictly "practical," but I cannot resist a parting word in favor of the "impractical" value of college life. There the boy comes in contact with beauty, with the most exquisite expression of the noblest thoughts ever produced by man. He has, if he is worth teaching, been thrilled by the splendor of the past and made conscious of the gorgeous pageantry of the present. Perhaps he has learned that that thrill is as true and as fine as any he can get from, say, a financial *coup*.

If when a man graduates from college he has learned the work he is fitted for, if he has gained some ideal of beauty, if he has delved deeply enough into himself to have even a vague knowledge of his own soul, if he has learned enough of the past to understand to some small degree the present, and if he has gathered unto himself enough ideas of life to have a workable philosophy of living, he has begun at least to learn to live. He can count his years in college well spent. He has the rudiments of an education. If he continues to work, to think, and to learn, he may, by the grace of God, become a man.

Ignition

BY VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. SCHMIDT

A STRANGE look of triumph was on Mrs. Prunner's face as she drew up at our gate to stare across at "that foreign woman." Rhona Cabrals sat listlessly on her door-step and smoked a cigarette; and though the cigarette was her one remaining vice, it alone was sufficient to brand her in Stonyville.

Then Mrs. Prunner came on, bearing down upon me with a ponderous dignity that augured some tremendous pieec of news. "Where's your mother, Razzles?"

Politely I stopped the lawn-mower to inform her that she would find my mother by following the very audible clattering of the supper dishes to the kitchen. Mrs. Prunner was to our family special intelligencer and exponent of public opinion. Through all the twenty years of my life she had been bearing down upon us in this way, with choice bits of scandal. Now as she swept by, ignoring me, I felt the old prickle of resentment against her and the old stirring of curiosity. Mrs. Prunner persisted in treating me like a small boy, and I persisted in responding to the treatment.

Beneath the pantry window, where the noise of dishes had suddenly stopped, I discovered that the mower needed oiling. "Look at her—the brazen piece!" came Mrs. Prunner's voice. Clearly she was pointing out Rhona Cabrals, who drooped motionless, all dark, from the rusty black of her cotton dress and the olive dusk of her profile to the intense gypsy blackness of her amazing hair; a still-figure study in darkness, she sat there waiting—waiting as she had been ever since that night nearly eight years before, when the flame in her had been quenched as abruptly as a firebrand thrust into water.

"Well, Mary, murder will out! They've found his body at last, down in the old Shipman quarry."

"*Pedro Cabrals's* body?" breathed mother. "After all these years——"

"They've been pumping out the water, you know, this last week and to-day they came upon the body sticking head down in the bottom of a hundred-and-fifty-foot

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shaft. I have it straight from Tim Murphy, who's superintending the job. Oh, it's very bad—just bones mostly. But Coroner Bliss says it's been there all of eight years; and they identified a scrap of a red bandanna. There's no shadow of a doubt. . . ."

"Wonder if *she* knows," shuddered mother.

"She'll know soon enough," declared Mrs. Prunner grimly. "She must have drug him there—a good half-mile. A devil, if there ever was one—and strong as a man. I'm stepping on to Miss Tucker's, Mary; you drop your dishes and come along."

"Wait then— You hear, Razzles?" Mother came close to me and whispered against that still figure on the next doorstep. "They've found Pedro Cabrals! I'm going with Mrs. Prunner. Finish the lawn before you leave, and careful there of my border—you're mowing down the pinks."

So I was alone. But the veil of memory—that soft gray shroud which blurs over the evil nightmares of our childhood—was riddled through; and I was plunged back into the most vivid scene of my life. That night in Rhona Cabrals's little house, and my own forbidden share in it, as witness—a share which I had buried deep in my heart and had told no living soul! And now the vision of handsome big Pedro Cabrals rotting in the mud of the old Shipman quarry. . . . Nausea seized me. . . . How *could* she! Yet speculation held me there, gazing at that creature of inexplicable and foreign mystery that was Rhona Cabrals; and curiosity drew me. I told myself that some one should prepare her—warn her. But it was the old lure of her—compound of fascination and danger—that pulled.

"Good evening," I muttered, standing uncertainly before her.

She accepted me, moved over indifferently to make room for me beside her, forgot me. Dusk had taken her, brooding over her, I thought, like a mother. I sat staring at her averted head, and watched a wisp of smoke, white against the crow's wing of her hair, melt into darkness. Just as she had always been able to impose her moods upon me, so, now, she cast over me the spell of her lethargy. But, though I stayed silent, I was remembering that other Rhona, who was to this one as a live coal is to a dead coal. Sharp pictures, that stood out from the regulation black-and-white scenes of my boyhood as though stamped in red ink, came back at me.

There was my first encounter with Rhona Cabrals. I must have been twelve at the time. I had flung myself out of bed and into the warm July night to the aid of Pat, my fox-terrier, who was barking furiously at some enemy. I knew that strangers had moved into the house next door, which was quite the meanest house in our pleasant, elm-shaded street, the only house, in fact, which had not a front porch; but I was unprepared for the spectacle of a woman standing in the back door against a lamplighted interior, hurling missiles and oaths, English in denomination but foreign in their fluency, at my dog. I stood with my mouth open, until I became aware that my father was beside me. "Stop that, Pat!" he ordered sharply. Pat cringed and the amazing flow of language ceased.

The woman, who had over her white nightgown a clinging scarlet shawl of a stuff like velvet, only softer and more lustrous, which I afterward learned was chenille, slowly raised her arms to her hair, and suddenly I discovered that she was young and strangely beautiful, with the supple, slim length of a runner. . . . Only somehow she did not look like an athlete. . . . She was smiling out at us now, and there was an odd sparkle to her eyes.

"That woman!" muttered my father, and hurried me into the house. I cast one lingering look back and saw behind her, shadowing her smile, the face of a swarthy man with anger on it.

In my own bed again, through the open window, I heard voices raised in fury, heard sobs that would not let themselves be wholly sobs, heard a sudden clattering—and then silence in the boxlike little house across the way. From the adjoining room my mother's words reached me: "Looks like we've drawn a wife-beater next door."

"Looks like we've need of a wife-beater next door," said my father dryly.

From the first Rhona Cabrals was for-

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bidden to me, even as were the quarries; wherefore I secretly explored both. As well tell the boy of a seacoast town to stay off the wharfs as to tell me to stay away from the quarries—that place, by day, of magical heaving derricks and sweating, gabbling men, swearing oaths in many languages . . . place, by night, of lighted, filthy shacks and mouth-organ music. Those great pits, yawning red from the peculiar reddish hue of the sandstone which they gave forth in blocks and bricks and broken chips, were the single raw sore on the monotonous rolling green perfection of this western New York country; their murky, reddish waters were unexpected blood pools on a tranquil surface, crude realities that called for probing. As for Rhona, with her black eyes and her lithe body, her swift angers and her wild mirths, she was the scarlet lady of forbidden novels, the Spanish dancer with the castanets, the mysterious Oriental seducer stepped forth from Arabian Nights. . . . The quarries and Rhona—they were adventure in Stonyville, and, utterly different as they were, were yet bound together through Pedro.

Almost at once Rhona took me into her confidence and told me much—more than a boy of twelve could understand. Even then I instinctively knew she tolerated me because I *was* a boy; if I had been a girl she would have shooed me off with the neighbors' chickens.

"Bah!" she said. "That Pedro—that *gorgio!* I don't know why I stay with him—it smothers me in a house sometimes. Before he came I lived the gypsy life and travelled the roads in a great van. We sat over smoky fires and talked—my mother is old now, but she was once a girl in Madrid, and the tales she can tell! We danced and sang and stole and made love, and the men they fought over me. Then Pedro came and followed me and fought the hardest. . . . It is fated perhaps. But always he is mad with jealousy and always we fight, tooth and nail, and hate each other. Bah, that Pedro! Some day I leave him and go back to the open road—to my people—and the *dukkerin'*——

"Ah, the *dukkerin'*! I had forgotten. I *dukker* with the palm, the cards, the coin—what you will. I *dukker* for you, my Razzles boy!" She swept up a deck of dirty cards, flashed upon me her smile, for, lacking larger game, she was not above putting forth her fascinations for me. "Past, present, and future, your wish an' all ye want to know!"

And again, a later time: "They call me 'foreign' and they think I am like those vermin Dago women, your mother and your father and all those other *gorgios*. Fools! I spit upon them! I am Spanish—you hear? Spanish, and free."

It was true, both ways. What Stonyville never could forgive the Cabrals was their invasion of our respectable neighborhood; for Stonyville has its slum, its foreign section—isolated like a pest-house—where Rhona and Pedro might have loved and hated, hurled china and flourished knives to their hearts' content, without exciting more than passing notice. They were *foreigners*, weren't they?—Well, then, let them stay down on Myrtle Street, where they belonged. But it was equally true that the Cabrals did not belong on Myrtle Street any more than they belonged up here. One had only to see Rhona Cabrals moving freely and scornfully past groups of squat, pudgy Italian women with babies clinging to them . . . Rhona, wearing larger earrings and dressed in bolder colors than those others . . . to realize that she was of another mould.

And Pedro, too, though he was given to the same red bandannas for work and to the same purple serge and red neckties for holidays, was of a race apart from the other laborers. I watched him at work at the quarries and saw that he was larger and handsomer and stronger in every way than his fellow workers—a king among them. I remembered what Rhona had told me, that Pedro was a Portuguese out of Provincetown; bred from great able-bodied men who followed the sea, thrifty owners of their own ships and their own homes, Pedro had somehow cut loose and drifted inland by way of the Great Lakes. And though he had shaken off the salt of the sea for the land dust of the quarries, he was not as these born grubbers in dirt, who were content to take orders from others and to be tenants. Pedro had kept his freedom.

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When he reared back his shoulders there was no stoop to them, and you could picture him standing at the helm of a ship.

It was so I saw them apart. But just put them together—well, that was something to see! Fireworks is the word for it. For Pedro was jealous—jealous even of me at twelve—and certainly Rhona did not spare him. There was sleek little Johnny Hines, who worked in the canning factory, and big Chris Polizzi, who was foreman over Pedro, and Tim O'Sullivan, and Fred Schwartz—but I forget them all. For as fast as Rhona could toss on the chips Pedro blazed to them, and as fast as she could snatch them up, Rhona tossed, until I see her as the storm centre of an untidy house, the nucleus of tortured struggles and flying dishes. No wonder Stonyville turned down its thumbs, when it wasn't busy peeping and turning up its nose! Rhona Cabrals was the wildfire in a mild gray town, which otherwise had only such small, controlled conflagrations as occasionally come to a town which is the county-seat. She was the scarlet-fever sign of contagion in an impeccable neighborhood. And if all *I* can find to describe Rhona is figures scarlet and fiery, it is easy enough to guess that the several ministers in Stonyville found figures more scarlet and more fiery.

As for the good wives of the town—however much of truth there was to other charges against Rhona, there was certainly no fiction in *their* charge of untidiness. Rhona had no genius for housekeeping. She cooked in temperamental spurts messes of meat and potatoes—*poovengroes* she called them. As she flaunted her colors down our tame little streets, she left behind her dirty dishes and a ragged yard, in which wild poppies struggled against the weeds—this in contrast to our smooth lawn with its primrose borders and its lilac bushes, of that soft smoky-blue in their flowering. No, the Cabralses were certainly undesirable neighbors.

But to get on—I recall the quarrel over Johnny Hines's pipe. The pipe had Johnny's monogram in silver on the bowl of it, and Johnny smoked it with his head up and his teeth firm, so that the monogram would show. I don't know how he ever came to leave the cherished pipe in Rhona's kitchen, unless it was the sneaking kind of trouble-making he liked to indulge in. At any rate, there it was, and there Pedro found it when he came home that night. He came stamping up the back steps, and his very shadow, momentarily darkening the doorway, loosed the forty little devils in Rhona. They invariably had that queer effect upon each other; when they came together, it was as though each set going in the other some dangerous chemical reaction, and you simply held your breath and waited for the explosion.

Pedro slung down his tin dinner-box and took up the silly pipe, and his heavy eyebrows came together. "What's Johnny Hines wantin' here?" he snarled.

Almost eagerly Rhona leapt to his challenge. She faced him, half smiling, a negligent hand on her hip, while two fires sprang up in her black eyes and her breath came faster. Dark though they both were, Rhona's darkness, as against his swarthy darkness, had color beneath it, and she was never more vivid than when Pedro was behind her glowering. Pedro was the black curtain against which she sparkled. He was the thunder to her lightning.

The pipe snapped in Pedro's hairy, blunt-fingered hand, and the pieces dropped to the floor. He repeated his question: "What's that skunk doin' here? You tell me!"

"Guess he comes to make love to me," drawled Rhona.

There was an awful moment in which they still faced each other and I clutched Pat by the neck and shrank back. Then Pedro caught her arm and twisted it brutally. She fought him like a madwoman, but at last Pedro had her down on the floor at his feet. He was still twisting the arm until I thought he would break it, though Rhona was scorning to cry out under the pain of it. Abruptly he flung her off, lunged out of the house.

Rhona sat back on her heels, jabbed hairpins into place, calmly adjusted an earring. I was amazed to discover that she was smiling. "You see—he is mad with this jealousy. But I'll show him!" She got to her feet, turned on me furiously. "Does he think I stay with him easy then? Let him fight to keep me, as he fought to get me! See, he's out

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there now—feeding his black temper with a fire. It's what he always does when he's worst—builds a bonfire and burns off the rubbish. 'Tis a witch's peak, that one—burns straight up to a point. Ah, now a wind!—See her curl over and lick her red tongue. . . .

"Come on!" Suddenly Rhona was laughing. "Where's my shawl? No matter, this will do." She snatched up the fringed red table-cloth, wound it about her, posed, twisting before the cracked kitchen mirror. "Johnny Hines likes me best in red; he says it's the devil's color and my color. You, too, *you* like me in red," she charged, catching sight of my face. "Perhaps Pedro likes me in red! Come on—we see!"

She caught my hand, swept me out to Pedro and the bonfire. Suddenly she became a fiend: in the lurid light she danced, stamping and writhing, mocking Pedro, taunting him with words of Johnny Hines.

Pedro flung down his pitchfork and caught her. "You—you—I'll *kill* Johnny Hines—I'll kill you—" He must have been hurting her with the fierce grip of his arms, but she did not whimper——

"Raz—zles!" called my mother.

Then I saw Rhona's face, and I knew that she *liked* being hurt by Pedro.

"Raz—zles!" As I made a cautious alley détour, which would bring me home from the opposite direction, I puzzled over it; if they loved each other, it was a queer kind of love—part hatred. . . .

Though our shades were always drawn on that side of the house now, mother used to watch from behind them, and sometimes Mrs. Prunner joined her with her sewing, and they watched together. I would listen hard and catch shreds of their conversation.

"Little Johnny Hines again. . . . Yesterday it was Fred Schwartz. If we had a *man* for sheriff——"

"Just let *him* catch her once—that ugly big Pedro——"

Rhona had a secret sickness then, and from the darkened parlor mother and Mrs. Prunner watched the doctor come and go and their whispering grew unintelligible and more mysterious. "Too bad," said Mrs. Prunner. "Temper, of course—a woman who carries on like that— But it might have tamed her."

In two days Rhona was out again, with a color like a sickly olive and with startling black circles beneath her eyes. But she was unquenched, for she flaunted a pink waist with a scarlet ribbon at her throat, and from her gate I saw her wave to Johnny Hines.

Other scenes in the history of Rhona and Pedro Cabrals—conflicts, all of them, more or less violent—pass before me, as vivid as the floats in my first city parade. But I come now to that last big quarrel. Rhona was alone that evening, and I sat with her in the stuffy, littered kitchen, watching her slash a weird garment out of some purple stuff, when Johnny Hines loafed in. Rhona merely glanced at him and kept on with her slashing. Since no one sent me away, I stayed in my corner, while he teased at Rhona's work and she ordered him to keep his hands off and finally jabbed at him almost viciously with her scissors.

He had been there no time when all of a sudden I glanced up and saw Pedro's face in the open window. Although her back was to him I think Rhona became aware of Pedro's presence at that same moment. She had risen to stretch herself, and now her yawn turned into a smile and the sparkle leapt into her eyes. Deliberately she leaned herself against Johnny Hines's shoulder, tilted back her head, and laughed at him through her black lashes. And Johnny—Johnny was the only one of us who remained unconscious of that lowering face—sleek, blond little Johnny went a quick pink and his hands found her shoulders. . . .

Now Pedro was on the door-step, his big fingers working so that, for a moment, I thought he would choke little Johnny Hines, who had gone weak-kneed and ashen before him. Instead he came rather heavily into the room and began to swear at Johnny in Portuguese—thick, slow oaths that somehow made you feel sorry for him.

I don't know how long that monotonous cursing would have kept up if Rhona had not struck in with a zest. She caught his wrath from Johnny Hines as a ball-player might stand on tiptoe and catch the other man's ball, for the pure joy of it. "Spy on me, will you!" she spit at him. "Well, you're paid for it—you know now!

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"I thought he would choke little Johnny Hines."—Page 54.

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Bah, you've been drinking again—you great clumsy lout——"

He turned to her, and the fury on his face was more than a look—it was almost a physical thing that you could have touched, like his flesh. I sat shivering, hugging my knees, waiting for the skirmishing and the smashing of crockery to begin. But Pedro's silence endured. It was as though the fierceness of his feeling held him speechless. It was sinister.

Rhona turned back to Johnny with a smile—and found him vanished; little Johnny Hines had saved his own skin. At that an anger caught Rhona which matched Pedro's own. "You men—a curse on all of you! All I ask is to be let alone—let alone, do you hear?"

"You—mean that?" Pedro panted. Some resolution seemed to be working in him, like a slow yeast. "All right. I call your bluff. I'll make you so no man will ever look at you again." He was moving clumsily toward the kitchen cabinet, but even then I did not realize his intention—not until he grasped the sharp bone-handled carving-knife firmly in his hand.

Still Rhona stood there scorning him, mocking him. He struck out at her blindly, missed. Rhona laughed aloud. It was only then that muscular control returned to Pedro; he was wild-eyed with his purpose, but he was suddenly as sure and swift in his movements as those full-fighting ancestors of his back in old Portugal.

The struggle lasted only a moment, and the scream which the neighbors heard on that night was my scream, not Rhona's. Pedro fell back from her, the front of his shirt as red as the bandanna which he wore. And Rhona—I cannot describe Rhona as I saw her. Her cheek lay open in a long gash, from which the blood spurted; but for all the spurting blood, her head was up, and worse than the mutilation was the deadly glitter in her eyes. "You'll pay for this night, Pedro Cabrals," she spoke. I was suddenly afraid of Rhona—horribly afraid. I covered my eyes against her and slid out. . . .

Home in my own safe bed I crouched, listening in dread for sounds from that other house, which did not come. All was silence over there now. I suppose I wore myself out at last and fell asleep.

They were talking at the breakfast-table, dad and mother, when I came down the following morning: That foreign woman next door had been cut up in a knife fight. . . . The husband had disappeared. . . . She refused to talk. . . . They hushed it at my appearance. "Mercy on us, Razzles, what's the matter with you!" exclaimed mother. "You look like you've been dreaming ghosts."

"Nothin'," I muttered. The Cabrals belonged to the forbidden part of my life, and my habit of secrecy on them held.

During those next days, that uncanny stillness continued to hang over the Cabrals place. Pedro had disappeared completely, and Rhona must have sat in the house alone, for I saw nothing of her. Some nights a light burned in the kitchen window, though again the house would remain in darkness during the entire evening. Nothing could have induced me to go near there.

I knew what folks were saying as time passed and Pedro did not return: that Rhona had killed her husband . . . had somehow disposed of the body. . . . I hugged my secret knowledge tighter. Had she, then? I believed her capable of anything—anything! I grew morbid at this period, speculating upon gruesome ways. . . .

Then one Sunday afternoon, when I was exploring the quarries alone, I rounded a heap of rocks and came upon her, sitting quiet, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes on the ground. At first I did not recognize that listless, black-clad figure as Rhona's. When she raised her head I think I should have turned and run from her if astonishment and curiosity had not held me chained to the spot. Her eyes were still black pools, like stagnant water that has been dead a long time, and she looked at me without interest, even without recognition.

"Hello!" I stammered.

She shrugged, returned to her perusal of the ground.

I don't know what I had expected, but this was disappointment. It was like finding wet wood where you had been accustomed to leaping, crackling fire. Stillness in Rhona Cabrals was uncanny—it was not healthy—and her face was the stillest thing I had ever seen. It was

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incredible that a person could change like that. Why, this creature could not have killed a chicken.

I sat down by her, and dropped stones into the pit below, and tried to talk to her. At last I gave her up and wandered home, puzzling over it.

"Conscience, my dear," was the way Mrs. Prunner accounted for the change in Rhona, hinting dark things. "Or possibly shame. . . ."

But young as I was, I intuitively knew that Mrs. Prunner was wrong—that there was neither shame nor conscience in Rhona Cabrals. She must have known what the town was saying of her, yet she offered no explanation. In her silence there was no fear, neither was there sullenness nor disdainful pride. What she had done she had done, and she cared nothing for the opinion of others. No, it was simply the dead stillness of a void and a waiting.

I had plenty of opportunity to observe her at this time, for I was no longer afraid of her, and she allowed me to sit and talk to her as of old, though she seldom made the effort to answer me. Remembering Pedro's threat, I thought once it might be the scar which had taken the life out of Rhona, but I rejected that theory. It had been a clean cut and it had healed quietly, in a thin white line,—a very still scar. Rhona was beautiful yet. Besides, the scar seemed to make no difference with Johnny and Fred and the others.

One by one they drifted back. Johnny Hines came first, bold by night. She sat on the door-step in that waiting attitude which had become characteristic of her, and I crouched in the darkness and brazenly listened. "It's all right," he assured her. "There's no evidence of—murder. I'm not afraid—I'd marry you to-morrow, Rhona. Besides, you were justified. . . . Self-defense. . . . I told the sheriff myself. It'll die out; it's dying out already. Will you——?"

"No."

"I'd treat you right, Rhona—a black beast, that Pedro. I'd give you clothes and jewelry; we'd go to the city——"

"No." There was no feeling, not even contempt for him, in Rhona's monosyllable; he might have been so much putty placed before her.

Still he persisted in a rather weak pleading. I must have stirred then, for Rhona turned her head—"You Razzles boy—come here."

I obeyed, sheepishly enough.

"Sit here by me," she commanded.

"Oh, if you mean it . . ." muttered Johnny.

"I mean it," she answered listlessly.

So Johnny Hines went off down the street.

Separately the others tried her, but she must have treated them to the same indifference, for gradually they dropped away and did not return. Since that challenging fire in her had gone out, they were content to let her alone. For me, too, the danger, and therefore the zest, had gone from Rhona Cabrals; and—I may as well admit it—manlike, I dropped away with the rest of them. This creature, after that other Rhona of the crazy moods, was tame. So Rhona became for me an unsolved, but no longer very interesting riddle; and I found other riddles, more urgent and more exciting.

Then, too, Rhona was no longer forbidden to me. The shades had long since gone up on the Cabrals side of our house, and my mother did not object to my passing the time of day with her. If folks shunned Rhona from habit, they had ceased to look upon her as a dangerous influence, and their interest had passed on to other things, even as had mine. For in the eight years which had elapsed since Pedro's disappearance, Rhona had approached near-respectability. Gone were the picturesque, colorful clothes, the beads, and the earrings—changed for the shoddy black cotton garb of a store clerk. Though Pedro, with his Portuguese thrift, had owned the small house, it was necessary now for Rhona to make money for food, and she had gone into the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, where she sold glittering baubles without interest. The weeds and the poppies were kept partially down in the Cabrals yard; the very house, though unpainted, had taken on a semblance of neatness—the neatness of an empty shell, from which life has departed. Rhona even went through semi-annual rites of house-cleaning—though with the air of one performing trivialities to kill time. She grew, in short, into the passive

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woman who now sat beside me—commonplace enough but for her sinister darkness and that odd air she had of waiting through an intermission that would some time come to an end.

That other Rhona—and this Rhona! Were they actually the same person? I stared hard at her through the dusk and tried to penetrate the mystery of that still profile. Had she ever really been what she had seemed to me, or had my boy's imagination invested her with strange, mysterious qualities, even as it had invested with romance the quarries, which had since dwindled to stalest prose?

Then I remembered the ugly thing that had brought me. I fiddled with my pipe, finally plunged: "They've found some bones—a man's body. Down in the old Shipman quarry that they've been opening up again. They're saying things—I thought I ought to—warn you——"

"Bones?"—indifferently.

"They say they're—Pedro's body," I told her bluntly.

"Yes?" She shrugged it off, as though it did not concern her.

Then I asked the question which for eight years I had been wanting to ask. "Look here, Rhona, did you—do it?"

But she let that pass too. She tossed away her cigarette, rose. "I've had no supper. Will you have some tea?"

I stammered an excuse and broke away. Tea! I recalled how once, when I was twelve, she had given me raw gin and laughed to see me choke over it.

The rest of the tale, until the trial, is quickly told. For Mrs. Prunner had predicted true; they came for Rhona the following morning, and I saw her pass out of the house between two men and move off down the street, calm and detached. This was Stonyville's own private murder and naturally excitement ran high. Rumor had it that the "foreign woman" refused to talk. I fought it out with my own conscience and then with my mother, who wept and begged me to keep out of it. Incidentally Mrs. Prunner looked at me with new respect. "A deep one," she was heard to mutter. "To think he could have given us side-lights all the time!" As the only person who had seen the fight preliminary to the murder, I was to be an important witness; that was how I happened to be let off at the bank, where I work, and to be present for the astounding climax of the trial.

I saw Rhona once at the jail, in the presence of her guard; tried to move her. "Look here, I'm testifying, Rhona. I saw him slash you, you know. If you did it, you did it in self-defense. But you've got to open up and talk to your lawyer—tell him how it happened—" I grew wrought up over it.

But Rhona had nothing to say.

I don't know why I championed her against the town and my own family, for I believed she was guilty.

The trial lasted through a week, and, except for the fact that the whole town turned out for it and jammed our sleepy little court-room, was much as other trials. Rhona made just one statement, which was exactl contrary to all the elaborate case of self-defense which her lawyer had built up for her, namely, that she hadn't killed Pedro. Who *had* killed him then? She couldn't say—wouldn't say anything else, in fact.

They examined her and cross-examined her, subjected her to a grilling that would have broken a sensitive woman. Rhona remained unmoved. What had happened on that night? They had quarrelled and Pedro had left—that was all. They followed up the scent, led her, step by step, through the stages of the quarrel, endeavored to worry her down and wear her out; but an inquisition that would have brought out a cold sweat on any other defendant under trial for murder left only the prosecuting attorney mopping his face.

They tried to get at her emotions, pricked her for resentment, anger, hatred, but no insult was strong enough to make her flare back at them. As far as any feeling went, she might have been drugged. She remained the listless, indifferent woman which she had been ever since the night of Pedro's disappearance. It seemed that nothing could rouse her—not even a murder trial in which her own life hung in the balance.

There was delay while Johnny Hines was summoned from Pennyslvania, whither he had gone. Johnny—a subdued and rather decent little Johnny—would have talked to her, but she merely

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That odd air . . . of waiting through an intermission that would some time come to an end.—Page 58.

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turned her shoulder to him and went on studying the lines in her own hands, which lay palm upward in her lap.

Her one change in facial expression came when they produced the shreds of the red bandanna which had been found with the body. Was it curiosity or doubt that flickered for a moment over her face, as she obediently took the evidence and examined it? But she relapsed into her wooden stare, passed back the red tatters.

Had she seen that handkerchief before?

She shrugged.

Come, now! the attorney for the prosecution would be answered! Could she deny that the handkerchief had belonged to the deceased—that it had been knotted about his throat at the very moment that she had—stabbed him to death?

Objections from the defense; objections overruled.

Still she shrugged. How could she tell? A red bandanna was a red bandanna.

It was true, the evidence was not strong, but Rhona's refusal to talk was against her from the first. If she had spoken frankly—had looked them in the eye and said something—anything. Instead, she looked down at the floor and said nothing. What horrible things did her silence cover? That was the question, you see.

To me, as I sat there day after day, studying her averted face, Rhona Cabrals was more than ever an enigma—inexplicable, unaccountable. While she half listened, with that air of a grown-up indulging children, to their horrible accusations against her, what was she thinking? Sometimes I had the feeling that she was stone dead; it came to me, shudderingly, that the thing she had done, the emotions she had passed through on that night, had drained her of all subsequent feeling. . . .

But you could not wonder that her unnatural indifference infuriated them. Even Judge Carmen grew exasperated at last, and turned on Rhona sternly in his final charging of the jury. So they rose to file out, and it was over—all but the verdict. Things looked bad for her; one could only hope for a recommendation of mercy.

It was at that precise and dramatic moment that some one entered the back of the court-room and a scared, small voice said: "Wait, please. There's—a man—here——"

The members of the jury halted uncertainly, the judge looked frowningly up, we all turned in our seats. He was a big workingman, with his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and the dust of the roads on his clothes. He was Pedro Cabrals himself—Pedro, looking sullen and dazed, stoop-shouldered now and certainly no longer the king of laborers that I had remembered. It was that old, familiar expression of black jealousy, slowly concentrating on his face and aimed at a definite goal, that pulled me back to Rhona.

And Rhona— This was the old Rhona of the scarlet shawl and the snapping eyes. The scar on her cheek, which had never been anything but pallid, had suddenly leapt out red, as though a whiplash had been laid on her. She had risen to answer his challenge with her own flash of fire, and they stood there, the two of them, glaring at each other, with the whole crowded court-room become a mere background for this strange tingling hatred of theirs.

Her first words to him were an invective, hurled forth with all the passion of an emotion too long bottled: "Bah! So you decided to come back! It is duty, I suppose. You read in the papers and you come back to save me?"

"No, I just—came back. I haven't seen any papers. Met old Forsyth on the street and he looked at me funny—and sent me up here."

"Where've you been?"

"Down state, workin' on roads."

"Some woman—yes?"

He denied it sullenly: "I tell you I've been on the roads, bunkin' with men."

"Why did you come back?" she insisted, tense.

"I didn't want to come. It's you—you devil——"

It was as though this confession, dragged from him, restored to Rhona her old self-respect—that ruthless and superb insolence of hers. "So," she gloated, "you couldn't stay away! You think you can run from me and forget me—me, Rhona! And now you come crawling back. *Doovel*—you men!" There was

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Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you!"—Page 62.

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more—a torrent of it. She stood there before him, taunting him, sneering at him, goading him.

It was only when Judge Carmen hammered for order that she paused for breath, turned from Pedro, and, hammering back at him with her bare fist on the table before her, amazingly let loose that wild flood of raw emotionalism against the judge, the jury, little Johnny Hines, the court room, and the whole town. It seemed that all the disdain and contempt that had been festering in her heart for eight years suddenly boiled to the surface; and she treated us to such an eruption of temper as quiet little Stonyville had never before witnessed. "Fools! And is Pedro the only working man who wears a red bandanna? I told you—I told you I didn't kill him. You wouldn't believe me, eh? Well, there he stands—perhaps you believe me now. Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you! I spit upon you—and you—and you— And you, Johnny Hines—worm, caterpillar! You would kiss me when Pedro is gone; kiss me when he is here, if you dare!"

But Pedro had reached her now, and his hand was on her shoulder. Abruptly the court room was forgotten by Rhona. There before us all, with no sense whatever for the decencies, Pedro investigated the lurid scar with a rough forefinger, and suddenly laughed aloud—an ugly sound. It was then that Rhona melted, clung to him. "Take me away, Pedro! I've wanted you. I thought I should be hung and feel nothing of it——"

I overheard Judge Carmen's informal observation after court had been dismissed: "Whew! That woman! If he'd strangled *her*, I'd acquit him."

So Pedro had won after all, I reflected, as I struck off for the bank. In the end, he'd subdued Rhona. . . . But had he? It was at that moment I saw them come from Thompson's Emporium. Rhona paused to jab into her black hair a glittering rhinestone pin, which was clearly Pedro's peace-offering to her. They went off down the street together, toward their little box of a house, but I saw her turn her head and fling big Chris Polizzi a glance that was a challenge and a dare.

The Olympians

BY EDMUND WILSON, JR.

THERE were no gardens there like those
That, tapestried with courteous trees,
Rose-clouded with the laurel-rose,
Hung high above blue distances.

There were no fountains dolphin-fed
For idle eyes to drift upon,
Where gold-fish, flecking green with red,
Drift idle in the eternal sun;

No sloping alleys sliding smooth
Through velvet glooms or golden light,
Round-moulded like the marble youth
Who stops the alley-way with white;

No naiad satyr-sprayed and pale;
No lap-dog lions poised in rank;
No Ganymede, demure and frail,
The satyr crouching at his flank;

No Homer smooth on creamy skin,
In gay blue-gold embroidery clad—
The black and dingy boards of Ginn
Were all the dress your poets had.

In bare-swept houses, white and low;
High stony pastures never ploughed;
The pure thin air; the frozen snow;
And the sad autumn dark with cloud—

Here, setting bare feet on bare wood,
They came who late in silks had gone;
White candor by your desks they stood,
Austere to wake the winter dawn.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

V.—FIRST JOURNEY TO IDVOR IN ELEVEN YEARS

IT was a beautiful June afternoon when from the gay deck of the *State of Florida* I saw the low coast-line of Long Island disappear in the distance. With it disappeared the land the first glimpse of which I caught so eagerly on that sunny March morning nine years before, when the immigrant ship *Westphalia* carried me into New York harbor. When I approached this coast my busy imagination suggested that it was the edge of the cover of a great and mysterious book which I had to read and decipher. I read it for nine long years, and my belief that I had deciphered it made me confident that I was quite rich in learning. Besides, there was my Bachelor of Arts diploma and my naturalization papers, and, of course, I thought, they were the best evidence in the world that I was returning to see my mother again, rich in learning and in academic honors as I promised her nine years before in that letter from Hamburg.

The sky was clear, the sea was smooth, and its sharp and even horizon line toward which the ship was heading promised a peaceful temper of the powers which control the motions of the air above and of the waters below our ship. The comforts of the ship and the fair prospects of a fine voyage were recorded in the smiling faces of my fellow passengers. A group of lively schoolgirls from Washington, making their first trip to Europe under the guidance of an old professor with long gray hair and shaggy beard, looked like so many nymphs playing around a drowsy Neptune. They formed the central group of the happy passengers. There were a number of college boys on board. Some of them had friends among the Washington nymphs; by clever manœuvering it was arranged that the college boys, including myself, should sit at the same table with the playful nymphs. The gray-locked professor, whom I called Father Neptune (and the title stuck to him), was somewhat reluctant at first, but finally he gave his consent to this "wonderful" proposition, as the girls called it, and he sat at the head of the table, presiding with a dignity which fully demonstrated that he deserved the title "Father Neptune." The jolly captain assured us that his good old ship never carried a more exuberant company of youngsters across the Atlantic. But this was not the fierce Atlantic which I saw nine years before. It was an Atlantic which apparently studied to please and to amuse. All kinds of pleasant things happened during the voyage, as if arranged purposely for our amusement. Many schools of porpoises approached the merry ship, and I suggested that they visited us in order to pay their respects to Father Neptune and his beautiful nymphs. This suggestion was accepted with vociferous acclamation, and it was agreed that free play be granted to our imaginations. Let your fancy take any course at your own risk was our motto. When the visiting porpoises hustled off like a squadron of reconnoitering horsemen leaping gaily over the smooth waves, as if in a merry steeplechase, it was suggested by one of the girls with a lively imagination, that they were anxious to report to the chief of staff of a great host which, hidden in the depths of the quiescent Atlantic, controls the ocean waves. She, the oracle, as we called her, prophesied that when these heralds had delivered the report that Father Neptune and his fair nymphs were passing in triumphal procession through their watery realm, then all things in the heavens above and in the sea below would bow to the will of Neptune and his playful crew.

Two spouting whales appeared one day

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in the distance, and our busy imaginations suggested that they were two men-o'-war, sent by the friendly submarine host to pay their homage to Neptune and his nymphs, and to serve as escort to our speedy ship. Nothing happened which did not receive a fanciful interpretation by our playful imaginations. The wonderful phosphorescence of the waves, which were ploughed up in the smooth sea by the gliding ship, supported the illusion that our voyage was a triumphal procession along an avenue illuminated by the mysterious phosphorescent glow. We were headed for Scotland by a route which passed to the north of Ireland, and as our course approached the northern latitudes the luminous twilights of the North Atlantic made us almost forget that there ever was such a thing as a dark night. Good old Neptune had quite a job to round up his nymphs in the late hours of the evening and make them turn in and exchange the joys of the busy days for the blessings of the restful nights. His job was hopeless when the northern midnights displayed the awe-inspiring streamers of the northern lights, and that happened quite frequently. Those wonderful sights in themselves would have made it worth while crossing the Atlantic. On such evenings the exuberance of the college boys and of the schoolgirls from Washington was wide awake until after midnight, watching the luminous and continuously changing streamers of the polar regions, telling stories, and singing college songs. These evenings reminded me much of the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor. One of them was devoted to original stories; each member of the gay party had to spin out an original tale. My story was called "Franciscus of Freiburg," and it related to Bilharz, the Greek gouslar of Cortlandt Street. The disappointments of his youth, the calm resignation with which in his more mature years he passed his hermit days on a top loft in Cortlandt Street, and his search for consolation in the poetry of Rome and Greece made quite an impression, and to my great surprise there was not a single giggle on the part of the irrepressible nymphs. This was the first story that I ever composed and it made a hit, but its success was completely ruined when, prompted by modesty, I suggested that any tale describing disappointments in love is sure to be taken very seriously and sympathetically by young girls. A violent protest was filed by the girls, and I pleaded guilty of the offense of disturbing public peace. A mock trial, with Father Neptune as the presiding judge, condemned me and imposed the fine that I tell at once, and without preparation, another original tale. I described the first speech of my life on St. Sava's day, and of its unexpected effect upon my mischievous chums in Idvor some thirteen years earlier, comparing it with the unexpected effect of my Franciscus story. I regretted it, because the fairies from Washington had an endless chain of questions about Idvor and my prospective visit to it. Never before did I have a better opportunity to observe the beautiful relationship between American boys and girls. Its foundation I recognized to be the idea of the big brother looking after the safety, comfort, and happiness of his sister, the same idea which is glorified in the Serbian national ballads.

One pleasant incident followed another in quick succession during our triumphant procession over the northern Atlantic, and all the powers which control the temper of the ocean were most kind and generous to us, just as our fair oracle had prophesied it. When the cliffs of Scotland hove in sight, reminding us that our voyage was approaching its end, there was no thrill of joy such as there was when the immigrant ship, which first took me into New York harbor, approached the Long Island coast. Not even the countless sea-gulls which gracefully circled around the black cliffs, and with their shrill notes welcomed us to the hospitable shores of Scotland, were able to dispel the gloom which the sight of land produced among the members of Neptune's table. Nobody in our congenial company seemed to be anxious to say good-by to the good old ship and to the golden atmosphere of the sweet-tempered Atlantic. Most of them had never crossed the Atlantic before, and since the voyage was practically over I thought that there was no harm in describing to them some of the terrors of the Atlantic, which I experienced when I crossed it nine years before. The pictures of those experiences were like the pictures from another world, and not from the same

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Atlantic which thrilled us with its sunshine, twilight, phosphorescent glows, and glorious streamers of the northern lights. The comparison between my wretched fellow passengers on the storm-tossed immigrant ship and the radiant company on the ship which brought us to Scotland afforded me a splendid opportunity to thank Father Neptune for permitting me to join his beautiful court. His favor, I said, was almost as great as the favor of the immigrant officials at Castle Garden, who allowed me to land with only five cents in my pocket. The professor complimented me upon my word pictures which showed the glaring contrasts between the two voyages, and then he referred to two pictures which, he said, he had in his mind. They also showed, he said, in glaring contrasts the difference between a certain youngster on the immigrant ship to which I referred, and a Columbia College graduate, who contributed his share to the comfort and happiness of Neptune's court. When he suggested that he would give much to be with me when I met my mother, and that he wondered whether she would recognize me, my young friends suggested, quite seriously, that they would all go to Idvor if I joined them in their continental tour. I replied that their tour was along a meandering line through the great places of Europe, whereas mine was a straight line from Greenock to little Idvor, so little that it cannot be found on any map.

There was just one thing which delayed my straight-line journey to Idvor. A visit to Cambridge was necessary in order to arrange for my work at this university during the coming academic year, and I lost no time in reaching it. The sight of the Firth of Clyde, with its wonderfully green slopes, of Greenock, of Glasgow, and even of London made feeble impressions. My mind was centred upon one thought only: the speedy return to Idvor. This also explains why my first sight of Cambridge impressed me much less than my first sight of Princeton when, eight years before, I enjoyed my loaf of bread under an elm-tree in front of Nassau Hall. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, had given me a letter of introduction to Oscar Browning, a fellow of King's College, and George Rives, the late chairman of the Board of Trustees of Columbia University, gave me a letter to W. D. Niven, a fellow of Trinity College. Rives, after graduating at Columbia College, won a prize scholarship in classics at Trinity College, and gained there many scholastic honors.

The man at the ancient gate of King's College informed me that Mr. Oscar Browning was away on his summer vacation. At Trinity College I had better luck, and the man at the still more ancient gate of Trinity College took me to Mr. Niven, who reminded me much of Professor Merriam, the great Greek scholar of Columbia College; the same kindly expression of a most intelligent face, and the same gentle light from two thoughtful eyes. As I looked into his eyes I felt that I was catching a glimpse of a world full of those beautiful things which make life worth living. I informed Niven that I wished to come to Cambridge and study under Professor James Clerk Maxwell, the creator of the new electrical theory. Niven looked puzzled and asked me, who told me of this new theory, and when I mentioned Rutherfurd, he asked me what Rutherfurd had told me about it. "That it will probably give a satisfactory answer to the question: 'What is light,'" I answered, and watched for his reaction. "Did not Mr. Rutherfurd tell you that Clerk Maxwell died four years ago," asked Niven, and when I said no, he asked me whether I had not seen it in the preface to the second edition of Maxwell's great book which Niven edited himself. This question embarrassed me, and I confessed frankly that Rutherfurd's son, my chum Winthrop, presented me with this book on the day of the sailing of my ship; that it was packed away in my bags; and that I did not have any time to examine it during the voyage, because I was too busy helping to entertain twelve beautiful schoolgirls from Washington, who were making their first trip to Europe. Niven laughed heartily and admitted, jokingly, that twelve beautiful girls from Washington were certainly more attractive than any theory, not excepting even Maxwell's great electrical theory. He suggested then that I could study at Cambridge under Lord Rayleigh, who succeeded Max-

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well as professor of physics. I declined the suggestion on the ground that I had never heard of Lord Rayleigh before. Niven laughed again, even more heartily than before, and assured me that Lord Rayleigh was a great physicist in spite of the fact that his great fame had never reached my ears. An English lord, a great physicist! The idea struck me as strange, but Niven looked so friendly and so sincere that I could not help believing that he really meant what he said. He invited me to lunch, and before we parted I assured him that I would come back to Cambridge in the following October and place myself under his guidance.

This conference with Niven sobered me up very considerably; it convinced me that my great aspiration and my small preparation in physics were far from being of the same order of magnitude. I confessed to Niven that my success in winning prizes in science at Columbia College was responsible for my belief that I knew more physics than I really did. "Confession is a splendid thing for the soul," said Niven, and added: "But do not permit that anything I have said dampen your courage. A physicist needs courage, and few mortals were braver than Maxwell was. The world knows only a little of his great electrical theory, but it knows even less of his great moral courage." He gave me a copy of Campbell's life of Maxwell. I read it from cover to cover before I left London, and it contributed much to my learning which I promised to bring to Idvor. It certainly convinced me that Maxwell had a vastly better knowledge of physics when he graduated at Cambridge than I had picked up at Columbia. That gave me much healthy food for serious thought.

A straight line from London to Idvor passes through Switzerland, and I proposed to follow that line in my journey as closely as practicable. My ticket took me from London to Lucerne directly; the journey from Lucerne to Idvor I left undetermined until I reached Lucerne. I had no time nor inclination to explore the wonders of London, Paris, or of any other great place in Europe before I had seen Idvor again. Mother, Idvor, and Maxwell's new electrical theory brought me to Europe, and I wished to see them as soon as possible and in the order named; everything else could wait. Besides, I sincerely believed that these places had little to offer to a fellow like me, who knew the great things of New York. I was much disposed to look down upon things in Europe, a mental attitude which is not uncommon among American immigrants when they go back to pay a temporary visit to Europe. I had it quite strong, but sobering experiences like the conference with Niven in Cambridge helped me to apply suitable correction factors to this mental attitude. The following brief description of one of these experiences bears upon this point.

The London-Lucerne train crossed the Franco-Swiss frontier very early in the morning, somewhere near Neuchâtel. The delay necessary for the rearrangement of the train gave the passengers ample time to enjoy their breakfast in the garden of the station restaurant. A look to the east caught a sight which made me almost forget my breakfast. The distant snow-covered Alps bathed in the early sunshine and projected against the background of the luminous blue sky of a July morning furnished a picture never to be forgotten. I had never seen the Alps before, and this first view of them was of overpowering beauty. An Englishman, a fellow traveller, sitting opposite me at the breakfast-table, noticed my mental exaltation, and asked: "You have never seen the Alps before, have you?" "No," said I. "Oh, what a lucky lad you are!" said the Englishman, adding that he would give much to be in my place. He confessed that he had to climb the peaks of the Alps in order to get those thrills which in former days, when he was of my age, he got by looking at them from the valleys below. At his suggestion we continued our journey to Lucerne in the same compartment, and the stories of his climbing exploits stirred up mightily my imagination, which was already throbbing under the inspiration of the Alpine view which greeted me that morning. When I informed him that I was in a hurry to reach my native village of Idvor, otherwise I might try some climbing myself, he assured me that a ten days' delay in Lucerne would suffice to prepare me for climbing one of the lesser peaks, and he mentioned Titlis, not far from Lucerne.

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He prescribed the training which would provide me with sufficiently steady Alpine legs. From the peak of the Titlis, he said, I could see old Switzerland where the famous legend was born which relates how Tell drove the fear of God into the hearts of Austrians. I always loved that legend, perhaps because I did not love the Austrian tyrants. When the train had reached Lucerne I saw the wonderful Alpine panorama spread out like an amphitheatre of snow-covered Alpine peaks around its deep-blue lake, and I knew that in spite of my great haste to reach Idvor I would not leave this fairy-land before I had reached the snow-covered peak of Titlis.

I hired immediately a rowboat for a week, and, clad in a rowing shirt with blue and white Columbia stripes and thin tennis trousers, I spent that afternoon exploring the beauty spots of the meandering shore of the historic lake. The joy of rowing and the busy rays of the July sun made me yield to the invitation of the clear waters of the lake to plunge in and hug the waves, which once upon a time carried Tell to safety after he had sent his arrow through the heart of the Austrian tyrant, Gessler. As if imitating the example of Tell, I jumped in just as I was, trusting that subsequent rowing and the sun would dry my scanty attire, and they did. A glorious feeling of freedom from all earthly restraints came over me as, floating on my back, I beheld the blue sky above and the snow-covered peaks around me. It was the same sky and the same luminous peaks, I thought, which five hundred years before saw William Tell chase away the Austrian tyrants from the historic cantons surrounding the lake; from Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. I felt that I was floating in the very cradle where real freedom first saw the light of day. No other spot on earth was more worthy of that immortal fame. My admiration for it never faded after that memorable July afternoon. Europe rose in my estimation; I was much less inclined to look down upon things European.

The next day I was up very early, feeling "as a strong man ready to run a race," the same feeling which I experienced at Castle Garden when, nine years before, I woke up early in the morning and hurried off to catch my first glimpse of the great American metropolis. I was just as anxious to hurry off and catch from some mountain top my first glimpse of Switzerland. Mindful of the suggestions of my English acquaintance on the train, I started with the easiest climb, the Rigi Culm. It is a very easy effort, but I made it difficult by rowing first some ten miles to Weggis, going up to the Rigi and walking down, and then rowing back to Lucerne again on the same day, in the waning hours of the afternoon. An unexpected squall upset my boat, and I had quite a struggle to get back to Lucerne, very late in the evening. The hotel proprietor noticed my mussed-up appearance, but said nothing, seeing that I was not in a communicative mood.

The same strenuous method of preparatory training for the Titlis climb took me up to Mount Pilatus on the next day. But I was not allowed to return on the same day on account of a fierce thunderstorm raging in the valley below, which I watched from the top of the Pilatus. The innkeeper congratulated me upon my rare luck, not only because I had a chance to see the beautiful sight of a thunderstorm as viewed from a point above the thundering clouds, but principally because this thunder-storm prevented me from running the serious risk of descending and rowing back to Lucerne on the same day. Commenting upon the overconfidence of youth, the innkeeper said that every person has a guardian angel, but people intoxicated by wine or by exuberance of youth have two, one on each side. That was his explanation for the alleged fact, he said, that young people and intoxicated people seldom meet with serious accidents in mountain climbing. Some Americans, he thought, should have several guardian angels. This sarcasm was aimed at me, and it did not miss its mark.

Nevertheless, when on my fifth day in Lucerne I started out very early for the Titlis, I adopted the same strenuous method: rowing to Stansstadt, walking to Engelberg, and climbing to the hospice where I arrived at 11 P. M. I reached at sunrise of the following morning the top of Titlis, and saw the glories of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden which my English friend had promised. But I reached it much exhausted, and if it had not been

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for the skilled assistance of my trusty Swiss guide, the last four lines of Longfellow's "Excelsior" would have described my Titlis climb quite accurately. I quote the lines:

> "There in the twilight cold and gray,
> Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
> And from the sky, serene and far,
> A voice fell, like a falling star,
> Excelsior!"

Returning from Titlis I ran into my English friend, and he remarked that I looked a little overtrained. We dined together, and when I told him the story of my six days' Alpine experience, he begged me to hustle off to Idvor and see my mother first, and then return if I cared to pursue my own methods of exploring the beauties of Switzerland. "If you continue pursuing these methods now, I am afraid that your mother will never see you again, because there are not enough guardian angels in all the heavens to prevent you from breaking your neck." I agreed, but assured him that my overstrenuous method of climbing Titlis was worth the risk; it humbled my vanity and false pride, and made me more respectful to some of the slow ways of old Europe. It convinced me that even after serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn in the United States, I could still be a most verdant greenhorn in Europe. The railroad journey from Lucerne to Vienna afforded me much leisure time for philosophic reflections upon this matter. Thanks to Niven in Cambridge and to my English friend in Lucerne, I reached Vienna with a mental attitude considerably different from and certainly much less exalted than that which I took along when I sailed from New York four weeks before.

The railroad-station at Vienna where I took the train for Budapest looked quite familiar, although I saw it but once before. I did not discover the great and mighty station-master who at my first appearance there, eleven years before, nearly sent me back to the prisons of the military frontier. The conductor, however, who called me "Gnaediger Herr" (gracious sir), when near Gaenserndorf he asked me for my first-class ticket, was the same man who, eleven years before, called me a Serbian swineherd. I recognized him easily, although he looked very humble and had lost the fierceness which he displayed when he roughly pulled me off my seat on that memorable first railroad journey from Budapest to Vienna. He failed to recall to memory the Serbian boy with yellow sheepskin coat and cap and the gaily colored bag. I gave him a generous tip as a reward for driving me into the arms of my good American friends, who saw me safely landed in Prague, and the memory of whose kind act suggested my running off to the land of Lincoln.

"America is the land of rapid changes," he said, when I told him that I was that boy, and he added: "You must have changed much, looking as you do like a real American; but we here and our dear old Austria are like all old people; we do not change except to grow older and more decrepit." He expressed exactly what I felt as I looked to the right and to the left of the train which was taking me to Budapest. Everything seemed to move slowly, with the deliberate step of feeble old age. Budapest looked small, and the suspension bridge, which nearly took my breath away eleven years before, when I first saw it, looked puny in comparison with the Brooklyn suspension bridge.

I spent no time in looking around in order to explore the virtues of the Magyar metropolis, but hustled, and presently I was on the boat which eleven years before brought me to Budapest. I could hardly believe that it was the same boat. It must have shrunk incredibly, I thought, or else my life in America had changed the vision of my eyes. Everything I saw looked small and shrivelled up, and if I had not seen the snow-covered giants of Switzerland as viewed from the top of Titlis, Europe itself might have appeared to me as small and shrivelled up.

When supper was served I noticed that everybody had atrocious table manners, even people of high official rank, several of whom I discovered among my fellow passengers. Eleven years before everybody on the boat looked so high and mighty that I was almost afraid to look at them, but this time I was much tempted to imagine that I was considerably above most of my fellow passengers. I resisted the temptation. It was a good thing that my climbing of the Titlis nearly

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floored me; it suppressed much of that haughtiness which naturalized American immigrants bring with them when they visit Europe.

The next morning I noticed a group of Serb students who were returning home from the universities of Vienna and Budapest. They were from my native Voyvodina, and not from Serbia, as I found out later. Their appearance did not impress me very agreeably, but nevertheless I quivered with delight when I heard their Serb language. They spoke freely, although they must have noticed that they attracted my attention. One of them remarked that I could pass for a Serb, if it were not for my manner, my dress, and my very ruddy complexion. The voyage across the Atlantic and a week's tramping in Switzerland were responsible for my exaggerated ruddiness. A second one thought that young Serb peasants in Banat are just as ruddy, particularly during the harvest season, but he admitted that my appearance did not suggest that my occupation was that of a peasant. Another one suggested that I was probably a rich South American with very much red Indian blood in my veins. I laughed and, introducing myself, informed him, speaking Serb with some difficulty, that I was neither a South American nor an Indian, but just a Serb student who was a citizen of the United States. A Serb from the United States was a very rare bird in those days and, needless to say, I was invited most cordially to join the group, which I did. Not one of them reminded me of the alert, well-groomed, athletic, and playful American college boys. They all had long hair brushed back in a careless fashion, affecting the appearance of dreamy poets or disciples of radical doctrines. Most of them had slouch hats with wide brims, indicating radical tendencies. Their faces looked pale and suggested excessive indoor confinement in Vienna and Budapest cafés, playing chess or cards, or discussing radical doctrines. Most of them would have been hazed if they had matriculated in any American college without modifying much their appearance and manner. They certainly took themselves very seriously. They knew, I thought, many things which they had read in books, principally in books dealing with radical social-science theories. Tolstoy's name was mentioned quite often, and the latest apostles of socialistic doctrines also had their share of adulation. They must have observed that conversation about these things bored me, and they asked me, with some display of sarcasm, I thought, whether American college students took any interest in modern advanced thought. "They do," said I, considerably irritated, "and if it were not for Maxwell's new electrical theory and for other advanced theories in modern physics I would not have come to your moribund old Europe." "Advanced thought in social and not in physical sciences," they said, explaining their original question, and I answered that the most popular American doctrine in social science still rested upon foundations laid a hundred years before that time, in a document called the Declaration of Independence. They knew very little about it, and I knew even less about their radical social-science theories, and we changed the subject of our conversation.

Late in the afternoon the boat approached Karlovac and the hills of Froushka Gora. I could not help reminiscing, and entertained my Serb acquaintances with a description of my experiences with the theological students eleven years earlier, including the disappearance of my roast goose. My Serbian vocabulary was quite shaky, but nevertheless I made quite a hit, and they begged me to go on with my reminiscences. Whenever I was at a loss for a word, they helped me out. Toward sunset Belgrade hove in sight, and its majestic appearance thrilled me and made my Serb vocabulary run as smoothly as ever. I saluted Belgrade as the acropolis of all the Serbs, and expressed the hope that it might soon become the metropolis of all the southern Slavs. "This is the kind of advanced thought in social and political science that American students are interested in," I said, reminding them of their former question, and I added a few sarcastic remarks about advanced thoughts in social and political science which are not born in the heart of a nation but imported from the dens of French, German, and Russian theorists. They quickly caught what I called the American point

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of view, but they did not oppose it, for fear, I thought, of offending me. They saw the American chip on my shoulder, and did not care to knock it off.

I had not seen Belgrade since I was a little boy, and as the boat approached it I saw its high fort rising like a Gibraltar above the waters of the Danube and looking anxiously across the endless plains of Austria-Hungary, which, like wide-open jaws of a hungry dragon, seemed to threaten to swallow it up. Everything I saw in Austria-Hungary looked small and shrivelled up, but Belgrade looked to me as if its proud head would touch the stars. The history of the long-suffering Serb race was grouped around it, and that lifted it up in my imagination to sublime heights. I was much tempted to stop there and climb up to the top of Mount Avala, near Belgrade, and from there send my greetings to heroic Serbia, just as I had sent my greetings to heroic Switzerland from the top of snow-covered Titlis. But I was told to look sharp if I wished to catch the last local boat to Panchevo, and so I bade good-by and au revoir to white-towered Belgrade, as the Serbian gouslars call it.

When the local boat arrived in Panchevo a delegation of young men, including one of the Serb students who came with me from Budapest, transferred me to another boat, which was crowded with what looked like a gay wedding-party. The singing society of Panchevo had chartered this boat to take it and its friends to Karlovac, where a great national gathering of Serbs was to take place on the following day. The earthly remains of the great Serb poet Branko Radichevich were to arrive there from Vienna, where, when still a youth, he died and was buried thirty years before that time. His body was to be transferred to and buried near Karlovac, on Strazhilovo hill, which was glorified by his immortal verses. His lyrics were messages to all Serbs, calling upon them to nurse their traditions and prepare for their national reunion. Representative Serbs from all parts of Serbdom were to assemble in Karlovac to escort the earthly remains of the popular poet to his last resting-place. I was to represent America, hence the invitation to join the Panchevo delegation. Serb nationalism flamed up in my heart again.

Our boat arrived at Karlovac in the early hours of the following morning, and there we found many singing societies and delegates from Voyvodina, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. A most picturesque gathering of splendid-looking young men and women, many of them in their national costumes of brilliant colors. The funeral procession started early in the afternoon. The singing societies from the principal centres of Serbdom, lined up in the march in proper succession, took up in turn the singing of the solemn and wonderfully harmonious funeral hymn: "Holy God, almighty God, immortal God, have mercy upon us."

The Orthodox church permits no instrumental music. Those who have had the good fortune to listen to Russian choirs know the power and the spiritual charm of their choral singing. Serb choirs are not their inferiors. No music appeals to our hearts so strongly as the music of the human voice. Every one of the singers in that procession at Karlovac felt that he was paying his last vocal tribute to the sacred memory of the national poet, and his voice rose up to the heavens above as if carried there by the wings of his inspired soul. The effect was irresistible, and there was not a single dry eye in the great national gathering. A dismembered nation united in tears was a most solemn and inspiring spectacle. One could not help feeling that these tears were welcome to the thirsty soil which nourished the roots of Serb nationalism. A nation which is united in song and in tears will never lose its unity. If the governments of Vienna and Budapest had foreseen the emotions which that solemn ceremony would arouse in the hearts of that vast and representative gathering coming from every part of the dismembered Serbdom, they would never have permitted it. But that would have meant the exercise of the perceptions of subtle psychology which these governments never had.

When the boat returned to Panchevo, Protoyeray Zivkovich, the poet-priest, who first suggested my transference from Panchevo to Prague, was watching for my arrival, and received me with tears of joy in his eyes. He was a protecting friend and adviser of my boyhood days, and he always considered himself indirectly re-

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sponsible for my wandering away to the distant shores of America. When I thanked him for the choice feast which he had prepared for me, he assured me that his feast was only a feast of food, whereas the feast which I spread out before him when I answered his questions about America was a feast for his soul. I certainly did it, if I interpreted correctly the luminous flashes of his intelligent eyes. He was a man of about sixty, but his vigorous eye was still just as eloquent as the stirring verses of his younger days. "Tell your mother," he said, "that I am happy to bear the whole responsibility for your wandering away to distant America. It is no longer distant; it is now in my heart; you have brought America to us. It was a new world in my terrestrial geography; it is now a new world in my spiritual geography." His generous enthusiasm threatened to undo some of the sobering effects of Niven's conference at Cambridge. During my several visits at his house during that summer I had to repeat again and again my description of Beecher and of his sermons. He called him the brother of Joan of Arc of the new spiritual world; her flaming sword, he said, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

My older sister and her husband drove to Panchevo and escorted me to Idvor. When Idvor's territory was reached I begged them to make a detour which would take me through the pasturelands and vineyards of Idvor, where I saw my happiest boyhood days. There, as if in a dream, I saw the boys of Idvor watching herds of oxen just as I used to do, and playing the same games which I used to play. The vineyards, the summer sky above them, and the river Tamish in the distance, where I learned to swim and dive, looked the same as ever. Presently the familiar church-spire of Idvor hove in sight, and gradually the sweet sound of the church-bells, announcing vespers, awakened countless memories in my mind and I found it difficult to control my emotions. As we drove slowly through little Idvor everything looked exactly as it looked eleven years before. There were no new houses, and the old ones looked as old as ever. The people did the same work which they always did during that season of the year, and they did it in the same way. When we reached the village green I saw the gate of my mother's yard wide open, a sign that she expected a welcome guest. She sat alone on the bench under a tree in front of her house and waited, looking in the direction from which she expected me to come. When she saw my sister's team, I observed that suddenly she raised her white handkerchief to her eyes, and my sister whispered to me: "Maika plache!" ("Mother is weeping!") I jumped out of the wagon and hastened to embrace her. Oh, how wonderful is the power of tears, and how clear is our spiritual vision when a shower of tears has purified the turbulent atmosphere of our emotions! Mother's love and love for mother are the sweetest messages of God to the living earth.

Everything in Idvor looked the same, but my mother had changed; she looked much older, and much more beautiful. There was a saintly light in her eyes which disclosed to me the serene firmament of the spiritual world in which she lived. Raphael and Titian, I thought, never painted a more beautiful saint. I gazed and worshipped and felt most humble. "Come," she said, "and walk with me; we shall be alone; I want to hear your voice and see the light of your face, undisturbed." We walked slowly, and my mother recalled many things, reminding me of the familiar objects of my boyhood days, as: "Here is the path on which you walked to school; there is the church where you read the epistles on Sundays and holidays; there is the mill with the funnel-shaped thatched roof from the top of which you once removed the shining new tin star, imagining that it was a star from heaven; there is the house where Baba Batikin, of blessed memory, lived and taught you so many ancient tales; there is the house where old Aunt Tina cured your whooping-cough with charms and with herbs steeped in honey; here lived old Lyubomir, of blessed memory, who was so fond of you, and made your sheepskin coats and caps; here is the field where every evening you brought our horses to the chikosh (the village herdsman) to take them to the pasturelands."

By that time we had reached the end of the little village, but my mother prolonged our leisurely walk and presently we stood at the gate of the village cem-

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etery. Pointing to a cross of red marble my mother said that it marked the grave of my father. When we reached it I kissed the cross, and kneeling upon the grave I prayed. My mother, loyal to Serb traditions, addressed the grave, saying: "Kosta, my faithful husband, here is your boy whom you loved more dearly than your own life, and whose name was on your lips when you breathed your last. Accept his prayer and his tears as his affectionate tribute to your blessed memory, which he will cherish forever."

On the way back we stopped at the church and kissed the icons of our patron saint and of St. Sava, and lighted two wax candles which mother had brought with her. I confessed to her that I felt as if a sacred communion had reunited me with the spirit of Idvor. That was her wish, she said, because she did not want Idvor to think that I was like a proud stranger from a proud, strange land. "I did not recognize you," she said, "when I first saw you in your sister's wagon until you smiled with the smile of your boyhood days, and then I shed the sweetest tears of my life. You look so learned and so far above us plain folks of Idvor that nobody will recognize the Misha they used to know, and whom they long to see, unless you show them the boy that they used to know." My promise to return to Idvor "rich in learning and academic honors" was evidently made good, according to my mother's opinion. But did not this learning and these academic honors carry with them an air which did not harmonize with the old-fashioned notions of Idvor? This, I believed, was in my mother's mind, and I made a careful note of it.

Idvor came to see me, and it assured me that there was no youngster in all the great plains of Voyvodina who was nearer to the heart of his native village than Misha. This affectionate regard was won by my strict observance of all the old customs of Idvor, as, for instance, kissing the hand of the old people of Idvor, and in return being kissed by them on the forehead. On the other hand, young peasant boys and girls of Idvor kissed my hand, and I kissed them on the cheek and petted them. My cousin, much older than I, was an ex-soldier and a stern *Knez* (chief) of the village. He was the oldest male member and, therefore, the head of the Pupins. I was expected to keep this in mind constantly, and I did it whenever I stood in his mighty presence. American citizenship eliminated my allegiance to the Emperor of Austria-Hungary but not to the autocratic *Knez* of Idvor. There was another great person in Idvor whose presence inspired awe. He was my *koum* (godfather). My mother had lost all her children that were born in her earlier years, and was left childless for many years. She then bore two daughters when she was over thirty. I was born when she was over forty, in answer to her fervent prayer, she firmly believed, that God grant her a son. A boy born late in life, if he is to live, must, according to a popular belief in Idvor, be handed out through the front window to the first person who comes along, and that person has to carry the baby to church quickly and have it baptized. In this manner a very poor and humble peasant of Idvor became my *koum*. A *koum's* authority over his godchild is, theoretically at least, unlimited, according to Serbian custom. In practice, a godchild must eat humble pie when the *koum* is present. Between my cousin, who, as *Knez*, was at the head of the village, and my *koum*, who was somewhere near the bottom of the village, I had some difficulty to steer the correct course of conduct. I succeeded, thanks to my efforts to please my mother, and the peasants of Idvor most cheerfully admitted that America must be a fine Christian country, since it gave me a training which harmonizes so well with the Christian traditions of Idvor. My presidency in the junior year at Columbia College; my undisputed authority among some of the young aristocrats of New York; and the many scholastic successes in my academic career had sown some seeds of vanity and false pride in my heart. But these seeds were smothered by the inexorable rigors of Idvor's traditions. Humility is the cardinal virtue in a youth among the peasants of Idvor.

Needless to say that the story of my life since I left Idvor was retold many a time until my mother and my sisters knew it by heart. It was sweet music to their ears. I enjoyed it, too, because summer evenings in a Serbian garden are

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most conducive to spinning out of reminiscent tales. The village worthies spent many Sunday afternoons in my mother's garden asking many, many a question about America. Tales about things like the Brooklyn Bridge, the elevated railroad, the tall buildings in New York, and the agricultural operations of the West were received with many expressions of wonder, but at times also, I thought, with some reserve. A simple peasant mind could not accept without considerable reserve the statement that a machine can cut, bind, and load the seasoned wheat, all at the same time, with nothing but a few stupid horses to drag it along. After a while my store of information became exhausted, and I had much less to say, but the wise men of Idvor urged me to go on. They met my apologies with the statement that peasant Ghiga never left Idvor in all his life until one day he went to a neighboring village, about ten miles away, and saw the county fair. He returned to Idvor on the same day, and for six weeks he never ceased talking about the great things which he saw at that county fair. "Just imagine," said the priest, "how much he would have had to say if he had been nine years in great America!"

I was overwhelmed with invitations to attend concerts and festivals in many places of my native Banat, and when I attended I was often called upon to say something about America, and, of course, I spoke about my favorite subject: "The American Doctrine of Freedom." People talked and papers wrote about it. One day the Fehispan, the governor of Torontal, where Idvor belonged under the new division of Hungary, sent for me, and appointed the hour for a conference. I went, carrying my American citizenship papers and my Columbia diploma in my pocket. When I entered his office I saw a handsome young man of about thirty, quite athletic in appearance, and looking like an English aristocrat in dress and in manner. I was told beforehand that he was a young Hungarian nobleman who prided himself upon his English university training. I wondered how he would act when he saw before him a Serb youth from the peasant village of Idvor who prided himself upon his American college training. He looked puzzled when I entered and saluted him with a Serbian "Dobroytro gospodine!" ("Good morning, sir") accompanying my salute with an Anglo-Saxon bow, that is a jerky motion of the head from the shoulders up. The bow of continental Europe is much more elaborate. After some hesitation he asked me to sit down, and then, as if by an afterthought, he brought a chair himself and offered it to me. We spoke in English, since I did not understand Hungarian, and he did not care to speak Serb. By way of introduction I showed him my American citizenship papers and my diploma, and he remarked that these documents agreed with my appearance and manner, adding quickly that he meant a compliment. He asked me how I liked Idvor and Hungary. When I told him that I never knew much about Hungary, but that Budapest and even its famous bridge looked to me small and shrivelled up, probably because I compared things there with things in New York, "It is big enough, is it not, to be the metropolis of the southern Slavs in Hungary?" he asked. "It undoubtedly is," said I, "but somewhat inconvenient and unnatural." I volunteered this opinion, seeing from his somewhat inquisitorial manner that he knew much about my doings, and that he had heard of my salute to Belgrade when my boat from Budapest approached it a month earlier.

"This, I suppose, is the doctrine which you preached at Karlovac, at the national gathering there?" asked the handsome and genial inquisitor, and I answered: "No; I had no time; I was too busy carrying the body of the great poet to Strazhilovo. Besides, the Karlovac ceremony itself was really a grand sermon which glorified that doctrine, and some day it may prevail, when the slow mind of the southern Slav wakes up and does the natural thing." "The quick mind of the Hungarian crown may wake up sooner and do the natural thing," said the young Fehispan, and added: "What you say now confirms my information that in your public utterances you deny the divine right of the crown and proclaim the divine right of the people." "That is one of the messages of our American Declaration of Independence," said I, "and I delivered that message to people here who were anxious to hear some-

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thing about America." Then I added that Kossuth, while in America, was glorifying the divine right of the Hungarian people and denying the divine right of the Hapsburg crown in Hungary. I heard this and many other Hungarian democratic doctrines from Henry Ward Beecher, who was a great friend and admirer of Kossuth, and I told him that. He saw that my trigger was ready if he attempted any further moves in this direction. "You are certainly frank and honest, like all real Americans that I know; that makes them most attractive. But why don't you naturalized Americans mind your own business when you visit us?" He was much less stern and serious when he said this, and I was only too glad to play a more cheerful tune, and said: "Our most important business here is our mission to make you, our poor relations here, happy and prosperous by having you adopt the American point of view."

He was a wealthy Hungarian magnate who owned several villages, each of them bigger than Idvor, and this answer coming from a son of poor Idvor amused him much. From that moment on our conference was much less formal, and became even cordial when he offered me coffee and cigarettes. I jokingly told him that Magyarism and Teutonism drove me away from Panchevo and Prague, and now that I was back for a visit I wished to pay them back with a little present of a few American ideas. "Your American ideas," he retorted jokingly, "will make you even less popular here than your Serb nationalism did eleven years ago. Drop them while you are here. You'll have more fun shooting wild ducks in the lowlands of the Tamish River near Idvor than clearing up to dullards the American point of view. The duck season is on, and it is a pity to miss a single day. I'll lend you an American gun which is just right for that sort of business." He did, and that gun kept me busy and saved him the trouble of watching my movements. The village notary accompanied me on my shooting tramps; he was an expert fisherman and shot, and spared no pains to please me and—the Fehispan. A two weeks' tramp in the marshes of the Tamish River, chasing the elusive duck, diminished my haste to harmonize the political point of view of the Serbs in the Voyvodina with American ideas.

When the vintage was over, toward the end of September, I made ready to start for Cambridge. I was sorry to leave, because the merry season in Voyvodina is on when the vintage is over and the new wine has ceased fermenting. The golden crops are then all in, and the lazy pigs are fat and round, and ready to be served at wedding-feasts. In other lands it is the springtime when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love; in the Serb Voyvodina it is the autumn season which has that mysterious power. It is in the autumn when marriage-bells never cease ringing, and the bagpipes with the merry songs of wedding-feasts stir up the hearts from one end of the Banat plains to the other. But my mother diverted my attention to more serious thoughts, and she assured me that she was even more happy preparing me for my journey to Cambridge than she was when, eleven years before, she was preparing me for my journey to Prague.

A few days prior to my departure the village worthies prepared a fish-supper in my honor. The Tamish fishermen cooked it in their traditional way over a wood fire burning under the open sky. The little supper-party reached the fishermen's hut on the bank of the Tamish River just about sunset. The western sky was all aglow with the golden light of the parting day, and so was the surface of the tranquil Tamish River, made luminous by the image of the western sky. The rest of the landscape looked dark by contrast, excepting the glowing faces of the patient supper-party, who sat around the busy fires and watched the boiling kettles and the broiling pans. At some distance and standing at the very end of a fisherman's barge was the dark silhouette of a tall young shepherd, who stood there lonely like some solitary dark spectre hovering over the golden surface of the Tamish River. It was just the spot for one who sought seclusion and longed for quiet meditation. No ripple in the water or in the air disturbed his dreams, if he had any, and I thought that he had. His sheep had been watered and he had finished his frugal supper long ago, before the light of the day had retired below the distant horizon line of the Banat plains.

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The silence of the approaching night awakened emotions which only his tuneful flute could express, and suddenly he poured his soul into a melody which surely was not addressed to mere phantoms of the vacuous space. I felt that the quivering air was conveying through the evening silence a message of love to some maiden who was perhaps just then spinning under some thatched roof of drowsy Idvor and thinking of him. The priest approached me to tell me that the fish was ready and that the feast would soon begin. I told him that my feast had already begun and called his attention to the heavenly melody. He said: "Oh, that's Gabriel, the son of my neighbor Milutin. He entered the village school when you left Idvor, and he finished it long ago. He will be married on St. Michael's day, and what you hear now is his sefdalia (song of sighs) for his future bride, who is over there in our drowsy village." When he jokingly suggested that I might be looking forward to the enjoyment of the sweets of simple pastoral life which were in store for Gabriel, if I had not turned my back on Idvor eleven years before, I answered that perhaps it was not too late to correct the error. The priest looked astonished, and asked me whether I had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in order to become a shepherd of Idvor. I said nothing, but I knew that Gabriel's melody had disclosed to me another world in which the question "What is Light?" is by no means the most important question. There were other great questions of human life the answers to which can perhaps be found in Idvor without a knowledge of Maxwell's electrical theory.

Thomas Nelson Page

AN APPRECIATION

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Befo' de War" (with Thomas Nelson Page), "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

BOTH heredity and environment deeply influenced the life and character of Thomas Nelson Page, and gave a subtle and indefinable flavor to his stories of Virginia and the South.

In "Old Yorktown," his first published prose contribution to *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1881, written with the modesty which was always one of his notable characteristics, he whispered the enchantment of a bygone age in the romantic story of the ancient town where the Revolution ended, and of the earlier men of his line who had flourished in its vicinage. Its founder was "Scotch Tom" Nelson, first of the name in the colony, whose tomb, with armorial gravings indicating that he was a "gentleman," still stands in a near-by field. In the same "graveyard" are other Nelson graves—of William, "Scotch Tom's" eldest son, President of the Council in his day, and of Thomas, son of the "President," signer of the Declaration of Independence, war governor of Virginia, and major-general of the Continental forces—and in the village itself is the old "Nelson House." A few miles below Yorktown, on the other side of the York River, is "Rosewell," built about 1725 by Mann Page, grandson of the immigrant "Collonel" John Page, from Middlesex, England, founder of the family in Virginia, where lived, in those stirring times, Mann's son, John, member of the Committee of Safety, lieutenant-governor, and later governor of the Commonwealth.

From "Collonel" John, on the paternal side, and from "Scotch Tom" on the maternal, the line of Thomas Nelson Page ran down through these men. His father, Major John Page, of "Oakland," grandson of Governor John Page, proved himself a patriot and soldier in the war of the 'sixties; while his mother, Elizabeth Burwell Nelson, granddaughter of the "signer,"

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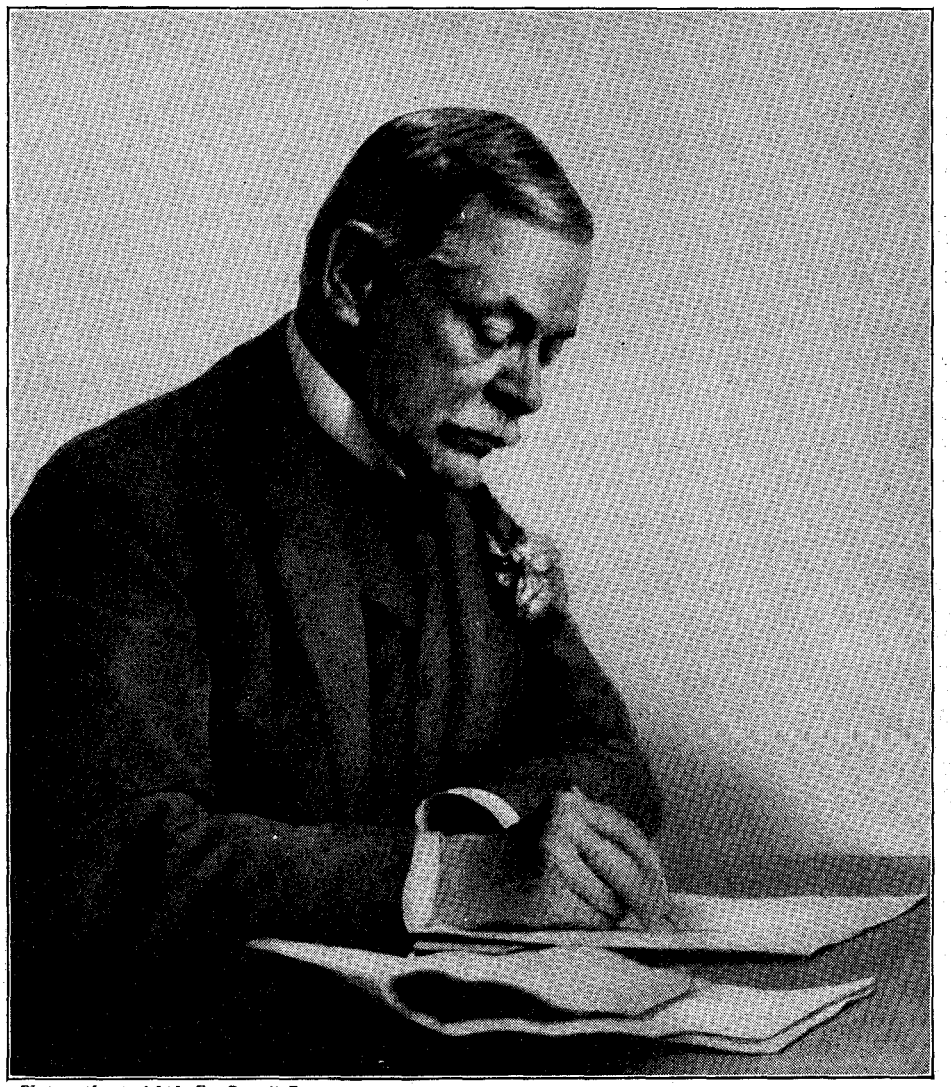

Photograph copyright by Eva Barrett, Rome.

Thomas Nelson Page.

From a photograph taken when Mr. Page was serving as Ambassador at Rome.

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saw not only her husband but her brother William, himself a member of the family at "Oakland," engage in the tragic struggle. The blood of Burwells and Lees and Carters and Berkeleys and Grymeses, and many other old families, mingled through intermarriage with the Page-Nelson pedigrees; and the "Virginia Cousins," who came visiting at "Oakland," were as prominent for their social position, if not for their political power, as had been his progenitors in colony and commonwealth.

It was only natural that from early boyhood he should have been interested in his State and people; and, though "ancestry" was seldom mentioned at "Oakland," he had early heard the legends and stories of the "Nelson House" and of "Rosewell," and of the neighboring country that had been "the cradle of the Republic." Not far from Yorktown had stood the summer residence of Governor Spotswood, ablest and most picturesque of the Colonial governors, who had led the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" across the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley—the first of the great expeditions in "the winning of the West"; and near "Rosewell" still stands the massive stone chimney that marks the favorite residence of Powhatan, father of Pocahontas. A few miles distant, about midway between the York and the James Rivers, is Williamsburg, the Colonial capital, and its college of William and Mary, where the fires of the Revolution were kindled; and at Jamestown, some eight miles from Williamsburg, had been made the first permanent English settlement in America. The homes of the "River Barons," seats of his Colonial kinsmen, still stand along the Rappahannock, the York, and the James Rivers, enveloped with the golden atmosphere of a romantic past. Nearer than these to "Oakland" were Hanover Court House, where "Tom" Page, as a lawyer, argued some of his earliest law cases in the old building in which Patrick Henry made his famous speech in "the Parson's Cause," and "Old Fork Church," whose stanchest supporters for generations have been the Nelsons and Pages; and where Dolly Madison, in the flower of her youth, attended divine services.

The magic of these places and of many more kindled his mind when he was scarcely conscious of it; and the glamour of Virginia history was ever in his blood and brain. Much of it he told in his historical books and essays, and even more is written between the lines of his stories and novels. The legend of it all remained a passion with him through life; and one of his latest public appearances as a speaker "at home" was at a State Bar Association meeting, when he urged upon his brother-lawyers the importance of their writing Virginia history.

At "Oakland" stood, until 1899, when it was burned, and rebuilt on the same site but on a larger scale, the country house in which he was born, and where he spent his boyhood. It was on ground that had been in his family from the time of the original grant to "Scotch Tom." The Nelsons were great landowners, possessing a tract of some ten thousand acres between the Little and the New Found Rivers; and it was to this tract that William Nelson, who succeeded Botetourt at the latter's death in 1770 in the chief magistracy of the colony, sent "my Lord Botetourt's horses" to be grazed; and on it was the post-Revolutionary home of General Thomas Nelson, a few miles from "Oakland," of which the Marquis de Chastellux has left charming mention in his "Memoirs."

At "Oakland" the boy grew up in an atmosphere of books, piety, and simplicity. The meanings of courage and integrity and the virtues of Christian character were early impressed on the young people of the household by the precept and example of their father and mother and their uncle, William Nelson, who had been an artillery colonel in the Confederate army. It was "Uncle William's" custom to "read prayers" to the assembled family each morning and evening; and he went with them on Sundays in such a "country carriage" as is described in "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," through all sorts of weather, to "Old Fork Church," where as lay-reader he conducted services. He was a militant Christian, and had taken his Hanover Artillery to the front in 1861, when he was fifty-six years old—a command that was never paroled. His nephew was fond of telling how after the war the old gentleman would relate to the "Oakland" boys stories of the great struggle and of Lee's army, and picture to them the places of

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his guns in battle with the old silver salt-cellars and pepper-cruets, bearing the Nelson arms and crest, while he marked on the table-cloth the lines of the contending forces with crusts of bread.

In his "Two Little Confederates," an early copy of which "Tom" Page took pride and pleasure in sending to a friend of his college days whose experiences of the war had been not unlike his own, with the inscription "From one little Confederate to another," he told the story of the lads at "Oakland" "amid the camps" and within the sound of the guns; and "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," are both memorials of that tragic time.

His father, "who among all men" whom he knew in his youth was the most familiar with books, and who "of all men he had ever known exemplified best" for him "the virtue of open-handedness," taught him a love of the classics, ancient and modern, and wrought into his heart and mind the virtues and magnanimities of a lofty race; and from his gentle and accomplished mother he learned those amenities and graces that were his through life. If authors write themselves into their books, he did even more. He wrote into them, unconsciously it may be, but none the less inevitably, himself, his old home, his father, his mother, his "Uncle William," his brothers and cousins and friends; and "My Cousin Fanny," to whom, when he was learning his Latin lesson, he would sometimes read "line by line Cæsar or Ovid or Cicero," lying down before the fire, is a biography of one who not only taught him Latin but was also his dancing-teacher. And the black people on the plantation, whose affection for their "white folks" illumines his Virginia stories, and whose thoughts and emotions he transmuted into their language with faultless skill, likewise move through the pages of many of his books.

With the end of the war poverty came from the scarred battle-fields to most Virginia homes, and the boys at "Oakland" worked on the farm and milked the cows and looked after the live stock, and read and studied their lessons at night by the light of "tallow-dips" and "light-wood" torches; and the essence of all these things too got into the stories.

After a brief season at a country school five miles distant from "Oakland," taught by one of his innumerable "cousins," to which he walked daily, he entered Washington College. This was in 1868, when he was a lad of not yet sixteen; and at Lexington he came in personal contact with General Robert E. Lee, then president of the college, who left with him indelible memories.

At Lexington, too, he exercised his pen with contributions to *The Collegian*, the students' paper, of which he became editor; and he practised speaking in one of the literary societies with such assiduity and success that he won the "orator's medal."

The exigencies of the lean years in the "Old Dominion," led him, upon graduation, to school-teaching for a year. He seldom recurred in conversation to this experience, save to deplore the necessity of any youth of eager ambition and energy having to teach school. During his stay as a teacher in Kentucky he sent a story to *The Courier-Journal* which was "declined with thanks." In later years he jestingly reminded the managing editor of its declination, who promptly and diplomatically told him that "it had never come to his notice."

At the University of Virginia, where he became a law student in 1873, he remained one session, graduating bachelor of law. His life there was studious and uneventful, save for the making of a few lasting friendships, which he thenceforth cherished till death. He lived "downtown" in Charlottesville, with a Nelson kinsman, walking daily a distance of more than a mile to his classes; and beyond occasional social visits in the town and its vicinage, and writing now and then an article or poem for *The University Magazine*, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his getting his degree. In the early summer of 1921. on a visit to the university, his way led him one day in the direction of one of the old Virginia homes near by where he had been a welcome visitor in his student days; and he turned in at the gate "to see the old office again where we had such happy times," and to cut a bud from the bush of nearly fifty years before. It was the scene of his poem, "The Apple Trees at Even," and he recited a verse of it, as he gathered the rose.

When he went to Richmond after his graduation and opened a law office, he underwent the usual waiting period of the

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young lawyer of his day, and in the absence of an influx of business and fees he occasionally turned his attention to amateur journalism and wrote for the local press. In these early years one of his college intimates, then living in Charlottesville, got a commission from a New York newspaper to "report" an "address" that Ralph Waldo Emerson had accepted an invitation to make at the university, and Page came up on a similar errand for a Richmond daily. Mr. Emerson was then quite an old man, and the lecture was delivered in so low a tone that few heard it. The two young "reporters," when it was concluded, approached him with the deference due his age and reputation, and civilly prayed the temporary loan of his manuscript. He replied that he "wanted nothing to do with them—that he was at war with newspaper reporters," and refused the proffered request. The disappointed youths, the value of whose reports depended entirely on what they might give of the sage of Concord's essay, retired in high dudgeon, and together concocted a letter to the Richmond paper which dealt with Mr. Emerson in a manner not at all complimentary. The article appeared next day in the paper, and created consternation among the university authorities who threatened to debar the offenders thenceforth from the precincts. The matter, however, was soon forgotten except by the disappointed "reporters," and Page was wont to say in after-years, with a chuckle, that he had come to regard it as one of the most impudent and outrageous performances on the part of himself and his coadjutor of which he had ever known.

The devotion which he felt for the university was returned with interest by its alumni and faculty. He was a trustee of its endowment fund and president of its alumni association. He frequently came back to make occasional addresses and to deliver lectures on literary topics—his last appearance in this rôle having been when he lectured on "Dante" under the Barbour-Page Foundation, which had been established many years before by his second wife.

In 1877 he published in the "Bric-à-Brac" department of the old *Scribner's Monthly* "Uncle Gabe's White Folks," a dialect poem which was his earliest magazine contribution for which he received compensation—a tender story in the negro vernacular, depicting the affectionate relations between the races as he had known them on the old plantation. "Marse Chan" followed in 1881 in the *Century*, the successor of *Scribner's Monthly*, which had been accepted by the editor two or three years before its actual appearance in print. It was among the first of the dialect short stories of the period, and won immediate recognition with magazine readers for its charm of sentiment and fidelity to nature; but it was not until its republication four years later in Scribner's "Stories by American Authors," that it began to be widely and generally known. Two years afterward "In Ole Virginia" came from the press, with "Marse Chan" leading a notable procession of five other stories—"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," "No Haid Pawn," and "Polly," all previously published in magazines,—and obtained a wide vogue, establishing his fame as master of an inimitable art.

In 1886 he married Anne Seddon Bruce, the lovely young daughter of Captain Charles Bruce of "Staunton Hill," in Charlotte County, Virginia, and sister of Philip Alexander Bruce, the Virginia historian, and of William Cabell Bruce, recently elected United States Senator from Maryland. She came of a gifted family, and was herself the possessor of unusual talents and accomplishments and of an intense ambition for her husband's literary success; and it was during their brief and happy married life, which was terminated by her death in 1888, that he did some of his best work, including the story "Meh Lady," which he wrote for her.

About this time he gave a series of public readings from his stories in various Southern and Western cities, which met with much favor and extended his popularity. His soft and flexible voice, peculiarly Virginian, was one of singular sweetness, and he read with an intonation and expression that lent beauty and charm to every sentence. His personality was always pleasing, and his graceful bearing and captivating smile enhanced the romance and sentiment of the unaccustomed stories. The impression they produced is reflected in some lines printed in a newspaper in a far Southern city by an entranced auditor who heard him read "Marse Chan":

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"To us of younger years that sad romance
Seems like some legend of the days of old,
As when King Arthur and his knights drew lance
Ere yet the flame of chivalry grew cold.

To elder hearts it brings a joy, half pain,
A gleam by sorrow's shadow darkly crossed,
As if the ghost of youth came back again
To vex us with the things that we have lost."

Five years after the death of his first wife he married Mrs. Florence Lathrop Field, widow of Mr. Henry Field, of Chicago, and grandniece of James Barbour, governor of Virginia, secretary of war in the cabinet of John Quincy Adams and minister at the court of St. James's, and of Philip Pendleton Barbour, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. She was a woman of social charm and of great intelligence and culture, and in her companionship the last twenty-five years of his life were happily spent. Soon after this marriage he abandoned his law office in Richmond, and removing to Washington applied himself exclusively to literary work, and stories and novels came from his pen in frequent succession.

His house in Washington was the centre of much that was best in the social, diplomatic, and literary life of the nation's capital, and in it his wife and himself were the dispensers of a hospitality that must remain unforgetable by those who partook of it. But his heart never lost its love for "Oakland" and his "people," to whom he had dedicated his first published volume. The place remained in the ownership of himself and his two brothers, the younger of whom, Rosewell Page, continued to reside there with his family after the death of his father and mother, and his visits home to the kin folks and neighbors and friends, white and black, of his earlier years were constantly recurrent. These visits were always hailed with pleasure by all Hanoverians, and a few of the older darkeys, after he went to Rome, regarded him with mingled devotion and awe. One of them, "Aunt Charlotte," a former slave at "Oakland," who lived to be a hundred and whom he had pensioned, sent him a message while in Italy: "Tell him, while he's settin' up by earthly kings, not to forget de Heabenly King."

His devotion to his State and its story was a part of his larger love for America and of a catholicity of spirit that was more than cosmopolitan. When he was sent as ambassador to Italy, in 1913, he determined to "celebrate" the event by taking his brother Rosewell and one of his earliest friends as his guests on a visit to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, where he had spent many delightful hours in the years of its charm as a favorite resort of the Virginia people. Here he showed the joy and enthusiasm of a schoolboy in his walks about the place and in the rekindling of youthful memories; and when, after a few days' stay, he left it for his post of duty abroad it was with high hopes of serving his country, though with little anticipation of the coming tremendous tragedy in which he was so soon to bear a devoted and significant part. Of that service it is needless to tell here. It now belongs to history.

Upon his return to America he again took up in Washington the threads of his interrupted literary work, and wrote the story of "Italy in the World War" and his lectures on "Dante and His Influence" which were published in his last book. After taking part in the centennial celebration of the University of Virginia, in June, 1921, he went back to his summer home in Maine to find his wife mortally stricken. Her death broke up his domestic life in Washington, and he finally determined to return to "Oakland" to live and there devote himself to the composition of his "Recollections." Two days after his arrival he paid to nature the debt that is charged against mortality. The story of his end is such a one as he might have woven into some tale of his about "his people." The "Old Virginian," after a time of early hardship and struggle that finally had brought him a fame beyond that of most writers of his generation, had come back to "fall on sleep" amid the loved home scenes, in the kindly presence of those who were his nearest and dearest.

On the first day of November, 1922, he was in the garden at "Oakland," in company with his brother Rosewell's wife and two faithful servants of many years, engaged in the planting of shrubbery. To one of them he had just said: "Take the spade and do a little digging," when he sank to the ground and his heart was stilled forever.

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The Home-Wreckers

BY BADGER CLARK
Author of "The Gumbo Lily," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY PITZ

"WHAT better housekeeper do you want than me?" asked Rider, dropping a few slices of bacon into the skillet and wiping his hands on his overalls. "What better home do you want than this log house? What's got you lately, anyway, Haley? Ever since that rock rolled on your foot last week you've sat around here and sighed and moaned like the ridge pines on a fall night. I'm doing all the work these days, but *I'm* satisfied."

"That's because you never had any different kind of a life," said Haley, shifting restlessly in the home-made pine morris-chair which was his by right of his temporary invalidism. "You never got married and had a home."

"Home! What's this?" said the other, waving a greasy fork. "House, spring, and fire-wood—garden stuff from our own patch, eggs and chicken from our own hens, trout from the creek and deer meat hanging up in the lean-to all winter. And besides all that, liberty—no shift boss and no woman."

"No woman; that's the trouble with it," complained Haley.

"No woman; that's the beauty of it," retorted Rider, flipping the writhing bacon into an enamel-ware plate and stirring a spoonful of flour into the hot grease of the skillet. "A woman would call my liberty laziness, and be miserable because I was so comfortable. She'd nag, rag, pester, and everlastingly aggravate me until she got me back where I was four years ago—twelve hundred feet down in the belly of the earth, with dark and damp and sweat and candle grease and stuttering machine drills for company, eight long hours a day."

"She'd make a man of you," declared Haley.

"She'd make a mutt of me," rejoined Rider, snatching up a kettleful of boiled potatoes and carrying them to the open door to drain them. He interrupted his discourse with a brief imprecation as the steam from the kettle scalded his fingers, and then continued. "It's so long since you were married that you've forgot. You're in your second childhood. You're like a twenty-year-old kid—all sentiment and no sense. Think! Remember! A woman looks nice and inviting, don't she? Oh, yes; she puts in all her single life trying to look sweet and trap one of us—sling your eye over the ads in that woman's magazine on the floor and see if she don't—but later in the game she biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, as the prohibitionists used to say. You're too old not to know that."

"Oh, it ain't just the being married," said the invalid. "It's having a woman around the house. It's enjoying her ways of doing things. For instance," he went on maliciously, as Rider jerked a pan of biscuits from the oven and dumped them in a heap on the oilcloth-covered table, "for instance, a woman don't set the table that way."

Rider was not above the feminine weakness of being sensitive about his housekeeping, and he glared at his partner a moment before he tossed the biscuit-pan behind the cook-stove with a tinny clash. He picked up the skillet and, giving the gravy a final swirl, began scraping it out into a bowl before he answered, with an obviously labored calmness.

"Listen, Haley. You haven't crooked a finger about this cooking for a solid week. I've done it all. I'm sorry you don't like my style of service, but if you want things done woman-fashion you can

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just hoist yourself on them crutches and crow-hop down to the widow's for dinner."

"I'd be right glad to have him," said a cheerful voice, and Rider, startled and abashed, nearly dropped the skillet as he looked up and found the person he had just mentioned in the doorway. The widow was a pleasant sight even in a mountain country, where pleasant sights are scattered about everywhere and piled half-way to the supreme beauties of the sky. Her eyes were bright, her expression good-humored, and her teeth—a point which Haley and Rider, as experienced horsemen, had often remarked upon—were notably sound and white. Her face might be forty; her starchy attire suggested a bride of twenty-two and her feet looked about seventeen, as all women's feet should.

Haley's bronzed face shone with pleasure as he hastily buttoned his flannel shirt, a detail of his toilet generally neglected. He was one of these lean old-timers whose salient features are a hawk-like nose and a prominent Adam's apple, and, though his mouth was completely concealed by the huge, drooping mustache so popular in the West during the vogue of the heavy, single-action six-shooter, the sudden appearance of many little lines around his eyes indicated that the curtained lips were smiling.

"Hello, Mrs. Mead," he cried cordially. "Come in! Come in, and have a bite of chuck. Rider's got it all ready."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," replied the widow. "I was just baking some sarviceberry pies, and Sonny and I," playfully twisting the ear of a ten-year-old boy beside her, "took a notion we'd run up and bring you one and see how you're getting along. How's the bad foot these days?"

"Fine!" said Haley with enthusiasm. "Since I put on that liniment you sent up day before yesterday it hasn't made a bit of fuss."

"Except that it kept both of us awake until nigh daylight this morning," Rider murmured absently, as he placed the bacon and potatoes on the table.

"It was too bad," said the widow quickly, as she saw the glance Haley shot at the apparently guileless cook, "too bad that the accident happened just when you were getting along so well with the tunnel."

"Oh, don't worry about that," answered Haley. "We only peck away at that tunnel to fill up time in our lonesome, good-for-nothing days. If we did make a million-dollar strike in that tunnel what would be the good of it?"

"He means since prohibition," amended Rider, in the same absent manner as before.

"No," said the widow to Haley, ignoring Rider's remark, "there isn't much to work for in a lone life. If I didn't have the children, I believe I'd just naturally cave in. They'll keep me interested until I get them raised and educated anyway. But you men—in a world as full of women as this is—" she laughed, with a flash of her excellent teeth and a slight deepening of the healthy color under the smooth brown of her cheeks. "Well, I must run home and finish my baking."

Haley dismissed her with effusive thanks for the pie, in which the misogynous Rider found grace to join rather perfunctorily, and then she stepped briskly down the trail from the cabin, with her hand on Sonny's shoulder.

"Well," said Rider with an air of relief, "hitch up your chair, Haley. I take notice," he went on, glancing out the door, "that the county has sent a gang of men down to build a new concrete bridge across the creek. This tourist business is making a lot of difference in the looks of the roads—and the county treasury."

Haley showed little interest in the good-roads movement. He ate with a heartiness that should have flattered the cook, but replied only in monosyllables to the latter's remarks on subjects of public interest until, at the end of the meal, Rider picked up the butcher-knife and proceeded to cut Mrs. Mead's pie.

"The widow's a nice woman," he said, as he watched Rider's blade sink through the flaky crust and then rise again, dripping with the sweet purple juice. "She never comes near this shack but she brings that kid with her, so as to have everything proper."

"And to make you notice her niceness and her properness," replied Rider, with evident distaste for this turn in the conversation. "She's nice enough, but can't

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"No woman; that's the trouble with it," complained Haley.—Page 81.

you see why? She's been aiming for the last year to break up our home. It always hurts a woman to see any man running around loose without a halter on. She thinks he ought to be at work in some woman's harness—feels just the same about it as we used to feel, in the old days, when we'd see wild horses on the plains."

"Well, what of it?" Haley argued. "The widow has got the ranch to look after and the children to raise, and it's lonesome in these hills. She wants a protector."

"Or a cheap ranch hand, mebbe," sneered Rider, "and I reckon you'd like to qualify for the job. You were married once, Haley, and you've told me that you used to get drunk every other pay-day regular. Why was that?"

"Oh, that was the style then," answered Haley uncomfortably.

"Style!" snapped the other. "Own up that it was because you had to ease the strain on your disposition some way. And now, after being single five or six years, you've forgot your lesson. The widow's a good neighbor. Leave her that. We're well fixed, free, and happy. Leave us that, and don't go dreaming around until, the first thing you know, you find yourself down in the dust, hog-tied and sentenced to the collar for life. You——"

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"Oh, hold on!" interrupted Haley with impatience. "Who's getting married, anyhow? I just said, and I stand to it, that it's good to have a woman around the house—brightens things up and makes a man more contented. She don't have to be your wife—mebbe it's better not—but a sister, say, or a daughter."

Rider hesitated over his reply to this, as a kind-hearted gambler might hesitate to show a winning hand that would leave his opponent bankrupt. He had worked and "bached" with Haley for four years. They had long ago battered down each other's reserves, as men in such a situation do, and in their frequent arguments were customarily as courteous and considerate as a couple of bear cubs in a scuffle, yet the real affection that existed between them made Rider look vacantly out at the pines in the gulch and speak slowly as he said: "You lived with your daughter about a year after your wife died, didn't you?"

Haley admitted it with visible confusion.

"And you got drunk even then, didn't you?"

Rider purposely kept his eyes turned away from his friend in the moment of painful silence that followed.

"Oh, well," said Haley finally, "that was a pioneer picnic. An old-timer had to celebrate and do honor to the old times the best he could."

"And you came home from that picnic," pursued Rider, like a lawyer prying a damaging admission out of a witness, "and showed your real, natural feelings about this woman business by throwing your daughter out of the house."

"I didn't!" said Haley indignantly. "I just took her by the shoulders and pushed her out. I remember that much. There wasn't nothing rough about it; I just sort of eased her out, and if she'd have been most women it wouldn't have mattered. But Myrtie was high-strung, even higher than her mother, so she only came back long enough to pack a suitcase while I was asleep, and I've never got track of her since."

"Well, it happened for the best all around," said Rider who, having made his point, was willing to spare his partner further confusion. "If Myrtie had stayed with you she'd be married by now, and then she and her husband would sort of ease *you* out of the house. I've seen that done. There's nothing that makes people meaner than what they call being in love. They never think of anybody but themselves. As it is now, here we are, easy and independent, and everything's all right."

"I wish I could get some word from Myrtie, though," faltered Haley, with a wistfulness that always made Rider uneasy.

"No need to worry about her," he reassured. "Myrtie was smart in a dozen ways, and a manager. She'd be as happy in a big city as a coyote in a hencoop. All girls are. There's so many men there to pick from, when they throw their rope. That's a woman's business in life, to catch and break a man, just like men catch and break horses. But you and me have hit a high range, where we can eat free grass, and stomp, and snort, and run maverick to the end of our days. Well, I guess I'll let these dishes go until night. I've got to hoe that garden pretty soon or we won't be able to find it. Get up and I'll drag your chair out on the porch where you can watch the cars go by on the road. There's more of 'em every summer."

Rider worked all afternoon in the garden, hoeing the rich black soil that sparkled with mica and stopping at intervals to roll a cigarette and lean meditatively on his hoe while he smoked. Rider had been born with a hearty dislike of routine and hard work, yet without that chronic restlessness which makes the hobo. As a young man he had drifted from the paternal ranch into the hills, drawn by the idea that high wages and the eight-hour day made mining a more genteel and pleasant occupation than ranching. Thereafter mere force of custom had kept him working, a secretly unhappy and rebellious conscientious objector in the ranks of labor, until, in his late thirties, he had formed his connection with Haley and stumbled into paradise. The life with Haley in the cabin realized many of Rider's dreams. He enjoyed the leisurely prospecting and the hunting and fishing, while the necessary evil of a few weeks of regular work each year in mine or logging camp, to maintain their cash, only added

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zest to the abundant and luxurious loafing among the changeless, silent hills covered with slow-growing pines, where time moved only at the easy gait of the sun and the seasons. With a different early environment Rider might have become a poet.

He had always distrusted marriage because it manifestly involved work and responsibility, and with him the usual youthful essays in love had been half-hearted, hesitating affairs, uniformly ending in the triumph of some more venturesome wooer. He had borne these disappointments philosophically, and if his philosophy did not immediately heal his wounds, the contemplation of his successful rival's way of life a year or two after marriage generally accomplished it. As he grew older and fewer women looked at him with interest he felt a certain satisfaction in the lessening danger that some woman's fancy might conspire with his own occasional romantic impulses to kidnap him and carry him over the dread border of the state of matrimony. Now he was far more content than most men, and, knowing it, was as vigilant as any jealous wife to guard his winnings. Haley seemed essential to his happiness, for he did not wish to live in solitude, and if Haley were taken from him he felt it would mean a return to town, the drab bondage of regular employment, and probably, as a final rivet in his fetters, marriage.

Haley, . . . one of these lean old-timers.—Page 82.

"The old man's getting worse," he reflected, as he leaned on his hoe and blinked in the brilliant mountain sunshine. "These spells of his are getting longer and closer together. He's an old-time married man and being married is like any other bad habit—you never do get clean shut of it and it's always likely to come back on you. And then, he never gets through feeling cheap about his daughter. Can't blame him much, and I oughtn't to rub it in on him like I did to-day, but I've got to jar him out of these fits some way. He'll be better when his foot gets well and he won't have so much time to mope around and read love stories in the magazines. I've got to keep him amused. We might go down and chin with the widow to-night—but no, worst thing in the world. I guess I'll take him up to the ranger station for an hour or two. If the ranger's wife should take a notion to haze her man around the way she does sometimes, it would be a mighty healthy thing for Haley. If women only showed their claws oftener, they'd be a heap less dangerous."

Rider suspended operations in the garden early enough to gather a few wild raspberries and catch a few trout from the creek for supper, to please Haley, and, after that meal was over, proposed a visit to the ranger station. Haley, it seemed, had been considering a call on the widow, but he yielded readily, adjusted his

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crutches, and they made their way up the gulch just after sunset. The mountain twilight was very still and very lovely, and they did not break its charm by discussing it, but trudged along in silence. Now and then came the distant wail of a coyote from the dim pine woods, which may have given a thrill of wildness and freedom to Rider or a shiver of longing to Haley, but was too familiar for either to comment upon. Presently they heard another sound, quite as familiar but far less primitive—the purr of a gasolene motor—and saw the last light from the west flash on the windshield of a car coming down the road. As it approached them it stopped, and a woman in knickerbockers slipped from under the steering-wheel and stepped to the ground. A man, apparently her husband, sat in the front seat with a small child asleep in his arms, while a little girl shared the back seat with a pile of camping impedimenta. The lady stooped to inspect a tire and then kicked it thoughtfully with the toe of a business-like laced boot.

"Need any help, ma'am?" asked Haley, lifting his dusty black Stetson.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, without looking at them. "I was a little doubtful about that tire, but I guess it will stand up for another ten miles."

They stood aside and watched her as she sprang back to her seat, switched on her lights, and got away in a little swirl of dust and gas.

"Pants!" said Rider, gazing at the diminishing tail-light. "The sceptre and the pants are departing from man."

"The widow never wears pants," returned Haley, "except when she's driving the hayrake or riding."

"Don't you worry!" said Rider. "She everlastingly wears them on her mind, like all women do. What a smooth bunch they are! For a thousand years they've bossed men with gentle words and a light hand on the bit, but now they're getting reckless and beginning to use quirt and spur."

"Seems to me you have lots of hard things to say about them," commented Haley mildly.

"Well," said Rider, with the light of militant reform in his eye, "somebody ought to say such things, and the men with women folks don't dare." Then his sternness vanished and he began to chuckle. "Haley, I never took notice until the last few years how many of the human family are bow-legged. Old cow-punchers and old Sioux Indians average pretty high in that line, but I'll bet they assay considerable less, by the hundred, than——"

"Say," remonstrated Haley, "ain't you got any ideals at all? Ease off on the women and cuss the government awhile."

When they reached the ranger station they found the ranger, in his worn uniform of forest green, sitting before a table with a pair of telephone receivers on his ears and fussing at an odd-looking box. His wife, who stood beside him, nodded to them without speaking, and the ranger, after waving a friendly greeting, held a stiff palm toward them to enjoin silence.

"Radio," he explained briefly to the surprised prospectors. "Just about to get someting. Wait a minute."

Haley and Rider, removing their hats as if in church, stood watching with wide-eyed interest, and for several minutes the four people in the room made neither sound nor movement.

"Damn the static!" snapped the ranger suddenly.

"'Gene!" chided his wife.

"Oh, the kid's asleep," he protested.

"But *I'm* not," said she.

Rider took a soft step nearer Haley in order to nudge him, and again all speech and motion were suspended. Presently the ranger's face brightened, and after another careful touch or two at the knobs in front of him, he smiled.

"Coming in good," he said. "Here, Haley, sit down and get an earful. There's another receiver for you, Rider."

A moment later the two friends were listening with awe to a woman's voice which mysteriously sang into their ears from the black rubber receivers, for in the more remote districts of the United States there are still a few people who are capable of wonder. They had read about such things in the magazines, of course, but the singing voice was vastly more marvellous than any amount of black print. Rider sat rigid with attention for some time and then, on turning to look

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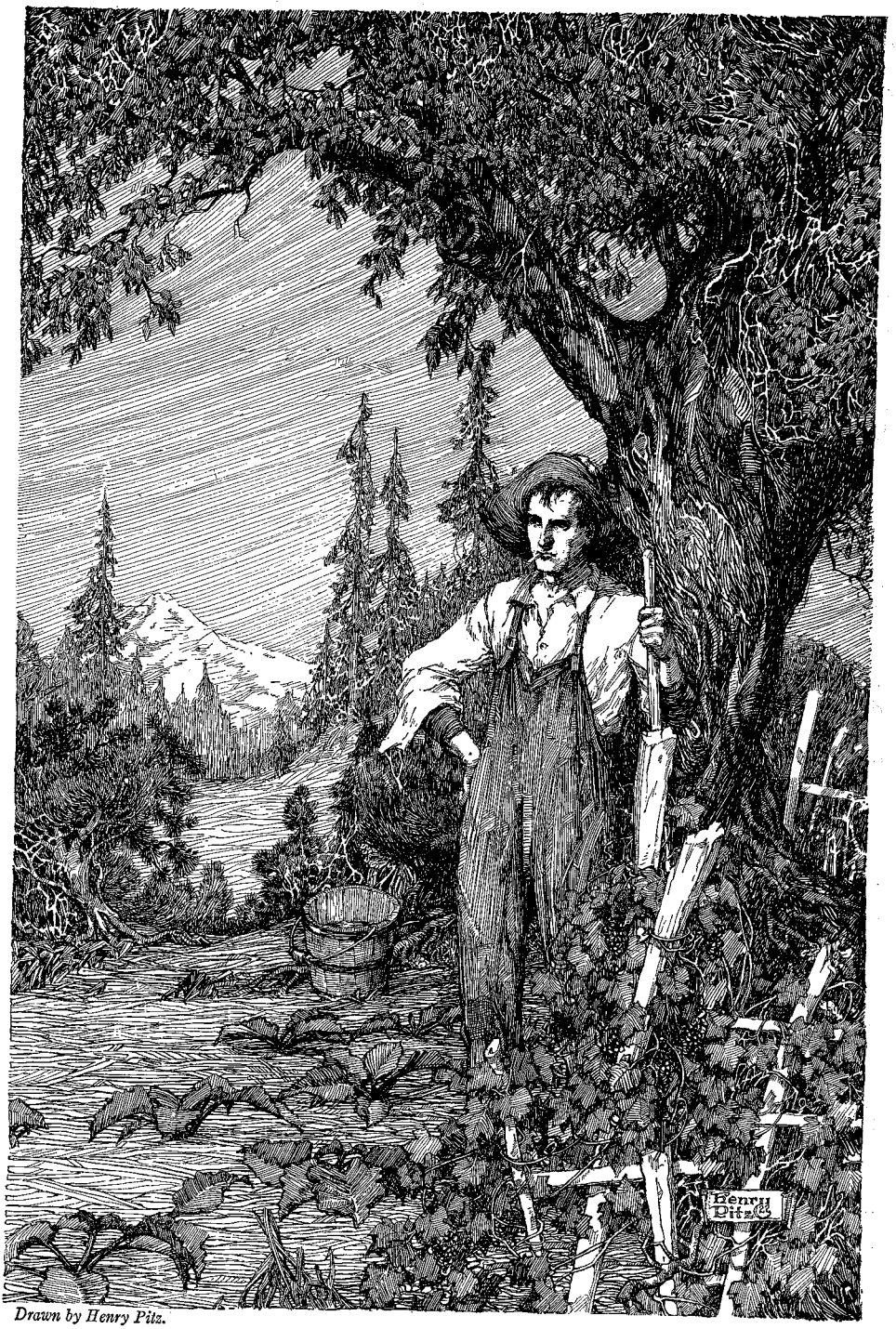

Drawn by Henry Pilz.

Rider worked all afternoon in the garden, . . . stopping at intervals to roll a cigarette and lean meditatively on his hoe while he smoked.—Page 84.

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at Haley, he gave a violent start. The older man appeared to be very ill. His eyes were staring and the blood had sunk away from his face, leaving it a ghastly yellow.

"Oh, Lord!" Rider heard him mutter weakly. "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul!"

Then the red came back to his face with a rush and he reached forward and began twirling the knobs of the apparatus, with the result that the singing voice died in a sudden squeal. He fumbled eagerly over the cabinet in a vain search for something and then, snatching the receivers from his head, placed a calloused thumb over the orifice in one of them and shouted into the other: "Hello, Myrtie! hello! hello!"

"Look out, there, Haley!" interposed the astonished ranger. "You'll bust something. This is only a receiving set. What's the matter with you?"

"It's Myrtie, I tell you," cried the prospector. "It's Myrtie, my girl!"

"Well, I'll—" the ranger glanced toward his wife and hesitated. "Well, I'll declare! The announcer said something like that—Bailey?—Haley? Yes; it *was* —Miss Myrtle Haley!"

"Of course it is," insisted Haley. "Wouldn't *I* know? How far away is she? Deadwood?"

"And then some!" said the ranger smiling. "The sending station is a good four hundred miles from here, air line."

"Do you know her address?"

"Why, yes; I guess I can dig up the address of the broadcasting people."

"All right," responded Haley, his eyes glittering with excitement. "I want you to phone a telegram into town for me. I'll go in with the mail man to-morrow morning and catch the train. I got six hundred in the bank——"

"Aw, slow down," said Rider, who had listened thus far in a condition resembling paralysis. "You've got too much to say for a telegram. There'll be lots of explanations——"

"I'll make 'em when I see her. I'm going to-morrow."

"But she may not want to see you," Rider argued desperately. "It's been four years since you heard from her. You say she's high-strung——"

"Oh, shut up!" said the father, chuckling. "I'll go down on my marrow bones to her if it's necessary, but I know it won't be. Why, didn't you hear her song? She was singing 'Dear Old Daddy Dear.'"

In a daze Rider went home that night and helped Haley with his meagre packing. Several times during the hours of darkness and before the time for the mail in the morning he feebly attempted to dissuade his precipitate partner, but Haley disdained argument and simply laughed him down. The hour of parting drew on with amazing swiftness, and then Rider helped his friend into the palpitating little car of the mail-carrier and they clasped hands.

"Good-by, old socks!" said Haley heartily. "I'll see you sometime. I'm going to my own women folks. Good luck!"

Rider went back to the cabin and spent an idle morning on the porch in company with an aged and sinful pipe. The sunny mountains, with their drifting cloud shadows, ached with silence, and the musty cabin behind him was like a tomb.

"And a woman got him, after all," he soliloquized bitterly. "Here I've guarded him away from women all this time, and then a woman got him—shot him by wireless at a range of four hundred miles. What's the use?"

He took a cold snack at noon and then climbed up to the tunnel where he and Haley had centred their rather languid hopes of fortune for the past year and tried to work. He was a miner of long experience, but never before it seemed had he been in an underground working that was so full of ghostly, growling echoes when he moved or so horribly still when he was quiet. After an hour he gave it up, dug a few angleworms in the garden, and fished out the afternoon along the clear, rushing creek, which was more cheerful.

He came home late in the day with a good catch, but instead of preparing supper lounged on the porch, listlessly smoking and gazing down the gulch toward the widow's place. He could see a rich little field of tall, green wheat, bordered, right and left, by the creek and a

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thicket of birches and quaking asps; beyond that was the garden spot, and still beyond was the house, a low, comfortable-looking structure snuggled among a group of spruce, with a wisp of blue wood smoke curling from the chimney, while all was guarded on either hand by the towering slopes of the hills, shaggy with pine. From afar he could hear the shouted laughter of a child and the playful barking of a dog. Then a nearer sound made him look down to find that the cat, a plump, pampered animal, had seized one of the trout by the tail and was endeavoring to drag away the whole catch.

"Woman!" growled Rider, rescuing the fish, "woman! I reckon you're bound to get what you're after anyway, so I might as well give it to you."

He detached one of the trout from the willow switch on which they were strung and tossed it to the cat just as Sonny came scampering up the trail.

"Mother sent you this glass of pin-cherry jell for your supper, Mr. Rider," panted the boy. "She reckons you must be lonesome with Mr. Haley gone."

Pin-cherry, the queen of all jellies! It was no common gift. The last rays of the sun through a gap in the western hills made the glass glow like a great ruby in Rider's hands, and he considered it as might a crystal gazer trying to fathom the future. This was a moment of destiny and he realized it. Then, quickly and quietly, as most of the truly great decisions in life are made, he picked up the string of trout and handed them to Sonny.

"Take that mess of fish down to your mother, son," he said gently, almost sadly, "and tell her I aim to drop in this evening and visit a spell."

A low, comfortable-looking structure, snuggled among a group of spruce.

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"Mainsprings of Men"

BY WHITING WILLIAMS
Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

I. WHY DO WE FEEL THAT WAY?

"WE are now eight thousand feet above sea-level," the guide explained to his party. "Beyond this altitude you will see no more trees."

Two hours later they paused again for breath.

"We have now reached nearly two miles of elevation," the leader informed them. "From now on, we shall encounter no more vegetation."

Almost worn out, the group paused a few thousand feet higher up as he pointed to the heights above.

"You must now make your final preparations for the night upon the summit. Beyond this level you will find no more—picture post-cards!"

It is useless to make a more serious attempt to remind us how completely it is our associations with each other that constitute the real bread and meat and cake of the meal of life, with shelter, food, and raiment serving as the mere cups and saucers thereof.

Mother, child, home, fatherland, friends, honor, God—all these call forth our energies up to that last full measure of devotion which reaches beyond life's farthest limits. Each is a name for a particular kind of bond between one person and another. Together they make the upper part of that frame of relationships with our fellow humans within which all the action of our life's drama finds its setting.

A fourteen-year-old lad in France has described the distances these bonds or barriers are constantly establishing for determining our group, as well as our individual, points of view:

"It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights, the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view. But from one side to another hearts are touching."

With these distances that mark the wars of nations, we have, unfortunately, been long familiar; the catastrophes they threaten were never better known nor better feared than to-day. But meanwhile, nearer and more disconcerting threats have arisen from the new Ysers which separate industrial and social group from group with a distance greater than the distance of the stars of the sky, *inside* the various national boundaries.

Within the last twenty years it has been my fortune to enjoy exceptional opportunity to pass back and forth between the lines that divide the common laborer from the captain of industry. Whether here in America or in Britain, Germany, or France, each crossing of this "No Man's Land" has brought a fresh though paradoxical surprise—surprise, first, at the sharp concreteness of the bristling differences between group and group; and, next, at the amazing though intangible power of the similarities which, deep beneath the surface, bind the factions unalterably to each other.

It is bad enough that to-day in America group stands opposed to group with such distances as only our Civil War revealed. It is infinitely worse that each group

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seeks to justify its stand by putting the blame on "human nature."

According to all the contestants it is "human nature" that causes the bloodshed of interclass as well as international warfare—and, of necessity, always will. It is "human nature" that causes such unmitigated loafing as surprised me in the labor gangs of the steel plants, and always will. "Human nature," it is, that bars the way—and always will—against all efforts to secure reasonable reactions from Glasgow's dockers or the "Wobblies" of the Northwest's lumber-camp or, speaking from the other side, from the capitalistic owners who control them. "Human nature," of course, takes always the line of least resistance. And so on without end—according to this effort at self-justification.

I will confess that I have returned from some weeks among the strike-breakers in the recent railway strike more shocked than ever before at the depths to which human nature is capable of going. Nevertheless, I insist that it is time for every able-minded non-contestant to protest against those who, in order to win a short-lived victory, insist on befouling the "nature" that must remain, after all, the one and the ultimate tool of humanity, be it asset or liability.

Luckily, the philosophers are running to the defense on all sides. They are announcing this or that discovery intended to set forth as the cause of the present difficulties something that will explain our near-deadly differences and, at the same time, furnish a means of their overcoming through the saving grace of our equally fundamental resemblances.

"Yesterday, and ever since history began, men were related to one another as individuals," so our Ex-President Wilson gives his diagnosis of the trouble. "To-day the every-day relationships of men are largely with great impersonal concerns, with organizations, not with other individual men.

"Now this is nothing short of a new social age, a new era of human relationships, a new stage-setting for the drama of life."

Is he right?

If this is the cause of our disquieting enmities and distrusts, does it mean that these must be endured until we can somehow get back to the old individual simplicities by cutting ourselves off from the local Chamber of Commerce, the Federation of Labor, or The Rotary Club as well as from the steel trust, the Monroe Doctrine, or the commonwealth of nations? Are we searching to-day as never before to find some fairly simple rule beneath our dealings with others because we want to discover some Northwest Passage which will enable us to move around this new and chilly Continent of Impersonal Organization? Or are we hoping against hope to find somewhere something that may simplify the morning paper's report of yesterday's nip-and-tuck combination of pain and pleasure which poets call "this pleasing anxious being" and we call life?

"Moslem World Dreams Conquest."
"Lloyd George Troubles Wife Less When Fighting."
"Homely Youth Stabs Handsome Rival."
"Dog Dies to Save Boy Master."
"Mother of Nine Jumps into River."

My friend the locomotive fireman glories in the fact that *his* job, at least, frees him from all necessity of searching for any explanation of such an absurd aggregation of human doings and misdoings.

"You see, an engine's all-fired temperamental," so he explains after he has studied his fire-box carefully and, with a twist of the wrist, has slid the coal off his shovel into exactly the right black, and therefore burned, spots in his fire. "You gotta study her, and humor her. She always wants coal *when* she wants it, *and where exact.* You can mebbe fool a fellow human—they're all easy, seems like. But, believe me, you gotta go some to fool a fire!"

Manifestly enough, both he and the engineer feel the thrill of working, not with the intangible spiritualities of influence, but with the law-abiding certainties of material and measurable, and hence controllable, forces. It is because these forces know and obey their master's voice that the finest train on the road hauls its thousands. So, like all scientists, these masters have a mild contempt for all their higher ups and executives—not to men-

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tion all teachers, preachers, lawyers, and other thinkers who can't boss shovels and throttles themselves and so are forced to earn their living by getting other people to boss them. If the fire isn't doing its job, there's the steam-gauge to tell you all about it before the whole show lies down on you, cold. But when it comes to getting other people to do the right thing at the right time:

"Why, man alive! how're you goin' to know? You can't put no gauge on 'em, can you? And there's no signals to give you a 'Fair Block!' or a 'Slow with caution' nor nothin'! It's all just guesswork—it's gotta be—with people so fickle and fancy-free like 'n' everything. Nothin' o' that in mine, thank you!"

The strange thing is this: most of the foremen, superintendents, and other leaders of present-day industry and business—not to mention those in many other fields—like to feel that while their dealings with things represent science, their dealings with "*thingers*"—with people—represent mystery and magic.

"Well, you see business—business is business."

So the captain of commerce is likely to insist that the doings of the store, the office, or the factory are entirely too diverse and subtle ever to be asked to submit to the same kind of study by which we may hope to understand and control events in other fields.

"What you don't know, sonny, won't hurt you!" so my foreman used to employ the same alibi in his effort to hold onto the "mystery" by which he was foreman, when I would ask why the steel sheets for the automobiles were begun in the steam and smoke and sweat of the "hot rolls," but had to be finished in the grease and grime of the "cold rolls." In the same way labor-unions are apt to write into the law of various lands that no one shall become a mine manager without the actual experience of an excessive number of years—with the resultant serious discouragement of all scientific training.

"But people are so different you can't apply the same rule twice," is another defensive alibi for safeguarding the mystery and side-stepping the "science" of dealing with people. "We'll do anything for our 'hands' that other people tell us is practical—that gets results. But we can't take time to look up the theory."

Unfortunately, such a stand does not prevent any of us from having our own pet theory. Most of us are apt to follow our boast of practical hard-headedness with what serves, to be sure, as the most common explanation of human conduct even though it remains nothing but pure theory:

"It's all in the pay envelope—without more and more money, you can't get anybody to do a blessed thing!"

"It's all politics!" so other millions of us with equal suavity and certainty habitually assume to probe the source of some far-reaching decision which may have come only after nights of sleepless heart-searching beneath the White House roof.

"Ignorance. It's all ignorance!" or "sin and selfishness!" Thus the educator or the preacher is likely to apply his pet hypothesis—and so to condemn us all to a long, long wait before we can hope for any substantial improvement in the headlines of the breakfast-table thriller.

An amazing amount of the present highly disturbing bitterness between moneyed and moneyless, patriot and foreigner, orthodox and atheist follows upon this practicalist habit of checking up our people by our theory instead of checking up our theory by our people.

"For twenty years," so the employer is likely to explain, "we have always paid our men the highest-going wage. And yet the moment some leader calls a strike, they lay down their tools and leave us flat. Beyond understanding, they are. What's the use of trying to get along with them?" Or, according to a union member:

"Here's the employer. He lets us work for him year after year, and then the minute we get into a jam, he turns us out of the company houses, and into the snow. Just in order to get a few "scabs" who will work for ten cents an hour less. What can you do with such a boss but fight him?"

"This idea that the coal-miners want the money of regular work every day is all wrong," protests another. "Why, at our mine we can't possibly keep them steady—and away from their constant

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weddings or funerals, fishing parties or holidays. They're simply impossible. You've got to 'treat 'em rough.'"

Such failure of a particular theory to explain the facts results in the abandonment—no, not of the theory, but of all belief in the other fellow's susceptibility to any fair or logical appeal. With that the stage is set for tragedy and war: a fellow clansman has been proved a Barbarian and Philistine—impervious to all accepted human motives. To distrust him and to fight him is, therefore, not only unavoidable but a conscientious duty to the rest of a sane and reasonable mankind!

In fairly recent times such loyalty to a single-track assumption, as to the proper means to the salvation of our souls, made a work of grace out of the slaughter of heretics and witches. To-day it enables millions of us to enjoy the gracious glow of virtue's warrior as we hear the name of the particular band of outlaws our reasoning has thus put outside the pale. "Organized Labor," "Organized Capital," "Bourgeoisie," "Bolshevist"—who of us is so insignificant as not to condemn others or be ourselves condemned by others, to membership in one of these?

Unless the "new social age," with its so-called "impersonal concerns," is to be accepted as nothing but a fabric of such frenzied affiliations or bloody antipathies as were demonstrated by the World War abroad or the "Labor Wars of 1922" here at home, we must find—and find quickly—some explanation of the doings of others to which we can pledge our loyalty, without taking on so much of armor and acrimony, and taking off so much of human reasonableness and human dignity.

Surely, there is hope in this: that no one can pass from sympathetic attendance at the camp-fires of the conflicting social or industrial armies without being certain of one thing; namely, that each army is hugging to itself a certain line of thought or impulse which more than justifies its action *to itself*.

To miss that line is *to miss all*, and so to close the gates and declare the war!

Some years ago, in the Philippines, the murder of our army officers by half-crazed natives became serious. From week to week it was believed the depredations would cease because every offender had either met immediate or a slightly postponed death. Manifestly enough, the instinct of self-preservation could be counted upon to dissuade from further efforts. When they continued it was evident that nothing could be done with such unreasonable savages.

Some months later a young lieutenant returned from a sojourn in the family of a tribal chief. Shortly thereafter another fanatic broke loose with fatal results to several officers and himself. The population was amazed to see proclamations the following day inviting them to the murderer's interment. At the appointed hour the body was brought out by soldiers and lowered into the grave. The population seemed hardly to breathe as it watched in open-mouthed wonder.

Suddenly was heard a squealing. Up to the edge of the grave the soldiers led a frantic pig. There they cut its throat. Women screamed and men threw themselves upon the ground in prayer as the animal's blood squirted out on to the body of the dead slayer.

That was the last of the murders of the oath-bound "Juramentados."

"To the killer of an infidel, or of his country's enemies, the Koran has promised the immediate and permanent enjoyment of the dark-eyed houri of heaven," so the lieutenant explained. "Only one thing can separate such self-sacrifice from the satisfactions of unending lust. His body must not come in contact with the blood of a pig."

If this network of religious beliefs, political prejudice, industrial misconceptions, or social antipathies were carried on our sleeves or even on the top of our minds, or if it were not forever changing—then our understanding of that line of justification behind the other fellow's action would be simple—and the war short.

"Say, whaat do yez mean, a-punchin' into a mon's car like thot? Gimme yer name and be quick! . . . Oh! And where might ye hev been borned, Pat, me mon? . . . In County Cork! Well, now! 'Tis a fair country, thot. . . . And now hev yez any idee what would be the name, Pat, av thot d——d Dago that backed into yez?"

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The story of our lives could doubtless be told in such assertions or such "fade-aways" of the view-points established by our earlier attitudes, experiences, and associations. Most of us, of course, insist that all these changes—whether their "tempo" is slower or faster than the policeman's—have occurred because the facts themselves—or, at least, our understanding of them—have changed, and that the whole thing has been thoroughly and immovably based in the unprejudiced concrete of our reason and logic.

But it hardly needs to be argued that for most of us, more facts are less important than a reweighing and revaluation of those we already have. Indeed, it is hard to know where to turn in order to find a fact that is much more than a collection of other peoples' weighings and reweighings. Nowadays we stop to observe the fighting of a fire on the street and proceed later to search the paper for the meaning of what we saw. That meaning is hardly likely to be the one the reporter contributed. The "city desk" is apt to add his own valuations—of course after these have been properly adjusted for the particular "slant" required by the management's general policy. But the editor's valuations, in turn, are not so much his as they are his best guesses or "hunches" as to the probable nature of the weighings likely to be made by us, his readers. Of us, in turn, the weighings are not so much a matter between us and the editor as between us and those about us whose weighings we come to know in advance by virtue of our own "hunches"!

No wonder that the faculties of our reason and logic throw up their hands, and leave this complex compounding of our attitudes to our feelings.

"Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food," so Benjamin Franklin tells us in his autobiography of the part played so often by our reason, "and on this occasion I considered . . . the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that when the fish were opened, I saw small fish taken out of their stomachs; and then, thought I, 'If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you.' So I dined upon cod very heartily. . . . So convenient a thing is it to be a *reasonable creature,* since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."

In such wise our feelings, with the aid of our logic, proceed to the determination of all those boundaries and barriers and distances that set the stage with the view-points, beliefs, prejudices, "hunches," and hankerings from which our action proceeds to flow in the consciousness of complete and uttermost reasonableness.

"When Germany loses, mama cries. Papa cries when Germany wins," so the Russian Czarevitch reported the emotions that shook not only his distinguished parents but, later, the very foundations of Europe and the world.

What made them feel that way?

Well, the ductless glands are the latest to have our attention for their influence upon the value scales of our emotions, and so upon our daily doings. The temperate zone, the "co-efficient of humidity," and a thousand other factors of our local physical or physiological environment have come in for due attention. Perhaps the most serious consideration has been given by the philosophers to what might be called our "long-distance" environment.

"Man is born into his world accompanied by a rich psychical disposition which furnishes him ready-made all his motives of conduct, economic or wasteful, moral or depraved. He can show a demand for nothing that is not prompted by this galaxy of instincts." So Carlton H. Parker described what he believed serve as the root motives in our modern economic life.

"Take away these instinctive dispositions with their powerful impulses," according to Professor MacDougall of Harvard, "and the human organization would become incapable of activity of any kind—like a wonderful clockwork whose mainspring had been removed."

Now I submit that neither these local nor these long-distance pullers of the triggers of our feelings go far enough to meet our present need. They fall short

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in this: they do not provide an explanation sufficiently simple for the daily guidance of those among us who must earn our living by the daily direction of our influence on men's doings—whether in commerce and industry or education, religion, and politics.

Certainly the head of a force of, say, 3,000 factory workers cannot hope to secure the co-operation of his machinists or his clerks by means of an examination of the differences between the pituitary or the thyroid glands of his two groups! Nor could the local climate be expected to provide a sufficient reason for the marked dissimilarity of the view-point of clerk and machinist, and that is exactly the nub of his difficulty. Even the wide assortment of instincts, though perhaps sufficient to furnish a particular explanation for each of the various groups throughout the plant, hardly solves the problem of his routine day.

"Hello! hello! Is this the superintendent? Say, the whole tool-room is walking out on us! Come up here quick and tell us what to do!"

On his way over to answer the foreman's frantic appeal, how can the "super" pick out the particular "instinctive disposition" with which something is evidently the matter?

1. Gregariousness—with its "trek to the city," and its "sensitiveness to the opinions of others."
2. Parental bent.
3. Curiosity.
4. Workmanship.
5. Acquisition. Collecting. Ownership.
6. Fear and flight.
7. Mental activity.
8. Homing or settling (children's playhouses, etc.)
9. Migration—the cause of the hobo.
10. Hunting: causes religious inquisitions, witch-burnings, competitor-beating, trust-busting, etc.
11. Anger. Pugnacity.
12. Revolt at confinement.
13. Revulsion.
14. Leadership and mastery.
15. Subordination and submission.
16. Display or ostentation.
17. Hunger.
18. Sex.

"It's Number 5! That's what's doing this business; these fellows want to own the place! . . . Or perhaps Number 12." So the superintendent may ruminate as he hurries along with the list in his clinched fists.

His problem has hardly been simplified. His psychological tool-chest contains too many tools—with no adequate instruction as to how to use them. Worst of all, there is little if any explanation as to how they work in connection with each other. If "No. 5" is really causing the trouble, how many units of "No. 4" or "No. 16" will have to be applied in order to bring the hoped-for equilibrium of impulse and the consequent peace of mind?

In short, the superintendent has in his hands, not a group of explanations and causes, but a mere catalogue of various well-worn channels of behavior. Worse still, the catalogue has completely failed to give the hoped-for common denominator—the factor by which the whole list may somehow be tied together and the force or thrust of one be determined in terms of another. If we divide the catalogue into those that furnish self-preservation for our physical selves and those that work for our social well-being, it is evident that "Gregariousness" or "Herd instinct" covers such a multitude of social sins and virtues in the complexity of our present-day environment that the mere name itself gives little help.

To be sure, we may see in all our bewildering variety of modern social and spiritual calls and answers nothing but the "sublimation" or civilized refinement of those primitive habits which once saved our material skins. But, in that case we have set up a Frankenstein image. We have given our safety over into the hands mainly of our fancy. He is a dull dreamer, indeed, who cannot find for every situation an easy and apparently fitting sublimate!

Admittedly, we shall never get away from the reach of these inborn tendencies which are implanted in our physiological equipment for physiological purposes. Admittedly, too, these have their social masks for exerting force upon us within our present setting. Nevertheless, it is folly not to see what is the root of the matter—that every one of these present high-speed, multiplex days of ours *has so decreased the proportion of the requirements*

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of our physical self-preservation and so increased the proportion of the demands of our social well-being as to require some less primitive statement of the sources of our modern activities.

Within us, to be sure, are numberless memories of a dim but inescapable past, ready at any moment to remind us of the necessity of saving our stomachs. The trouble is that the development of modern statecraft has all but made extreme hunger an offense against the law! Prison-bars await the social malefactor who would try to starve himself to death. But what are we to say of our fellow citizens who each year turn away from their crowded dinner tables and succeed in taking their own lives—to the fearful total of ten thousand?

In these days of the labor-union, the Thirteenth Street gang, the federation of women's clubs, or the League of Nations, the saving of our physiological skins has given way as the chief of human motives to the saving of our social faces.

This change in *proportion* between these two compulsions—this, I submit, is the real change in the setting of our modern stage. Our failure properly to observe and adjust ourselves to this change—this, and not the formation of the new and supposedly impersonal organizations,—this, I submit, has brought our present state of deadly inter-class belligerency and induced the present world-wide "funk" about our common "human nature."

The statement of the heart's-bottom mainspring wish of all of us which this change necessitates will occupy the second article.

Winter Moonrise

BY EVELYN M. WATSON

ALL silent like a picture limned in frost,
I see the twilight flow 'mid hills and trees—
The dim, bleak, snow-marked hills, and naked trees—
And valley farm homes' snowy mansard roofs
Make silhouettes against the wan gray sky.
Cold colors dimly tremble through the west,
To rise and shift across the darkening dome.
The sun, a rayless disk of burnished bronze,
Appears to sink within a sea of lifeless gray,
Whence dying lights inflame the sky, and mark
With fire the narrow-mullioned windows of the house,
And touch the snowy-tinselled trees with crimson lights.

And, as the gray of sky
With all its transient western glory sinks
Within the limitless, uncharted blacks
Of night, the moon, a silent crescent, brightens
Against the dark, wherein the stars now glitter
As frosts which lie upon the cold still earth.
A faint light trembles through the north. 'Tis night.

There comes a cold bright thought—that light
Is seldom wholly absent quite from our sky.
The pitch-black hours are very, very few,
If not the sun, then moon and stars prevail,
Reflected glory bring to grace life's nights.
And winter has the stars of snows to speak,
A symbolic mantle of God's protecting love.
A shivering beggar smiling at the moon,
I find content for this winter dark of mine.

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"Uffs"

ANOTHER STORY OF "VAN TASSEL" AND "BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN
Author of "Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

AS Patrolman John Kane, Traffic A, went on post in Fifth Avenue, somewhere south of Fourteenth Street, he drew on his gray gloves quickly and stamped his feet on the cold pavement. The early morning sun was squinting over the housetops, but there had been four days of cold April rain, and the clouds swept in from the west in great low billows that kept back the sunshine except for a flashing glimpse here and there. The storm was still in the air, and the sharpness of March was in the wind that whirled around the corner.

"Ugh! Not much spring in this!" shivered the traffic-cop, as he waved a solitary truck on its lumbering cross-town way. He looked down, as though something in his uniform were missing, and shivered once more, as he realized the loss of the overcoat that departmental orders had just banished for the season.

"Wrong again!" he commented, in recognition of the departmental wisdom that annually picks the coldest day in April for the shedding of overcoats. The seasoned cop instinctively crowds sweaters and newspapers to his bosom, behind his brass buttons, when the overcoat order appears; for he knows that a cold snap is coming. And, once the overcoat is off, he knows it will not be ordered on again, though blizzards blow and snowflakes fly.

Officer Kane was not the only doubter of spring. Men hurried around the corner with coat-collars turned up, and a pair of stenographers stopped and turned around for breath as they came suddenly into the teeth of the wind. Tommaso, who had cleaned this block for many years, came by with head lowered as he doggedly pushed his broom over the pavement before him. He wore a black rubber coat, rubber hat, and rubber boots. Only where the coat was unbuttoned at the neck did the white of his uniform show.

"Hey, Tom, wha' d'yer do with that hot spell?" hailed Kane.

The cleaner stopped, looked up, and meditated; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, went on.

"Feelin' good to-day, Tom?" Kane threw after him, with a grin.

On the sidewalk a knot of taxi-drivers huddled behind the line of taxis, where there was shelter. The storm awning that ran out from the high building flapped and snapped in the wind. Kane looked over the taxis, then turned around in a circle as he surveyed the street crossing horizon that would hold him in its grip until sunset. Nothing unusual, he registered, as he beckoned on the first office-bound limousine from the north, with his best "good morning" grin. There was a shuffle among the taxi men, and he looked again, more sharply.

"Hey, come back here!" a voice shouted.

"Come here, you rat!"

There was a scuffle, and one of the drivers suddenly shot out from between the taxis, with hands outstretched, and cigarette flying off at an angle. Ahead of him a small yellow dog bounded over to Officer Kane in joyful up-and-down leaps, took up a position the other side of him, and turned around with head lowered, while he breathed defiance at his pursuer, from behind the blue-clad legs of the law.

"Ur-r-r!" growled the fugitive ferociously.

"Hey, come out o' that!" Then the driver looked up at the officer and laughed.

"Ur-r-r!" The yellow fore feet were wide apart, the brown eyes were glaring from between them, and behind the uplifted back a crooked yellow tail was wagging vigorously.

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Kane looked down at the warrior at bay and gave a comprehending grin.

"A reg'lar yeller dog," he said. "Where d'yer get him, Jake?"

"Oh, off a truck, 'bout an hour ago. They threw him off at the corner—you know how they do, when they want to get rid of a stray. He's been hangin' around here ever since—haven'tcha, y' rat!"

The rat shifted sideward a foot, in recognition of the challenge.

"Here, let's have a look," said Kane, as he bent down. "Give us a paw, now." He tousled the top of the yellow head with one hand, and lifted a paw with the other. The warrior stood up on his hind legs, with tail wagging harder than ever, and placed the free paw, with its pawful of pavement dirt, on a spotless blue trouser.

"Hey-y, there—wha'd'yer think I am—a doormat?" Then he turned to the driver. "W'y, he's a puppy, Jake—look at those legs. He hasn't even found 'em yet. He makes me think of—" The sentence was left unfinished. "Ah, you poor little devil—" he put his hand gently on a broad scar that had scarcely healed across the shoulder. The puppy began meditatively licking the hand. "And that tail—it's crooked as Pearl Street!" The last three inches of the yellow tail veered sharply off at an angle of thirty degrees. Kane looked again at the dog's head. "Yes, you're just a yeller dog—a mut. You're lucky to be alive." He put the puppy down, brushed off his trousers, and straightened up. "Looks just like—" he started to say, then changed his mind.

"What do we do with him?" asked the driver.

"Guess we gotta fix him up." Kane thought a moment. "I got it. You fellers keep him on the sidewalk for a while, where he won't get hurt. I got a buddy on one o' those big trucks that makes the night run to Baltimore, and he oughta be comin' by soon. He can take him along and drop him at some farmhouse where they'll take him in." He pondered a minute. "Wish I could take him myself," he added. "But he oughta get out o' here quick—the society 'll have him before noon, if a truck don't get him first. A dog hasn't a chance in this town."

The yellow pup had a different plan for his immediate future, however. He had definitely left that sidewalk, and was already on post; in joint possession of the crossing with the officer. He had found the friend he had been looking for since early morning, when they threw him off the truck; and all he asked of the world was one friend, to whom he could return his dog's allegiance, in full measure. Kane's efforts to transfer the pup's post were doomed to failure. He would shoo him away, with a great show of severity, and the puppy would go bounding off a few feet, in high glee, with head bobbing up and down in the most ridiculous fashion, hind quarters hunched up, and tail between his legs in mock subjection, only to execute an excited detour and come bounding back to the crossing. It was a great game, and, just because the small dog entirely understood the big cop, it could not be anything else.

They were an unexpected pair, as the early limousines saw them. Kane was six feet of brawn, with light hair and the pink cheeks he had brought home from France. He pulled twice his weight on the tug o' war team of Traffic A. And his cheery grin was known to every car that passed his post. The yellow pup came to his knees, as he squatted on the pavement alongside the cop, shifting here and there as Kane waved on first the cross-town traffic and then turned to release the north-and-south-bound. The faces that peered out of the limousines looked startled as they discovered the cause of their sudden slowing down; then, as they looked back and caught the cop's grin above and the serious demeanor of his yellow assistant below, an irresistible burst of laughter would possess them for blocks to come. It might not be spring, but the day was starting right.

"Look here, old mastiff," said Kane, as the traffic grew thicker, "you'll have to handle the sidewalk sector now, or there won't be any yellow pup pretty soon." The puppy's eyes looked as though they were trying to understand, while his tail wagged acquiescence in whatever his new master might decree. Kane looked at him thoughtfully. "It's funny," he said, "you're a ringer for him—poor little Uffs. I think we'll call you Uffs."

The dog was still wagging his tail, but the cop was looking back two, three, nearly four years. He was looking again

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

They were an unexpected pair, as the early limousines saw them.—Page 98.

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at the ruined village in Lorraine that had come as the first sign of real war to the wide-eyed men in olive drab who filled the big truck. There was a church without steeple or roof, and with holes for windows; and the usual piles of brick and plaster and half-standing houses lined the little winding streets. They had stood like that, a scar against the sunlit hills, since that first August. But to the men in the truck they were new, and strangely different. Here and there a Frenchwoman stood in a doorway, with children clinging to her skirts as she took wondering note of "les Américains," at last, on their way to the front. When the truck stopped at the cross-roads, a small girl had picked up a yellow mongrel beside her, and in dumb show proffered the gift toward the big men in the truck. "Pennee? Pennee?" came the understanding chorus from the doughboy. The little girl had shaken her head. "Come on, I'll take him," and Sergeant Kane had reached down and gathered the pup into his arms. "He'll get nothing to eat around here," he said, "he's all skin and bones now. All right, little girl—compree. Partee now." The truck rumbled off to the north. "You said it," corroborated a private, "no uffs in this country—no nothing." Although not referred to in the field-service regulations, the existence of "uffs," which is accurate doughboy French for eggs, is an important test of countryside possibilities. "'Bout as big as a couple of uffs, himself," came disparagingly from under a tin hat in the back of the truck, as the small ball of yellow made himself at home. From that moment he was "Uffs" to the whole company. He was even accorded the freedom of the battalion, for it is a natural bond that draws one stray to another—and the soldier is the saddest stray of them all. "Uffs" lasted two happy months. That was a fair average. When he had gone, the sergeant found a hole in his affections that was never quite filled.

As Sergeant Kane came back to the world of Patrolman Kane, of Traffic A, he picked up Uffs, dirt and all, and rubbed the yellow head with his big hand, until the puppy's delight was beyond all bounds. Then he called toward the taxis.

"Jake!"

"Yeah!"

"Come here a minute, will yer?"

"Sure!"

"Take care of him, will yer? All of yer, together—he can't stay out here. I'll have him out o' your way soon. Go ahead now, Uffs, it's all right!"

He handed the dog over to the driver, brushed off his clothes, and turned to the traffic that had waited patiently while he journeyed across the years to France and back. Uffs looked doubtfully over the driver's shoulder as he was borne away, but the discipline of trust was there, and his master had spoken.

There was no "higher authority" on the sidewalk, however, and those curious driver folk were rightly regarded by Uffs as no more than so many instruments of a morning's enjoyment. He went at it with the zest of a man who has made his pile for the year and is off on a long vacation. First there was cab inspection. No recess of those dismal interiors was too remote to be thoroughly sniffed out, nor was there robe too sacred to be chewed—if he could get away with it. There were sudden leaps, here and there, with those clumsy drivers in headlong pursuit. Sometimes the puppy legs floundered, and a pair of strong hands closed about the panting yellow object and pulled it back to earth. It was in one of the lulls of the campaign that a daintily stockinged ankle stepped up from under the flapping awning and was followed into the taxi by its daintily stockinged mate. With a desperate plunge, Uffs leaped in, a good third, just in time to escape the closing door. "Oh!" There was a little scream from the interior. "Hey-y, you mut—come out o' that!" And, by hind leg and tail, a baffled driver pulled his gratuitous passenger out of a hastily reopened cab-door. There was a guffaw from the drivers who had escaped this particular form of catastrophe.

"Say, Officer, he's in again!" bellowed Jake to the traffic-cop. "Better get a halter for that dog—he's orful strong!"

From time to time, Uffs would appear between the taxis and bark hopefully at the cop; he made a hoarse little noise that sounded like "uffs, uffs!" When Kane waved him back, he would wait there, with longing look and argumentative little whine, until a more forceful gesture

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sent him scurrying to the sidewalk again. Only once did he gain his objective, and that was when he attached himself, by dog's right, to a small boy and girl whom Kane was convoying across the street. That children, as well as soldiers, belong to stray dogs is well understood in the brotherhood of "muts"—and Uffs was clearly a "mut." It was with an air of easy assurance that he trotted along with the little convoy, his tongue lolling forth importantly, as he did his part in the job. When the expedition had passed, he was unceremoniously chased back again.

As the morning wore on, the gray clouds above were followed by great dimpled masses of snowy white, driven low and fast, and covering the sky with the sweep of their advance. Patches of blue began to appear, and then the sun shone warm and clear. Below, there was just a hint of green in the brown of the bushes that still live, south of Fourteenth Street. A truck rolled by toward Washington Square, with a swaying load of park benches, newly painted in bright green. The first flower-wagon was going slowly up the avenue, along the curb, starting and stopping as the red and white gleam of its geraniums and hyacinths brought customers hurrying out of doors and down steps to see if summer were really coming. An umbrella-mender came singsonging through the side street, and, to make assurance doubly sure, a hurdy-gurdy, manned by a swarthy attendant, was standing in front of the high building, and grinding out the "Marseillaise" with a gusto gloriously attuned to the charging clouds above. "Aux armes, citoyens!" A man walking south straightened up and walked faster—"Ah!" he breathed, and there was a new light in his eye. The drivers looked up, and the cop started as though something had come back inside of him. Under the arch in the square a twirl of color flashed and vanished, as the wind played with the memorial flag that streamed from the white pole beyond. And then a great patch of blue let down a flood of sunshine to reassure every living thing. Spring had come, in lower Fifth Avenue.

There was no doubt about this, in the mind of Uffs. His day had arrived. He capped the climax of his ecstasy when he bounded into the hallway of the high building and, by way of self-introduction, began pawing vigorously at the long tails of the doorman's brass buttoned coat. That was his big mistake. Perhaps spring had not penetrated the carpeted aisles of this temple of propriety. Perhaps it had come only to the doorstep. Uffs did not know that. The doorman turned and shot an exasperated kick at the yellow object, then pursued it out of the door, down the steps and across the sidewalk, to the very end of the long awning. At the curb he let go another kick, that grazed the hind-quarters of the puppy, who was scampering for his life now, with tail between his legs in genuine fright.

"Damn yer— I'll teach yer ter come runnin' 'round halls!"

As the yellow fluff flashed into the street, there was a yelp of fear, and then the puppy pulled up just short of the wheels of a passing car and stood trembling, in panic-stricken uncertainty. There was a quick look from the crossing, and a quicker stride to the curb. The doorman was still glowering, when a heavy gray-gloved hand fell on his shoulder and pushed him back, back toward the steps, while a pair of blue eyes looked something not far short of bloodshed.

"There, stand up now!" The hand shook the doorman's shoulder as though the bones would rattle out. "Stand up, and fight with your fists—if yer got any!" The cop dropped his hand. "Kickin' a little dog around like that"—he gave the doorman a look of slow disgust—"you—make—me—sick! I've a good mind ter lock yer up, for cruelty ter animals. No," he reflected, "a punch in the face 'd be better for you." His fist closed, and there was the slightest approach toward drawing back his right arm. "Now leave 'im alone, d'yer hear me? It'll be healthy for yer!"

He turned and walked to where the puppy was waiting, squatted on the sidewalk and much subdued. As the crooked tail began wagging uncertainly, Kane gave the upturned head a reassuring pat. "Pretty near gotcha that time," he commented. Then he looked up quickly. A big truck was grinding through the side street. The driver was enclosed in a box-like compartment that looked like the cab of a locomotive, and the body of the truck

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almost darkened the street in its immensity. Across the great side appeared the words "Mammoth Express" in gold letters against the green background. And there were two number plates, one in red for "D. C.," and the other in blue, below, for "Maryland." Kane made the middle of the street in two jumps, and held up his hand. The truck monster stopped with a grumble of resignation, and a head appeared at the cab window, with another close behind. There was a grin of recognition.

"Hello, John—thought you was off today."

"No, I was busy for a minute over there." The cop jerked a thumb backward at the awning. "Say, Mac, I got a job for yer—it's a queer one. Y'see that yeller mut there"—he pointed toward Uffs, watching from the curb— "Well, I gotta get the poor little devil out o' here, quick. Somebody threw him off a truck this morning, an' he's been here ever since. He nearly cashed in under a car only a minute ago. Will yer take him along an' drop him somewhere in Jersey, at some good-lookin' farmhouse, where they'll take him in?"

Kane called to the curb. "Hey, Uffs, come here!" As the puppy loped across, Kane picked him up and looked at him. "Not so bad, for a mut——"

The driver had been gazing curiously at the dog. A queer expression came over his face, and he started when Kane called to the puppy.

"That's a funny one," he said. "He made me think o' somethin', an' then you called him 'Uffs.'" He looked again, and smiled. "He's a ringer, John." The two men were silent as they grinned at the dog.

When the big truck had rumbled off, Kane walked slowly back to his post, and he was muttering to himself. "Well, it's better for him," he said. "Mac'll put 'im in a good place—an' he wouldn't last another hour here." But he felt lonely, as he had felt four years ago, when for a day the whole company had been unhappy. Above, the April sky was clouding over again; the street seemed bleak and wintry.

At the crossing Kane found the man on patrol, filling in as traffic-cop.

"Much obliged, Ed."

"All right, John."

The patrolman stood hesitating.

"What's up?" said Kane quietly.

"Maybe trouble, John—I dunno. Y' know that new special deputy the mayor just appointed? Made a lot o' money out o' the war—fancy dresser—little mustache—I forget his name."

"Rothstein?"

"That's it. He went by while you were after the dog—I was on the other corner. He puts out his head and looks around, then he tells the driver to slow up, pulls out a pencil and makes a note on a piece o' paper. Looked good an' sore. Y' know, he's stuck on bein' saluted——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Kane, disgustedly.

"They say he's in strong at City Hall—nothin' but a fad with him, but—off post, an' all that—you know. An' that dog story won't stand up. When he'd gone, I come over—might cover yer if any more come along."

Kane looked serious. "See if yer can pick up anything, Ed," he said.

The man on patrol took up his beat again, with a nonchalant swing of the club, as though there had been nothing of import in the conference. At the end of an hour he had been in communication with individuals at headquarters, at Traffic A, and the precinct station-house, and at the City Hall. Also, he had been in touch with Big Bill Baker, his best bet over in the Municipal Building, who, besides being a friend of the young cop from Traffic A, was a messenger in the service of the city government—which gave him unusual opportunities for "picking up things." These communications were neither official nor of record, nor did they interfere with police duty. But they were valuable. They were the "grape-vine."

At the end of another hour, a big-boned man, with gray eyes and heavy grayish mustache under a black slouch hat, was casually crossing the avenue at Patrolman Kane's post, on traffic.

"Hello, John," said Big Bill quietly, as he stopped for a moment. "It's bad—you're reported in for transfer." Kane's eyes kindled. "I've got a hunch, though—I'll tip yer off later. Leave it ter me."

Having passed the time of day in this routine fashion, Big Bill went on, with every appearance of unconcern. It was

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better not to be seen talking long to Kane. Not that it mattered to Big Bill. He was regular and he had a leader; Tom Donovan could handle any trouble that would ever perch on his doorstep. But Kane was just a cop and a soldier, who didn't know a leader from a wooden Indian. And Kane was in trouble. The fewer people he was seen talking to on post, the better.

Kane knew that he was in trouble. The grape-vine had yielded messages from several directions. At headquarters the special deputy's demand for his transfer was being held for investigation; there were no enemies in that citadel. But special deputy police commissioners are powerful persons, and the last man to incur the displeasure of one of those irresponsible satellites had been taken out of Traffic A, and sent to patrol the sandy wastes of City Island. Kane's heart sank as he thought of that. He had just moved the wife and kids out of the flat in Charles Street and down to Staten Island, where they could all live in the country. His savings had gone into the first payment on one of the tiny, tax-exempt "bungaloos," that were beginning to dot that rural borough. He was happy, and fixed, and broke. City Island! That was half a day's journey from his new home—he would be lucky to see his family once in a month. As he glanced at the yellow wheel with the horse's head on his left sleeve, he pictured the change from the regular hours of traffic duty—nine to six-thirty, with Sundays and holidays off—to the long and short "swings" of patrol, with its night work and long stretches on reserve. But, back of all that, it was like ripping off his chevrons—and for what? Because the special deputy had lost a salute—for that he was to be disgraced!

He handled his traffic automatically, as he turned the thing over and over in his mind, but as the afternoon grew late, his face hardened. Patrolman Kane was as ordinary a commuting husband and father as any other bundle carrier on the cross-bay circuit. Under his brass buttons and blue the same sort of human heart registered the same job lot of virtues and faults, smiles and grouches, that it registers under civilian garb. There was the added tradition of courage that inhabits New York's ten thousand cops, that might be called different. But, by and large, he was the same as any other man, and he could not understand the kind of "justice" that was now overtaking him. Neither had he any idea what to do about it.

Big Bill was more resourceful. While Kane, on post, was shrouded in gloom, Big Bill was basking in the soft lights of a banker's parlor in Pine Street. He was talking earnestly to a well-set-up young man who had met him there by appointment. The young man listened attentively but doubtfully.

"I tell yer, he can do it," repeated the messenger. "This feller Rothstein's always skatin' on thin ice down here, an' your uncle's different—why, he could buy that feller out an' never miss the change! He only needs ter say the word, an' its done! I got enough dope on this Wall Street bunch ter know what Van Tassel & Tobey says, goes—down here, anyway. If yer put it up good an' strong—an' you're alderman, Jimmy, an' supposed ter look out fer your friends—why, I know the kind your uncle is—he's one o' them thoroughbreds that'll go the limit fer a man like Kane—he'd be glad ter do it fer him!"

"Oh, Uncle Bob's end is all right," laughed the Honorable James Van Tassel, who, for many seasons now—save for his own two years in the army—had represented the 75th Aldermanic District in the city's councils. "He knows Kane just as I do—every one who goes by that corner knows him—and he'd be only too glad to help. But I don't see why this man Rothstein should——"

A door opened, and the senior partner of Van Tassel & Tobey entered, tall, spare, and alert.

"Oh, good morning, Jimmy, what's up?"

"Good morning, Uncle Bob. This is Mr. Baker, who helps me in the district——"

"Ha, ha, politics again? Glad to meet you, Mr. Baker—sit down and be comfortable—now, fire away!"

The alderman explained his mission, with sundry interpolations from Big Bill, and one interruption from the banker of, "Oh, yes, I know him—fine-looking chap—soldier, wasn't he?" When they were through, the senior partner looked puzzled.

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"Well, I could do it—" he smiled quizzically, with the tips of his fingers together before him, as he hesitated. "I'm not anxious to ask favors of that fellow—but—well, I guess there's no harm."

He turned to the telephone. "Quite a drive on Sunset Oil to-day," he soliloquized absently, his fingers drumming on the table as he waited for the call. "Rothstein caught pretty bad, they say—don't know if he'll get out." Then a secretary came with a message, and he disappeared behind a glass door. In ten minutes he returned, chuckling.

"Well, I talked to him about your precious cop, Jimmy. He seemed to have forgotten all about it, at first. Then he remembered—said he bore no ill will—it was just a disciplinary threat—whatever that is. Said he'd fix it up if he found time. And then he said some other things—about Sunset Oil. He's very busy to-day!" The banker chuckled again. "Well, perhaps we can help him a little," he added.

"Thanks awfully, uncle," said Jimmy.

"Say, Mr. Van Tassel, that's a white thing yer done," burst in Big Bill. "Yer 'll never regret it—take it from me! That's white, that is!"

He gave the banker a grip that made him wince.

"Say, he's a reg'lar feller, that uncle o' yours," he said to Jimmy, admiringly, on the way out. "Now, I gotta get busy—no tellin' what that guy'll do unless we keep after 'im—yer ain't got nothin' till yer got it."

Bill said good-by to his alderman, and went on the circuitous ways that sometimes accompany the carrying of municipal messages.

When Kane went off post at six-thirty, he had no further light on his impending punishment. Even Big Bill had not reported. As he sank wearily into a seat in the smoking-cabin of the ferry-boat, he wondered how he would tell "the wife" about it—that was the next hurdle! If he had something definite to tell, Maggie would understand; but this was different. He could wait until to-morrow—no, she'd be sure to see it in his face to-night. And then she'd begin to worry about the house. He thought of how she had hugged him when he first showed her the little home, of how the color had come into her cheeks, and the cough had nearly gone, since they had lived there, and he fell into depths of despair.

A cop from the lower Fifth Avenue precinct, off duty and homeward bound, sat down next to him.

"How'd'yer make out, John?"

"Dunno yet."

"Big stiff. It's bad enough, the way they got the lieutenants buzzin' 'round now, without shoo-fly deputies buttin' in." Kane was silent. "Might as well spend all yer time in the trial-room, an' cut out patrollin' altogether. I'm ready to chuck the job."

"You're not married," said Kane.

They finished the trip in silence.

"Well, good luck," said the man from the precinct, as they parted at the ferry-house, and hurried off to their different cars. "Wish I could help."

On the front porch of the "bungaloo" that was sixth in a closely set row of two-story frame houses, Mrs. John Kane, with a small Kane in plentifully patched breeches alongside, was waiting as her husband came up the road. As she came down the steps, there was a whoop as the patched breeches made a rush for the blue uniform.

"Johnny, be careful—baby's asleep!"

When the big man in blue let her go, she looked at him curiously—he had seemed to hold her longer than usual. Then she remembered.

"There's a message for you, John—telephone, at the drug-store—I nearly forgot. Want you to call up at eight—it's nearly that now. Here's the number."

"Say who it was?" inquired Kane, as carelessly as possible.

"No, just the number." She searched his face with her eyes. "John, there's something wrong," she said. "Is it bad?"

"No, it's all right, Mag. I'll tell yer when I'm back—I'll only be a minute." But she looked long after him as he went down the road.

In the drug-store at the corner the clerk volunteered: "He seemed awful anxious—wanted you to be sure and call him."

"All right," said Kane. "Well, here goes," he added, to himself, as he got central. The connection to the place on First Avenue, in Manhattan, was poor,

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"Well, I could do it—" he smiled quizzically, with the tips of his fingers together, . . . as he hesitated.—Page 104.

but this much he managed to get: "This you, John? Well, I been waitin' for yer. Yeah, this is Bill—yer guessed right. Here's what I got. It's all fixed up. I say it's all fixed up—can yer hear me now? That's all. I tell yer it's all fixed—don'tcha believe me? How about the deputy? I called 'im off. Yeah. Well, never mind how I did it. I'll tell yer termorrer. Yeah, it's O K—on the level. He didn't come across till late, or I'd a' told yer—headquarters only had it an hour ago. Aw, ferget it—you know me. Ferget it. Go home an' tell the wife. I'll see yer to-morrow. S'long."

As Kane walked hazily out of the drug-store, and started to cross the turnpike toward the side road, he was still trying to grasp this sudden turn in his affairs. It was hard to believe. And yet—Big Bill knew his book. Yes, he could bank on that. Whether it was his own mental

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fog, or the gathering dusk, he never knew, but he did not see the big truck that was bearing down on him from the right until he was almost under it. Nor did he hear a cryptic conversation in the locomotive-like cab.

"Is this the road?"

"Yes, this is it—I was here only Sunday week, to see the new house. Careful now, while I slow down. There, go ahead—easy now—don't hurt him. That's good." Something had gone floundering out of the cab and into the grass on the other side of the road. The gears scrunched and grated, and as the truck jerked forward, the voice went on, more buoyantly, "That's one on the old sergeant, all right—that dog'll nose him out in an hour. Now we gotta make time—lost a lot comin' round this way." Then, after a moment, "But wait'll we go by him on post next time—won't we get hell?" And the driver and his helper mingled their laughter with the roar of the receding truck.

As Kane jumped for safety and came back to earth, his cop's instinct sent his first look after the number plates of the vanishing vehicle. All he could see was two swinging flashes of color, red over blue, framed in the circular glow of the tail-light, as the shadowy monster went roaring into the night. Then he turned quickly. An indistinguishable object was moving toward him, from the grass on the other side of the road. It halted warily, on the edge. There was a sudden rush—and the yellow pup was plunging headlong toward the cop, with excited barks of unrestrained joy.

"Well, I'll be—hello, Uffs!" said Kane. He could believe anything now. As the dog put both paws up on his master's knees, with the crooked tail wagging furiously, and barked toward the head that was up there so high above the level of yellow dogs, Kane reached down and gathered the little vagrant up in his arms.

"Come on, Uffs, we'll go home now."

And they went up the road together.

The Ship

BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

Author of "The Unspeakable Gentleman," etc.

I LIKE to think sometimes that wherever it is we come from, each of us is given in advance exact instructions for the human rôle he is to play, down to the very lines he is to speak; instructions which we all bear cleanly printed on our subconscious minds, which we may obey with a bad grace, but still are always constrained carefully to follow. I like to think so, and to hope that there is some one somewhere who is diverted. For, though it may be a childish theory, it answers many things. Among others I think sometimes that it explains the purpose of people like Mr. James Stephen Hill. Surely some one in some astral gallery must have been watching while he stumbled and vacillated through the lights and shadows.

It was Henderson who told me the story. It still seems a little strange that he should have stepped from his rôle as a servant to tell it. I had never been a friend of Stephen Hill's. Indeed, as far as I know, no one had.

I had been reading a book in the smoking-room of the *Tarmania*. I had not noticed that it was past time for closing, nor that the card-players, sleepy from four days at sea, had gone to their cabins, until I perceived that the meagre figure of the smoking-room steward was standing by my elbow.

"You don't remember me, do you, sir?" he was asking.

A little startled by his question, I looked at him with a vain effort at recollection.

"My name is Henderson," he said, "I was Mr. Stephen Hill's man."

I still recall the sense of unconsidered things which his statement gave me. I wondered how many others had watched me from behind my chair who knew as

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much of me as the friends with whom I dined, for I remembered. I remembered very clearly now.

Indeed, it would be hard for any one who comes from Freeport not to know about the Hills, for gossip has a way of spreading fast and clinging faster in that moribund old seaport town, and the past has a way of mingling with the present. They rest together like the brackish water and the fresh in the back eddies of that broad river that sucks and swirls beneath the sagging piles of our rotting wharfs. And sometimes in our quietest days, and in the stillest of our winter nights, the present itself seems very remote, hardly more noisome and disturbing than the muffled beating of the sea on the bar that blocks our river's mouth. The streets and houses seem to be waiting then in stolid melancholy through the quiet hours, and that same melancholy steals over those of us who are there until we, too, find ourselves waiting. . . .

But perhaps you know it too, for there are many who know our town. If you have ever driven north from Boston along that broad ribbon of a road, the last vital relic of Freeport's grandeur, if you have followed it over the half-smoothed glacial hills and through the rock-strewn, cedar-tufted swamps, you have felt the stillness of our shaded streets and the austere dignity of that broad way where our houses stand. It is there you see the mansion of the Hills, quite alone just as you come to the turn that leads to the river.

It would be hard to find such another house outside of the old New England seaports. It is still majestic and strong, strong because it was built in a lavish way out of the early profits the Hills had made from slaves and rum, majestic because it was designed before the square-rigged ships had given way to steam, and before the age of the machine had closed Freeport forever. Time has given it a beauty of its own since then, and the stern dignity of its lines have been softened by the gentle hand of neglect.

Back in the churchyard half a square away, laid in a neat row beneath rectangular slabs of slate which have only partially yielded to the pressure of grass and frost, are the Hills who dwelt there once. On the right, as befits the founder of the line, is Captain Joshua Hill, the first to sail from England. Then there is Henry Hill, who was scalped by the Indians at Quebec, and Lionel Hill who drank four bottles of wine each evening, and Archibald Hill, and Jeffrey Hill, who was so rich that he did not care when he lost ten of his merchantmen. They all lie there neatly in the long swaying grass, and it does not seem that they have been gone so very long, or so very far either, for the matter of that. . . .

I looked up at the spare, polite man dressed in the uniform of a ship's steward. Yes, I remembered well enough.

I had only dined once with Stephen Hill, and that was many years ago, when matters still went equably on their way. He was living in New York then, off Fifth Avenue as befitted a Hill, in long, high-ceilinged rooms which were stiff and formal with old mahogany. The place was lighted with candles which Henderson was trimming when I entered. It was pleasant to see the high-backed armchairs and the square, stolid-faced portraits on the wall. The alchemy of age had transformed the crass magnificence of another time into a thing of romance and tradition.

Stephen Hill was standing in front of a bright soft-coal fire, and, though he was surrounded by the genial solidity and strength of three generations of wealth, none of it seemed left for him. In his own house he looked more than ever what he was, a lingering remnant of an outworn stock, protected from all the natural laws of struggle and allowed to dally on. He was a round little man, with cheeks half puffy and half flabby, with eyeglasses that kept slipping from his nose to be caught by a broad black ribbon. His mouth kept twisting into half a smile and half a frown. His eyes were of a vague China blue and always wore a staring puzzled look. His hands, which were very white and fat, kept moving nervously to smooth out his thin brown hair.

We had talked of Freeport that evening as the coal in the grate died down. He had forgotten it was a beautiful place until I told him. His glasses had dropped unnoticed from his nose, and his hands had ceased to pat at his hair.

"Well, well," he said. He had a way of speaking in a high hasty voice, dif-

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fidently, as though made nervous by his own words. "I must go back some time. Yes, indeed, I must. Yes, indeed, I will —some time when my ship comes in."

Oddly enough, his voice had become quite soft when he said it, and his eyes no longer looked glassy and puzzled. There was a melancholy note in his words. So many Hills had said them, and it had been so long, so very long, since a Hill ship had crossed the bar on the tide. . . .

It was two years later that I heard of Stephen Hill again. Major Dawson and I were sitting beneath the awning of the Café de la Paix watching the different uniforms of men on leave.

"He's busted!" Dawson exclaimed, looking up from a letter he was reading. "Clean busted! Not enough to pay his board bill. He always was a damned old fool!"

And perhaps he was, yet above the sounds of that broad street I seemed to hear his high, pathetic voice, and to see his puzzled, startled face. . . .

"You don't mind my going on about him, do you, sir?" asked Henderson.

The apology in his tone gave me a twinge of contrition.

"Of course not," I replied; "I've been meaning to ask some one for a long time. I'll be more than glad if you tell me any news."

I paused, uncomfortably aware of a heartless emptiness in my words, which Henderson seemed not to notice.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "It's a good deal of a favor to ask, because it's rather a long story. Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I sat down, sir? We will be quite alone. It's my legs, sir. They aren't all they used to be."

He settled himself primly into a chair opposite mine, and sighed much as an actor might in some brief respite of the play.

"I haven't told any one else," he said, "but somehow I feel I've got to talk to-night, and you are the first I've seen who would understand."

"I've been to Freeport, you see, sir, and you've been there too."

"Freeport!" I exclaimed, for its name had joined startlingly with my thoughts. "Now, how did you ever happen to be in Freeport?"

He was silent for a moment before he answered, and his glance was concentrated on some spot behind me.

"I went back with Mr. Stephen to the old house," he said at length. "I went without wages—without anything. It wasn't because I was devoted to him, or anything like that. Perhaps one has to have been in service to understand the reason."

He paused and smiled a little sadly.

"I went because he expected me to go. That was all, and somehow we do more for those who expect things than for those who don't. And he was helpless, helpless as a fine gentleman can only get through generations of service, and somehow we respect gentlemen like that. He could find nothing. He could lay a finger to nothing. He could do nothing, if it were not for one of us. I had to go, because some one had to. Some one had to do something. You see, he could not understand when they told him. Sometimes I think he never did understand. Some one had to sell the furniture and make out the checks.

"All he kept saying all the time was—you remember that voice of his:

"'I want to be somewhere I can think. Somewhere quiet. Take me to some place quiet, Henderson! I can't help it if I'm this way, can I?'

"You know the way his face would get when he said that, all puckered up like a child's face who has spilt the milk at table.

"'Where do you wish to go, sir?' I would ask him.

"'To Freeport,' he kept saying.

"Curious, was it not, sir, for I had never heard of him wanting to go there before. And how could I give notice then?"

He paused expectantly, but I did not answer his question. His words had set my mind to filling in the gaps of that sad anecdote. I could see the puzzled look in those blue, glassy eyes changed into a dumb, uncomprehending terror. I could picture the white hands moving aimlessly and his nervous little mouth agape with the first rude contact with the inexorable in life. I knew what he must have felt, the sick dizziness of defeat, the dull weight of discouragement. And I, too, have wanted to go to some quiet place, and one of all others has always come be-

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fore my mind, where there is a river and the smell of the sea, where the sounds die away at sunset into the rustling of leaves and the low calling of birds.

"If you'd only seen him," Henderson was saying, "you'd have known why it was I stayed. I've seen lots of gentlemen in my time, sir, some of them very fine, and I am used to the way they act. I've seen them out of sorts. I've seen them ruined before this. I've seen them robbed and dying of drink, but I've never seen one take on like Mr. Stephen. Most of them walk about and try to do something, but he didn't. There were lots of things I'd have done, if I'd been him, but he did nothing at all, if you know what I mean. It seemed somehow—it must have been something about the town, something about family blood, though it isn't for me to say. . . . But you know the way he used to fidget around, nervous and quick and worried. I'd never seen him sitting quiet. Well, he stopped fidgeting when he got there, stopped it quite entirely. It gave me a turn, sir, indeed it did, right from the very first. He was walking up the street when I noticed it. It was cold and crisp, and the sun was going down. It was a curious, chilly cold. . . ."

But I had lost the thread of his words, and the Odyssey of Stephen Hill had become for the moment a matter of little consequence. It had been a long time since I had seen our river turn red in the sunset glow. I knew the feeling of that first cold of evening. It had a way of coming on the wind just as the mist began to rise smoky and tenuous from the shallows. By the gate-posts of the Hill house you could see it best—the broad, smooth sheet of water flowing smoothly toward a little golden spit of sandy beach rimmed white with the breakers of the sea. Over across that water would be the meadows and marshes, purple and hazy in the half-light, and small white farms that the mist already was beginning to hide, and nearer still Freeport itself, silent and soft in the dusk—gaunt, deserted warehouses on the water's edge, and farther back the elms and houses with the white church-spires rising above them. On such a still, cool night it is always a town of shadows, shadows moving indistinctly up and down the street, shadows by the shuttered buildings on the shore, and reflected in the ripples of the tide it is but a small effort of fancy to see the spars of ships faint and ghostly, of ships which had once sailed over the bar but would never sail again. And the night wind would be rising soft and faint, whispering, whispering. . . .

"It was moaning about the eaves," came Henderson's voice, "and sort of hissing in the vines, and Mr. Stephen was just standing there looking. I told him it was cold and he'd better come in, but he didn't move—not even his hands moved, and he just stood looking out across the water.

" 'Henderson,' he said, 'is that a ship out there?'

"It made me jump somehow the way he said it. It gave me a turn right then, it did, because there wasn't anything at all, except just water, but the way he spoke made me feel that perhaps he was right and I was wrong, if you know what I mean.

" 'Lord bless you, sir,' I said, 'there isn't anything!'

" 'I tell you there is,' said Mr. Stephen, looking just as cool as you are looking now, sir. 'It's a ship, a large ship. She's anchored——'

"And then he stopped and looked at me. It was funny, his face, sir, very calm and white, and he was smiling in a funny, cold sort of way.

" 'At least there *was* a ship,' he said.

"I don't know what he meant by that now. I never knew, except as I said he was different just as soon as he got there. You know how it is, sir, I suppose he was just thinking. That was all, just thinking. That was what he kept doing all the time. At first I thought he was stunned and dazed and melancholy, but he wasn't, because his face looked quite peaceful—as though he were thinking about pleasant things, pleasant shadowy sorts of things, if you know what I mean. I suppose you're laughing now. I know it seems odd as I tell it."

He paused. His eyes had grown narrow and troubled, as though he saw something clear and distinct, which he strove to gather into a frame of words and could not.

"No," I said, "I'm not laughing."

The sea was growing higher, and there began to be a noise of wind with the

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splashing of the rain. The ash-tray on the table between us slid toward the edge, and Henderson mechanically pushed it back.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but when I start to talk, the things I want to say seem to go back. It's—it's like the mist out there by that river. It isn't real. Of course it isn't real, what I want to tell about. Even Mr. Stephen used to know that, but—but sometimes it is real, if you know what I mean."

It was a pretty simile, that about the river mist. How often I had seen it come out of nowhere on the wings of the dark, intangible as fancy, yet blotting out the shore—so lace-like and gentle that a puff of wind could make it nothing, yet so clinging and inscrutable that it could make the hollows in our hills seem like level ways. Perhaps even then it was weaving its way about our houses, reaching ghostlike toward our shutters, like a phantom hand of time.

"And somehow he was a little like it too," Henderson was saying. "Though I hardly mean it exactly, but perhaps you will understand it as I go on.

"He used to sit in the big side room overlooking the river, and it was a pretty place on an autumn afternoon, though in a way it was a sad room for a gentleman. It must have been a very grand room once. Wainscot was all around it up to the very ceiling, and even if it was all yellow and stained, it still had an air. There were two mirrors on the wall with chipped gilt frames, and it was pleasant to look into them, because they were dim and the room you saw did not look old and neglected. All around the wall and in the middle were chairs, most of them broken and sagging. It was queer, sir, to see those chairs. Now and then they would give me a sort of a start as I came in there, because they all seemed to be waiting, if you know what I mean, just waiting for people to sit in, some fine party of ladies and gentlemen, for they had been very fine chairs once. And the sun would come in through the dusty windows and the dust specks would float in it. You know the way they do."

I nodded without replying, as I groped beyond his words—the musty smell of old leather, the faint suspicion of mould, and the dust, fine and impalpable, stirred from the creaking floor. . . .

"He used to sit there in the afternoons," Henderson continued, "and in the evening I would bring in a candle and his meal. He used to sit there just perfectly quiet all hunched up in his armchair. At first I thought he used to be dozing off, but he wasn't. He was thinking too. His eyes would be wide open, and he would be looking ahead of him at the river, and though he could not have had much that was pleasant to think about, he never looked disturbed, never nearly as much as he did before it happened. He was hardly ever fidgety and nervous after the first week or two. I told you he was different. It did him good, somehow, I used to think."

He paused for a moment with that same look in his eyes, half intent and half puzzled.

"Are you listening, sir? Tell me when I tire you."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm listening."

"But you didn't hear what I said, sir," Henderson objected. "You were looking out of the window, just the way he used to look out of the window at the sea."

I started, though I cannot tell why.

"No, I didn't hear," I said.

"I was saying," said Henderson, "that it didn't do him any good, sir—not any good at all. Perhaps it was the food, but I think not. It was plain food, but good food, for I bought and cooked it myself. But he got thinner, and his cheeks were getting saggy. His vests were all loose and his clothes were wrinkled, and his hair seemed grayer, sir, though he seemed happy most of the time. That was why I didn't get nervous sooner. How was I to know that there was anything queer? How was I to know that he was looking for something all the time? He was quiet and didn't say anything. How was I to know that all the time he was walking out on the streets, or sitting by the window he was just looking and looking?"

"Looking!" I echoed, and for some reason I was glad to hear the sound of my own voice. "What the devil was he looking for?"

"Why, Lord bless you, sir," said Henderson, "you know—you know what he was looking for. He *had* been looking all the time!"

There came a silence after his words, as though some force which we were

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powerless to combat had bade us both be still. But though we both were quiet, his words seemed still to be with us—grotesque and startling, and yet in some way strangely rational. For many and many a Hill had looked for his ship from that gaunt, deserted house, silent and intent, with his eyes on the long curve of the horizon, while the sun's last rays made our beach a thing of gold and promise. Abruptly, half against my will, another picture was coming before me, of a plump, pudgy little man with his spectacles half slipping from his nose while he kept looking straight before him. . . .

I was looking at Henderson again, and my voice as I spoke seemed slightly hoarse and unsteady.

"You mean," I asked, "that he went crazy in that house?"

Henderson shook his head in slow denial, and his reply, strange as it was, was something which I half expected.

"No, he wasn't crazy. I've seen gentlemen queer before, but he wasn't queer. He was just what I said he was—different—that was all. It seemed almost as if he was somebody else. Somebody seemed to be with him, if you follow me, and somehow—somehow it doesn't seem right when I say it."

He paused, and passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled sort of way, and when he continued his words became slow and clear.

"He was there in the room sitting in his chair, and I came in with a candle, because it was so dark that you could hardly see out of the window, and the mirrors were nothing but shadows against the wall. I recollect that the church-bells were ringing the hour. Possibly you recall the way they sound out there. First there is one bell and then another and then another until the whole air is filled with bells, and when they stop you still hear them trembling until they get as faint as faint, and you can only just remember the way they sounded first. I came into the room with the candle, and told him good evening quite as I always had. There was something I used to notice about him when I told him good evening. He used to start when I spoke to him, as though I had waked him up, but, as I said, he wasn't asleep. He was sitting up straight, and when I spoke to him he just turned around slowly, very slowly, and it was queer the way he looked. It was as if the lines on his face had changed. They looked stronger. He looked stronger, too, and I remember thinking how much good staying there was doing him. It wasn't till he spoke that I had a turn.

"'Henderson,' he said, 'has any ship come in to-day?'

"'Why, no, sir,' I said. 'You can see there isn't any.'

"'Well,' he answered quick and sharp, in a way he never had before, 'when it comes in I want to know, d'you understand?'

"And some way, when he said it, it wasn't queer.

"'And, Henderson,' he said, 'bring another plate.'

"'Another plate, sir?' I asked him, because I didn't understand.

"And I don't know why exactly, but when he said it, it didn't seem so strange. It didn't seem real, exactly, because there wasn't any one, but still there might have been.

"'Don't you see,' he said, 'that we have company?'

"'Company, sir?' I said. 'There isn't any company.'

"He didn't answer. He just sat looking, looking at one of those empty chairs, and then I don't know why but all of a sudden I was beside him, shaking him by the shoulder.

"'I want to know as soon as she anchors,' he was saying, 'because I want to go out. We may be a little short of money now, but when that ship comes in—and it's coming—I'm watching. It's coming.'

"'Mr. Stephen,' I was saying, 'don't look that way, sir! Take a hold on yourself, I tell you!'

"'Don't you worry, Henderson,' he said. 'Don't you worry at all. It's going to be all right.'"

Henderson paused again, and again there fell between us that same laden silence.

"You know," he continued in an altered tone, "the way a gentleman is when he's had too much. You shake him by the shoulder, and he just looks up. You shake him again, and perhaps he understands. I shook him, and all of a sudden he gave a little jump the way he always used to, and his eyes had that old funny look, and his mouth fell open.

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"'Oh, good gracious!' he said. 'What the dickens are you shaking me for? What can be the matter, Henderson?'

"And then I saw him looking frightened, all trembling and white, and he was holding on at the sleeve of my coat.

"But when he went up-stairs that night he wasn't worried any more. He stood a long while at his window, looking and looking out on the river, and I knew what he was looking for, and that things were twisted again—though the river was perfectly calm, you understand, just like the way it gets on a dark evening."

Yes, it was always light, our river, even on its blackest nights; smooth and steely. Lights from nowhere would be shining upon it, and the water would give them back, in dim, half-formed ripples. And though the clouds were like pitch, you still could see it, a light, half-formed ribbon, as though it had stored up the daylight of other times. And when the wind blew upon it the tide would go in streaky rips, like the wake behind some ship as it tacked in toward the shore. And sometimes the lights from our houses would gleam and dance upon it, broken and fitful, like the riding lights of phantom ships that would never sail again. And the surf would boom on the bar with a muffled, sullen noise, like the echoes of some distant, unknown world. . . .

"Are you tired, sir?" Henderson was saying. "Do you want me to go on? It's almost over now."

"Go on, of course," I said.

"But you weren't listening, sir," said Henderson. "You were looking——"

"The way he did," I interrupted quickly. "But never mind, go on."

"I was just saying," said Henderson, "that I always knew there'd be an end of it, for things like that can't go on. We can't keep thinking a ship will come when there isn't any ship; but I wouldn't tell you the end, sir, unless I thought you understood, for it sounds a little odd as I tell it, though it didn't seem odd then."

He was looking at me again in a moment of puzzled thought, and I felt stealing over me a curious sense of diffidence. It all seemed to lack tangible form, though, after all, it was not so strange, when I thought of that quiet place.

"Yes," he began again, "I often thought it was just as well, and you may not believe it, sir, but it's the way I like to think of him, for he was a very pleasant gentleman at such times, dignified and courteous, not crude and hurried the way so many gentlemen are to-day.

"In the mornings he would go and walk about by the river. I can see him now picking his way through the wet grass. Sometimes he would take a skiff and row about very slowly, and in the late afternoon and evening he would almost always be sitting there looking out the window. Of course I know as well as you that he had things twisted. But I shouldn't like to hear any one laugh about it. Indeed I shouldn't, sir.

"'Don't you worry, Henderson,' he used to say. 'She ought to be in any day now—and then it will be all right. I'm keeping a sharp eye out, Henderson. Yes, yes, I'm waiting.'

"And when he would talk that way, sir, he would be most cheerful and pleasant, like a very fine gentleman indeed, much finer than he used to be. He would be standing up quite straight, sir, with his hands locked behind him and his mouth very firm and smiling.

"'Don't you worry, Henderson,' he would say, 'she'll be along. They'll be driving her—I know—with everything set and ready. You notice the wind? It's a fair wind. They always drive them home.'

"You may not believe it, sir, because it sounds strange now, but sometimes when he was there in that room I used to think it was quite right—that there would be a ship. It's catching, a thing like that. Sometimes when he was like that, so different, the whole place would be different too, gay and pleasant and almost new when the sun was shining and the wind was brisk and clear."

Yes, it was like that sometimes. Out on the river the breeze would make dancing sparkling ripples, which would lap short and sharp against the shore, and the leaves would dance and sway until they made a noise like rhythmic voices in our streets. The air would be crisp and sharp. The sea would be blue and smooth, much bluer than the sky above it.

"Yes," Henderson was saying, "he was very gay that morning, and he kept looking out and sniffing the air. Then he went

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for a walk, but in the afternoon he was back. I heard him come in. I heard him down in the big room whistling a funny tune that would go up and down, up and down. But I was busy about the house away up-stairs opening windows and looking into old rooms. I was too busy to notice how late it was getting, until I looked up and saw it was almost sunset. Down below I heard a noise. A door into the hall was opening. I looked down over the old carved banisters. Mr. Stephen was walking toward the front door very quickly. He jerked hard at the handle and slammed the door behind him. It did not seem odd then. Quite often lately he would walk out at sundown.

"But I don't know how it was. After he left I seemed very lonely in that house. Though I had been there often, I had never felt that way before. The wind was making creaking noises, quite the way it does in a swaying boat. I could hear a door squeaking on its hinges. I could hear the old warped boards on the stairs give, and rustling noises in the hall. It kept reminding me of clothes and people's steps. I don't know why it was, but it made me restless. It made me feel as though something was happening that I couldn't understand.

"And then—I don't know why—I was looking out of a window at the river. The sun was going down in the clouds, making them all purple and red, the way the sun does in autumn, and the river was red too and quite smooth, for the wind was slackening. But it wasn't the sunset I was looking at. Out by the bar quite near where the waves were breaking I saw a little boat that was bobbing and dancing up and down, and a man in it was rowing very fast out toward the open sea. It was Mr. Stephen in that boat, sir—and I know why he was there, and—you know why."

He paused and for a moment I thought he was finished, but he began to speak again, watching me wide-eyed with that half-puzzled look.

"And you know that sometimes I think he was right and all the rest of us were wrong, for, as I said, he was not queer, but different. I sometimes think he saw his ship, really saw it. You won't laugh at it, will you, sir? You understand?"

Though he had stopped, I could still hear the appeal in his last words. As I gazed at him across the table, it seemed to me that he was older than I had thought and sadder and more wistful. It gave me a desire to please him, and I knew what would please him most.

"Henderson," I said, "bring me a glass of port."

I raised the thin glass until it sparkled in the light, and the rays went through it, ruddy like the setting sun. I know what I did seems absurd as I tell it. I felt it then, just as Henderson felt the absurdity of his story. Yet I continued, possibly with some idea of tribute to something I could not grasp, or perhaps because I was sleepy and the hour was very late.

"To the Ship, Henderson," I said, and Henderson nodded very slowly.

Retrospect

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

LIKE the whisper of wind in quiet places,
Or the scent of roses in gardens old,
The mind looks back, and memory traces
The long lost hours of gray or gold.

Fragments of joy, and of keen-edged sorrow;
Days bright with the sun, or filmed by rime—
All that the thoughts of the past may borrow,
Glimpsed through the cobwebs spun by time.

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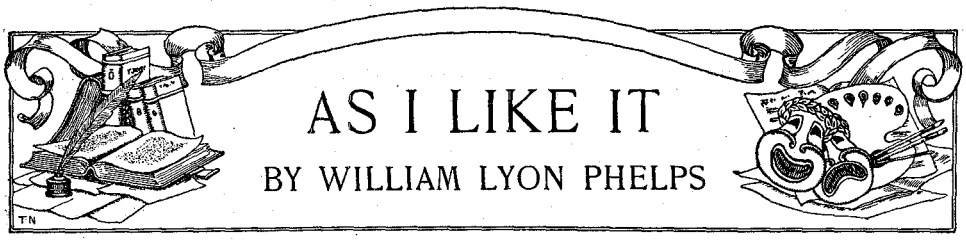

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

LATELY I have been going back to Jules Verne, and reading him with the double pleasure that comes from good narrative and happy reminiscence. To read a youthful favorite after the lapse of many years is like revisiting some European scene first beheld in boyish rapture; the principal is intact, and the accumulated interest a notable addition. The delight I find to-day in the French magician is not caused by the fact that some of his dreams have come true; as a mere reader, I do not care whether his stories are possible or impossible; nor do I know whether or not I should rejoice in the practicability of the submarine, for from the human-welfare point of view it would thus far seem to be a liability rather than an asset. It is as an imaginative, not as a scientific, writer that Jules Verne appeals to me.

For this reason I find the old solemn accusations made against his scientific accuracy decidedly amusing; and once more, not because he occasionally happened to confound his adversaries by guessing right, like some charlatan who predicts the weather for the next winter, but because such attacks were and are just as valuable as solemn impeachments of the accuracy of Munchausen. I wonder how many remember "M. W. H." of the New York *Sun*, who used to write a full-page review every week of some new book, and write it with such detail that it became quite unnecessary to buy the book? His judgment in many fields of literature was sound and his criticisms penetrating; but this morning I have been reading again his portentous condemnation of Jules Verne, which he handed down from the solar chair more than forty years ago. The following paragraph gives a fair idea of the whole essay: "The astonishing vogue of these productions constitutes their chief claim to criticism, but they may also be said to challenge it by a special eminence in worthlessness. In most works of the kind extravagant blunders are only occasional, or at worst sporadic, relieved by intervals of tolerable accuracy; but our French author's unveracity must be accounted chronic, since he can rarely complete a dozen pages without some perversion of fact."

I remember how I resented this attack in my boyhood; the author denounced for "inaccuracy" was my friend, who by his magic had taken me to the centre of the earth, twenty thousand leagues under the seas, around the world in eighty days, to the moon, and given me a delightful round trip to the planets and back, on a luxurious comet. I then vaguely resented Mr. Hazeltine's animadversions; now they seem funny enough, a greater curiosity than anything to be found in the Frenchman's romances.

Nor was Jules Verne received with much favor by French critics, in spite of what Mr. Hazeltine said to the contrary; they did not take him seriously as an author until millions of foreign children learned to love France and Frenchmen through him. One winter day in 1903, being in Amiens to see the cathedral, I called at his house to tell him of the happiness he had added to my childhood; the housemaid said he was out walking near the great church, and as we drew near to the façade, we met him. He was a white-bearded old gentleman, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, as though he carried in his dear old face some reflection of the adoring gratitude of all the children in the world. We talked a few moments, and he went on his way. A few years later, when I revisited Amiens, he had departed on an adventure which I hope was more thrilling than anything he had imagined in his books; we found not him, but his statue. And it is pleasant to remember that the statue had been dedicated with tributes from members of the French Academy.

To-day his stories have lost none of

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their thrill; and to those who have neither the time nor the money for extensive travel, I recommend a journey to the Mysterious Island.

The most important announcement of any new book this season is the news of a second volume of poems from Alfred E. Housman, the author of "A Shropshire Lad." That collection of original and beautiful lyrics was published in 1896; my wonder at their extraordinary perfection is equalled only by my wonder at the succeeding twenty-five years of silence. How could a man sing in so pure and clear a tone as to keep us all in hushed expectation of the next note, and leave us in that attitude? I should think it would be as difficult for a poet to maintain silence as for a bird; but nothing has come from him in all these years. To every lover of poetry the announcement of a second volume from Professor Housman is the real news of the world; I can hardly wait for it to appear.

Among American books of verse in 1922, I have seen nothing better than "The Black Panther," by John Hall Wheelock. This is not only notable in itself but marks a distinct advance on his previous work. He seems to be steadily progressing in his art. One fleck that I should like to see eliminated is the word "beseeched," which, although Mrs. Humphry Ward used it, is not now good English. It is clear that in this particular stanza the correct form of the verb would have been inharmonious; but better take a synonym than resort to "beseeched."

A genuine American poet who has been quiet too long is Anna Hempstead Branch. She has been giving her days and nights to promoting the cause of poetry through the interesting and effective method of the Unbound Anthology. But it is not necessary that such work, important as it is, should be done by a creative artist. She is one of the most distinguished of all living poets; and I begrudge any less valuable employment of her time. One of her richest sources of inspiration is the Bible; last year she read the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, through in a few days, to discover for herself whether it was or was not a unique Book, with a Divine Revelation; her silent and steady communion with its pages convinced her that it is in truth the Word of God.

It takes some courage to stand up for Alfred Noyes. But as I never allow mob opinion to influence my views on either politics or poetry, I wish to call attention to his latest and most ambitious undertaking, "The Torch-Bearers," of which the first volume, "The Watchers of the Sky," has already appeared. He was inspired to write this work by the largest telescope in the world, the one-hundred-inch reflector on the top of Mount Wilson in California. "The Watchers" is a biographical history of the progress of astronomy, written in a poetical style worthy of the subject. Alfred Noyes was the first of the remarkable group of English poets of the twentieth century to attract general attention; the almost universal praise with which his earlier poems were received gave way to detraction and abuse; so that the large number of reviewers who merely follow the prevailing literary stock quotations know perfectly well that just now it is not at all "the thing" to betray any admiration for his poems. In spite of his excess baggage, which all poets except Milton have carried, I think he will survive many writers whom it is in 1922 fashionable to salute.

Speaking of Milton, I have already received from a correspondent one candidate for the Ignoble Prize; the conditions for competition were given in the November issue. My friend, a man of wide reading and good taste, cannot apparently endure "Paradise Lost." For my part, I not only admire the majesty and sublimity of that epic, I find it steadily *interesting*. More people ought to read Milton for pleasure—the pleasure is in his consummate art. Stevenson, in his essay on Walt Whitman, which still remains the best I know, said that he would not disinherit a son who could not admire the Camden sage; but that he could not keep the peace with any one who failed to appreciate the choruses in "Samson Agonistes."

Can anything be done to prevent dramatic critics from printing in detail the plot of every new play? I "take in" five daily New York newspapers, partly in order to read first-night impressions from trained and honest observers. I am

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interested to know whether they think the new piece is, or is not, worth seeing; whether or not it will, in their judgment, achieve popular success; whether or not it is original or thoughtful or important; but at the fateful paragraph beginning, "The story of the play is as follows," I skip, and often find that I have to skip the bulk of the so-called "criticism." The one thing about a new play that I emphatically do not want to know is the plot; to know that in advance is to be robbed of much of the pleasure in seeing it. So true is this, that every playbill of "The Bat" requested persons in the audience not to give away the *dénouement*. Why on earth do critics spell it all out for us? If their object is to lessen the number of spectators, I congratulate them on the success of their method. But I suspect that the real reason is, that not having enough ideas to fill the requisite space for criticism, they resort to retelling the story, which entails no mental effort, and makes the "criticism" look well to those who do not read it. I never like to see this space-filling process even in a book review; in an account of a new play it is unpardonable. I think, too, that every dramatic critic should tell us whether the piece is decent or not; for there are many who wish to go if it is, and others who wish to go if it is not, and both classes ought to know this fact in advance.

Bad manners in literary criticism have become quite common, and are as a rule resorted to by those reviewers and critics who cannot manage subtler methods of annihilation. The bludgeon and the brickbat have taken the place of the rapier. Not only is this true but many readers look forward with delight to these exhibitions of buffoonery and abuse, their idea of wit being horse-play and their notion of disapproval being on the level of a kick. This constantly growing method of "literary criticism" seems to have been borrowed from the political arena; it is analogous to what used to be called Tillmanism. Some of the more aged readers of these pages may remember the time when that aristocratic, courageous, and cultivated gentleman, Wade Hampton, represented South Carolina in the United States Senate; he really represented her, being typical of the finest type of breeding and manners we associate with the Old South. He was succeeded by a man with a pitchfork, who at first shocked but ultimately delighted thousands of Americans by an exhibition of language and manners quite otherwise than traditional. At first he seemed out of place; but soon his picturesque habits of speech amused the groundlings to such an extent that Tillman became a decidedly popular man, not only in the Senate but throughout the country, and a whole school of imitators sprang up who had all of his grotesqueness with none of his sincerity. Coarseness was taken for virility.

Much of the same change has taken place in what passes for literary criticism; readers demand that it be "snappy," highly spiced, and as brutal as possible. I cannot think that this new method is any more effective than the old, either in politics or in English composition. Let me illustrate. A United States Congressman, who has since gone to his ultimate reward, was making a speech on the tariff, in a campaigning tour, when he was interrupted by a question from the audience; looking contemptuously at the individual who had ventured to heckle him, he shouted, "Go wash your neck!" which was thought to be very funny by the crowd. Not long after that a man running for the highest office in our country was similarly interrupted by a questioner, and he roared: "You are the kind of man who works exclusively with his mouth." Leaving out entirely the question of good manners, let us see if either of these replies seems as effective as the one made by John Morley in an English general election. At the conclusion of his speech he asked for the support of his hearers, when one excited individual leaped up and screamed: "I would rather vote for the devil!" Mr. Morley, in a quiet and courteous voice, replied: "Quite so; but in case your friend declines to run, may I not then count on your support?"

Perhaps the best retort I have ever heard of occurred when Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was opposed by Edward Cardwell. The two competitors happened to meet in the course of the campaign, and after a friendly discussion, Thackeray said it would be a good fight, "and may the best

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man win." "Oh, I hope not!" said his rival.

The Gentleman ought not to become obsolete. John Galsworthy, in his fine drama "The Skin Game," has emphasized the real danger of fighting. The danger is that in a skin-for-skin contest, gentility will prove to be worth nothing; for it will be sacrificed in the desire for victory. Or, in other words, if the enemy cheats, we must cheat too. During the recent war the worst possible argument for reprisals always seemed to me to be one constantly urged; namely, that we must treat the enemy as they treat us. In other words, we must allow our foes to determine our own moral standards, and imitate them in the very things that gave us the reason for fighting them. Here is where we can take a lesson in manners from Julius Cæsar. In that interesting little volume "The Marginal Notes of Lord Macaulay," being extracts from the comments he jotted down on the margins of the books he read, Sir George Otto Trevelyan quotes the following. Cicero had written Cæsar a letter expressing his grateful appreciation for the clemency shown by the latter to his captured foes, and Cæsar replied to this epistle in words which contained, so Macaulay used to say, the finest sentence ever written: "I triumph and rejoice that my action should have obtained your approval. Nor am I disturbed when I hear it said that those, whom I have sent off alive and free, will again bear arms against me; for there is nothing which I so much covet as that I should be like myself and they like themselves." And on the margin of the book by that sentence, Macaulay wrote: "Noble fellow!"

Even if the literary glory of the American Augustans should fade, their personal characters ought to form an imperishable model for men of letters and for all sorts and conditions of men. I have been reading two excellent books: "Memories of a Hostess," compiled from the diaries of Mrs. Fields, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and "Glimpses of Authors," by Caroline Ticknor. I heartily recommend both these volumes to all who are interested in the literary history of our country, and to all who love to know more intimately those who are best worth knowing. Entirely apart from the question of creative genius, I do not believe there has ever been in any country a finer group of men than the leading American writers of 1840–1880. Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell—every man a gentleman of the finest type, sincere, considerate, affectionate, loyal, truthful, and clean. When these intimate friends met one another at the house of Mrs. Fields, they met as peers; that any one of them could be guilty of treachery, disloyalty, meanness, or vulgarity simply never occurred to their minds. Their native wit in conversation was heightened by their personal charm. How strange it is that this is the group of men who are now accused of hypocrisy, and insincerity, and cowardice; when it is impossible to discover an occasion when any of them uttered what he did not in his heart believe to be the truth. Is there any single person in literary or public life to-day who can surpass Emerson in honesty and sincerity? Is there a man anywhere who is more truthful and courageous in the expression of political opinion than Hawthorne? His views at the time of the Civil War seemed to his most intimate friends to be not only false but sacrilegious; yet they had such respect for the nobility and integrity of his character that no blur disfigured the shining surface of their friendship. Mrs. Fields detested the political attitude of Hawthorne, and yet this is what she wrote in her diary: "He will dedicate the volume to Franklin Pierce, the Democrat—a most unpopular thing just now, but friendship of the purest stimulates him, and the ruin in prospect for his book because of this resolve does not move him from his purpose. Such adherence is indeed noble. Hawthorne requires all that popularity can give him in a pecuniary way for the support of his family."

Emerson, like his other friends, cut out the dedication from his copy of the book, for even some of those who support the government in time of war may also be sincere.

In both of these volumes of literary reminiscences Dickens plays a large part; and much new light is thrown on his last visit to America and on his personality and character. Dickens hated a pencil,

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and wrote even brief notes and memoranda in ink. He always used a quill, and had discovered a blue ink which needed no blotting-paper, a method of drying that he especially disliked. If Dickens were alive to-day, it would not be necessary for him to use blue ink; I could tell him of an ink that writes jet-black, and that dries instantly. I do not like colored inks, and I hate with intense fervor the kind of ink commonly used in fountain-pens. It writes a pale blue, and turns black some time after your death. A pale-blue ink always seems to me to indicate a spineless personality. And I hate with equal intensity the kind of ink that sticks up on the written page like shrimp's eyes, or letters for the blind; and dries after the lapse of hours. A blotter never absorbs it, and it resists every attack except time.

I suppose no month passes without the appearance of some new book on Dickens; one of the latest is that by Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the distinguished dramatic critic of the New York *Herald*, "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play." Dickens, as every one knows, could have been a great actor. I recommend a pilgrimage to Sessler's bookshop, in Philadelphia, where the visitor will be shown a folio by Ben Jonson, containing on the fly-leaf the date of the memorable performance of "Every Man in his Humour," 21 September, 1845, with the autographs of every one of the actors; Dickens as *Bobadil*, Forster as *Kitely*, Jerrold as *Master Stephen*, Lemon as *Brainworm*, Leech as *Master Matthew*.

And as the novels and characters of Dickens are proof against time, so his final words on leaving America in 1868 would seem not impertinent to-day. "Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be, between the two great peoples. . . . I do believe that from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox or bear, than that it should present the spectacle of those two great nations, each one of whom has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other."

The year 1922 has been memorable for the number of excellent biographies and autobiographies. Mrs. Stirling's "William De Morgan and his Wife" is a permanent memorial to a man of genius and a brilliant woman, and is filled with thought-stirring anecdotes and irresistible stories; Burton Hendrick's "Life of Walter H. Page" is so important that I shall discuss it with some detail in a later number; I am also reserving for special comment the autobiographies of those admirable Americans, Augustus Thomas and John Drew, whose names are an honor both to the stage and to citizenship. Let me earnestly recommend again Maurice Baring's "The Puppet Show of Memory," a book to be shipwrecked with, for its characters and meditations would enliven the most complete physical solitude; and in addition to introspective autobiographies, like Mr. Lewisohn's "Up Stream," no one should overlook the more humble but thrilling personal history of Arthur Mason, called "Ocean Echoes." This is his second attempt as an author, and is fully equal to his delightful "Flying Bo'sun." Mason ran away from home, and his actual experiences make an ordinary romance seem tame.

It is my guess that H. G. Wells is the author of "Number 87," but the publishers refuse to tell me whether my conjecture is correct or not. Although Wells is a prophet, a theologian, and a social reformer, of all his works the one that I shall most gladly read again is "The Wheels of Chance." Some visitor borrowed my copy, and paid it the compliment of keeping it. I confidently recommend "The Wheels of Chance" to those who love a good story. It is one of the best I know, as "The Soul of a Bishop" is one of the worst.

I never neglect a new book by Ben Ames Williams, a born narrator. The latest, "Black Pawl," is filled with stirring fights and perilous adventures, and the hero is original. What is perhaps even more original is that the finest person in his novel is a Christian missionary. (I used to wonder whether all novels ridiculed missionaries, or only those I happened to read; just as I wonder whether

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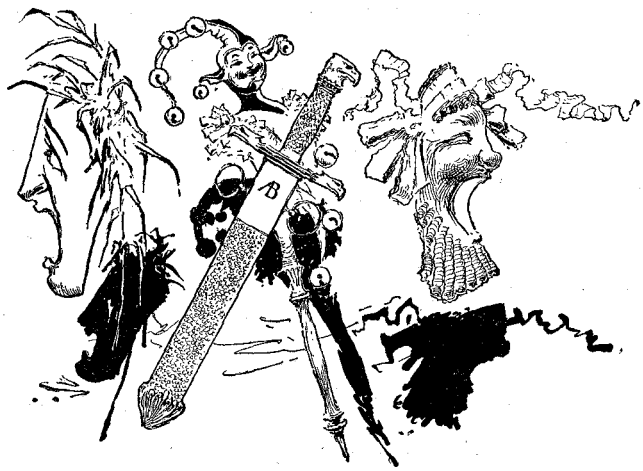
all trains are late, or only those I take.) It is rather curious that foreign missionaries, those bold soldiers of God, who give up home, congenial society, intimate friends, and the luxuries of civilization, should be so often presented by comfort-hunting novelists as weak, namby-pamby, insincere, and absurd. They fight not only with the prince of the powers of the air, they fight against poverty, disease, and sickness; it would be interesting if the brown, yellow, and black people whom they save from pain and death could know that these men and women are receiving in their own countries a continual back-fire of abuse and ridicule. But the soldiers of science and the soldiers of religion, who sacrifice themselves in the effort to save human life, have never seemed to the stay-at-homes particularly heroic. Ben Williams's missionary is the best one I have met with in fiction since the wonderful old man in Lavedan's play, "Le Duel."

Prejudice plays far too large a part in our opinions and in our conversation. I think it would be well if every one, on rising in the morning, made a silent but determined declaration of individual independence, the only independence worth anything. Let us talk less about democracy, and become more democratic; let us talk less about truth, and speak it more frequently; let us talk less about freedom, and become free. One of the great moments in "Les Misérables" is that following the impassioned harangue by Marius, the idolater of Napoleon. Marius has worked himself up to a grand climax. "To make the French Empire the successor of the Roman Empire, to be the Grand Nation and bring forth the Grand Army, to send your legions flying over the whole earth as a mountain sends its eagles on all sides, to vanquish, to rule, to strike with thunder, to be in Europe a kind of golden people through constant glory, to sound through history a Titan trumpet-call, to conquer the world twice, by conquest and by splendor, this is sublime, and what could be more grand?"

"To be free," said Combeferre.



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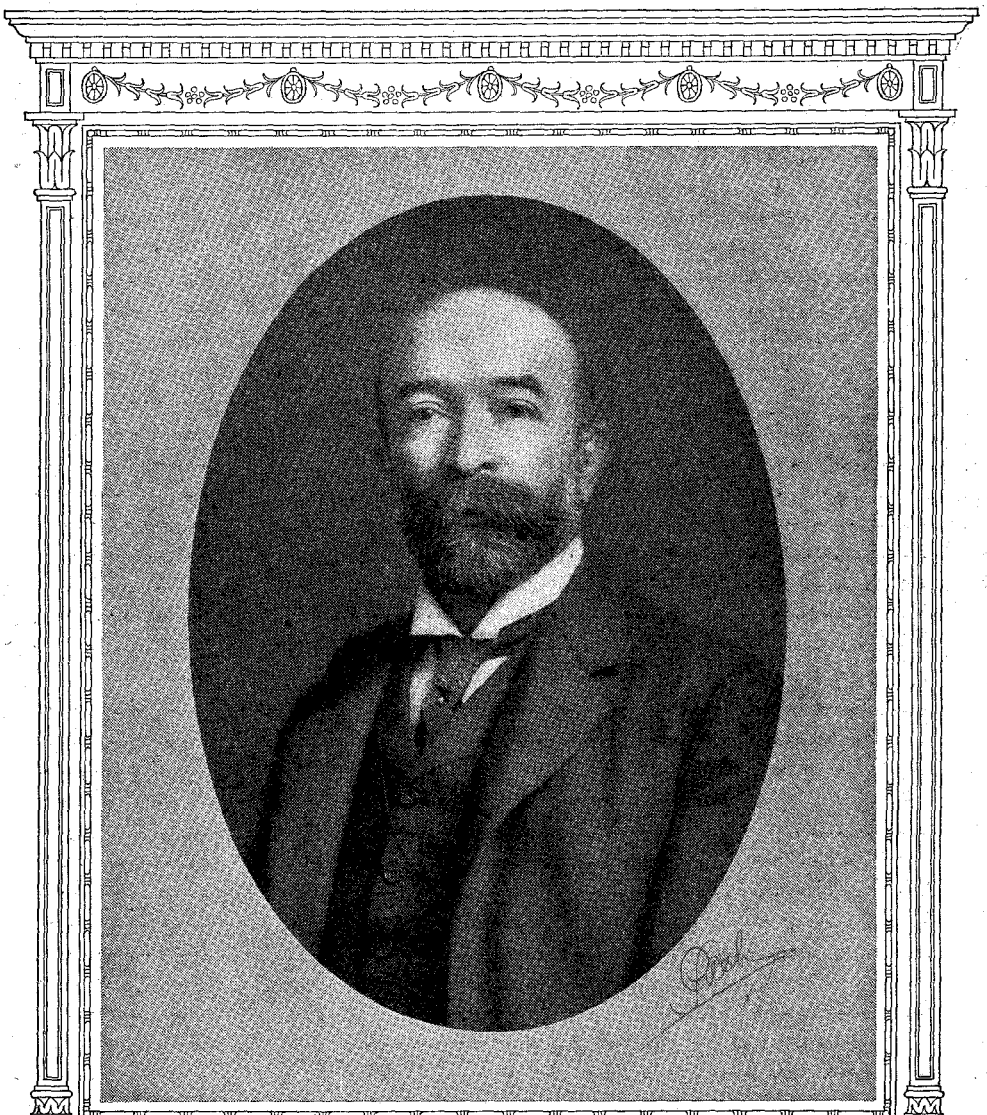

EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME
EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1886-1914

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Edward Livermore Burlingame

1848–1922

EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME, who died on November 15, had been connected with this publishing house since 1879. When the plan for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was formulated in 1886 he became its first editor, and he held that position for twenty-eight years; and those volumes of the MAGAZINE show the taste, the personality, and the wide interests that adapted him so well for his position.

The contacts of his formative years gave him an unusual equipment for editorial work. His early surroundings were Boston and Cambridge, and he naturally went to Harvard. His father was Anson Burlingame, the congressman from Massachusetts distinguished as an orator and for his vigorous resentment of the assault on Charles Sumner by Preston Brooks. Lincoln made Anson Burlingame minister to China in 1861. His son left Harvard College early in his course to become his father's secretary there, and followed him when Anson Burlingame was made ambassador extraordinary of China to negotiate treaties with the United States and the European powers. This gave him the abundant opportunity of studying in Paris, Heidelberg (where he took the degree of Ph.D. in 1869), Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Not only did he become acquainted with the language and literature of France and Germany, but his father's position brought him in contact with important personages. His natural aptitude and taste for letters thus had just the right nourishment for youth and ambition. His view of literature was thoroughly cosmopolitan.

In the prospectus of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the founders expressed the belief that there was a distinct field for "a magazine of good literature in the widest sense—a magazine for the intelligent and entertaining reading of those things which they believe most interest a very large part of the American people."

Looking back at the end of twenty-five years Mr. Burlingame wrote that the endeavor of the management had been to make it "a mine of reminiscences and autobiography of important and interesting men and women; to print in it thoughtful and serious, but practical and not academic, discussion of public and social questions by men whose opinions were real contributions to their subjects; to make it interpret the great working life and practical achievement of the country by the articles of actual experts; to maintain on its artistic side a really artistic standard, with the aid of the foremost artists and the best modern means of interpreting their work."

The things that he sought in carrying out this broad programme brought him many warm and lasting literary friendships; notable among them were: Stevenson, Meredith, Barrie, Page, Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews, Edith Wharton, Robert Grant, F. J. Stimson, Bunner, E. S. Martin, Henry van Dyke, and many others whose names have become familiar to our readers. Many, in the newer generation of the early years of the MAGAZINE, owe their first recognition to the keen discernment of Mr. Burlingame. For him the discovery of a real poet or the writer of short stories in a new and unusual field was a great delight. His judgment in these matters was severe, and, to use one of his favorite expressions, his "geese were not all swans." To his patient suggestion and encouragement young writers have often paid tribute. His discernment was amply justified by the enduring fame of the authors whose work first appeared in these pages.

His own taste in short stories was revealed in two standard collections which he edited —one, "Stories by American Authors," made before the founding of the MAGAZINE; the other, "Stories from Scribner's," compiled after many years.

Mr. Burlingame continued until his death to be a literary adviser of this house and a member of its board of directors. For forty-three years he was intimately concerned in its publishing projects. His taste, wide knowledge of men and affairs, and the severity of his standards are stamped on many important volumes and collections. His colleagues, old and young, consulted him with assurance of receiving well-balanced and well-informed opinions. He stood for what was fine and permanent in literature. In this house, where that right feeling expressed itself, his daily presence and counsel will be long missed and his friendship long remembered.

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NOT long ago there appeared in an American magazine a noteworthy article which carried the title "The Deserted Temple." Its theme was a lament over the fact that the mighty cathedral of literature now has few worshippers. This prose elegy was a noble one, and it merited solitary eminence; yet I, having a similar lament, intend not to permit this voice crying in the wilderness to be a lone voice. My song of grief has for its theme the extraordinary approach of modern youth to the great shrine in question, and the unseemliness of its behavior before it. To me it appears that the temple is less deserted than it is desecrated.

Gambols in the Temple

Let us say that one gorgeous oriel in the dim cathedral is the shrine of Milton; and before it now is grouped a class of American schoolboys or college boys—half a hundred gay, attractive, ruddy-faced, obvious-minded young moderns. They should come here to worship, or at least to show some spirit of reverence for the Great Tradition; but they seem unaware of the fact that they are in the presence of austerest majesty. And their ideas about Milton's work and about the meaning of his poems are—. But they are speaking for themselves.

"L'Allegro loved jollies," one youth exudes with solemn finality; and, "This character hated droll nights," another assures his comrades with great earnestness. It must, in passing, be admitted that the phrase "droll nights" has its possibilities. "Cassiopea was a colored lady" is Young America's conception of "that starred Ethiop queen." Commentators on the genius of Milton should hereafter not fail to give him credit for the dexterity which this description makes so clear: "The poet introduces Vesta by bringing her in by her golden hair." For those to whom the true meaning of *masque* may remain a little obscure, this definition will prove quite satisfactory: "'Comus' is a masque; that is, a paregorical play." We also learn this: "'Goshen,' to which the poet refers in 'Paradise Lost,' is a strong exclamation—the antique plural of *gosh*. It is most emphatic." Finally we have this grand summary of the whole business: "Milton was a very great poet; nevertheless, he had his good points."

Leaving this interesting group, we approach a second, gathered before the shrine of Shakespeare. Here, perhaps, the talk is not a whit less startling. "Shakespeare was born to his father and mother" is the first daring bit of iconoclasm to reach us and to move us. "Ann Hathaway was eight years his superior" is a method of description which will delight the heart of every feminist—and possibly every wife. Jea. us lovers of Shakespeare's fame will be somewhat dismayed to learn this: "The man who, probably more than any other, collaborated with Shakespeare in the writing of these great plays was Homer." It is likewise interesting to know that "Shakespeare used Robinson Caruso in one of his epics." As we turn away we overhear: "None of these plays, of course, ought to be called poetry; they are too sensible for that."

The Temple, therefore, is not really deserted; but there are in it many profaners. Some of these are unconscious of any sacrilege; others show no reverence here because they have never sensed it anywhere. Here and there in the noble edifice will be seen a genuine pilgrim. But most of "those present" are hasty tourists into literature; and, now that they see it, they understand of it only those meagre phases which they understand of life. They are sometimes honestly curious to fathom the mystery; but, as Johnson said of Garrick and Goldsmith, who had been discussing foreordination: "They could make nothing of it. O noble pair!"

Gambols, especially of the mental variety, are permissible, I suppose, especially in private. But in public and in a temple they are dangerous; for such capers tempt those who really come to pray to remain to scoff—at the caperers.

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Little Arkansas River. By Birger Sandzén.

American Lithographs of To-day

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF
Author of "How to Appreciate Prints," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LITHOGRAPHS IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AND KNOEDLER GALLERY

ARTISTIC lithography, or, better said, lithography for the artist, has begun to have a living present in this country. Ten years ago one was almost limited to the consideration of past performances. Then, the use of the process by American artists was sporadic and rare. Lithography played the rôle of a stepchild beside etching. It emitted but a feeble peep in the chorus of our art. To-day, to continue the use of the metaphor, it is heard in a voice rich, varied, sometimes subtle, not always discriminating, and fairly voluminous.

We are getting away from the idea that because for many years lithography has been preponderatingly used for commercial ends, it is something beneath the artist's notice. They did not think so in the early days of the art, in France. In fact, the very manysidedness and suppleness of this process, which made it so useful an aid to commerce, makes it equally and pre-eminently a means by which the artist can express his individuality and mood. The process is autographic, reproducing the drawing as the artist makes it. You might well say, it is the drawing itself.

There is in lithography, as in etching, the facile practitioner. Rajon's dictum *re* etching may appropriately be paraphrased: "It is so easy, so very easy, to make a lithograph, and so hard, so very hard, to make a

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good one." It is easy enough to make a drawing on stone or transfer-paper, have it printed from, and delight in the dignity of an edition and the possibility of sales. More than one of us has been hoping, praying, working, writing, agitating for a revival of lithography. Now that it seems to be really under way, one need not be discouraged if not all of the results are what one would have liked. The best will inevitably float to the top eventually, the rest will subside to the sediment of the deservedly forgotten.

Rouen—near St. Maclou. By Howard Leigh.

"Lithography," says Joseph Pennell, "is the simplest and most abused of all the graphic arts, and is the most wonderful." It offers a sensitive response to the artist's touch. Its resources are marvellously rich. The artist may use crayon, pen, or brush, he may scrape out lights from washes or rub in tones with stump or rags, he may apply spatter-work or stipple. Lines may be drawn in the incisiveness of pen and ink, or the broad, quivering strokes of the crayon, or the sweep of the brush. Delicacy and vigor, tenderness or brilliancy are at command. The evanescent, palpitating lines of Whistler, the imposing stroke of Daumier, the apparently careless yet nervously searching dashes of Toulouse-Lautrec are but a few of the possibilities already illustrated in the records of the art. The keyboard of tones on the stone ranges from grays of the delicacy of silver-point to blacks of the richness and depth of mezzotint or dry-point. Furthermore, the stone offers possibilities of color-printing to those who prefer that to black and white. And if desired the drawing may be made on paper and transferred to the stone.

Yet with all this remarkable range of possibilities, lithography has a character of its own which must be understood and respected. Differences in handling the process run from the live to the dead. Where one shows a loving, sympathetic, searching study of the nature of the medium, another will produce dry statements, drawings that might as well be in pencil, that give you the feeling that they were not done in lithography because the artist liked that form of art and found that it responded to his temperament or temporary mood, but because it offered a quick and easy method of reproducing his design for the market.

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When working in this medium, as in any medium, the artist must understand it, respect it, love it. The activity in poster design engendered by the various "drives" during the late war brought it home forcibly to more than one of our artists that you have to understand a process in order to employ it. So they learned to go into the lithographic printing shop, take off their coats, work with the printer and learn of his needs and difficulties. Simply to paint a poster or other design which has to be done over by a lithographic artist will not prove satisfactory, least of all to the original designer.

The war, it seems, gave a certain impetus to the use of lithography by our artists. At all events the process served a number of them to depict figures, scenes, and activities in the great conflict. Pershing and others were portrayed by Leo Mielziner, the forward struggle of the Allied armies was observed and recorded in its more intimate aspect, more from the standpoint of the individual soldier, by Kerr Eby and Captain Harry Townsend. The ravages of war at Rheims, Verdun, and elsewhere, were shown by Howard Leigh. Incitement to effort was furnished in dramatic compositions—cartoons they may be called, for purpose of classification—by George Bellows. The gigantic work at home, in munition-plants and shipyards, was set down picturesquely by Joseph Pennell, Vernon Howe Bailey, Herbert Pullinger, and Thornton Oakley.

The Cards. By Albert Sterner.

Many contemporary American lithographs have already been seen, both in one-man shows and in collective exhibitions such as the one held at the New York Public Library in 1920 and in the gallery of the Natural Arts Club, New York. The work already produced runs an interesting scale of possibilities in handling, in technique, and discloses a pleasing and promising variety of temperaments and minds, to which these technical privileges have afforded richly adequate means of expression. Here is the utmost delicacy of pearly grays, as in the picture of haze-enveloped nymphs by the water-side, in which Bolton Brown, with subtlety in printing, repeats the evanescence of the shimmering, eye-confusing colors of his paintings. And not far off—if you happen to run down the alphabetical list of artists—is the massive force of Bel-

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The Old Mill. By George Elmer Browne.

lows's broad, heavy crayon strokes and resounding array of darks and lights. Here is straight realism, as that of Adolph Treidler, and an imaginative quality that is quite of to-day. And that though it may be in touch with the past, as in the case of Rockwell Kent, with a certain kinship to Blake. Again there is plain, straightforward study of nature, as in the tree forms which Sears Gallegher gives with the effect of a crayon or pencil sketch, and the large drawings by Birger Sandzén, in which rugose and swirling lines bind trees and clouds into a big decorative pattern that recalls the convolutions of a finger-print, and that somehow, again, breathes the free, clear spirit of the West.

Still pursuing the always alluring sport of contrasting temperaments and methods, one may place side by side city scenes and buildings by certain artists who have found strong interest in these. Hassam, with sureness of eye and light definiteness of touch, has here, as in his etchings, explained his outlook on things through air and sunlight. George Elmer Browne, in such a piece as "The Old Mill," produces a colorful painter-quality in statement vigorous and sane. Ernest Haskell, avid pursuer of processes, has a Whistler-like lightness in his "Ruined Pier, Staten Island." Howard Leigh in his drawings of cathedrals and other monumental structures gives not so much architectural renderings or decorative detail as massive impressions of massive constructions, the building imbued with a dramatic element born of its picturesque qualities. Vernon Howe Bailey brings to his task the important equipment, not too common, of sure draftsmanship. Before the sky-scraper of New York, at the docks among great vessels, in huge and busy plants and at sight of towering smoke-stacks, everywhere the same clear view and presentation, the suave swing of line, the matter-of-course yet subtle sweep of composition. A natural manner that makes the selection of the right view-point so apparently inevitable that you take it for granted. And somehow, sometimes, your thoughts go to Pennell at sight of this.

Joseph Pennell was in the game with Whistler, running down the gamut from the crisp lightness of his "Spanish Series" to the resounding deep notes of his "Rouen Cathedral" and those alluring experimental studies of roadside views. He is still at work today, telling in his lithographs of the "Wonder of Work" and the beauty and activity of the life around us, and agitating for a better understanding of this medium. He bridges earlier days and the present, that live, hus-

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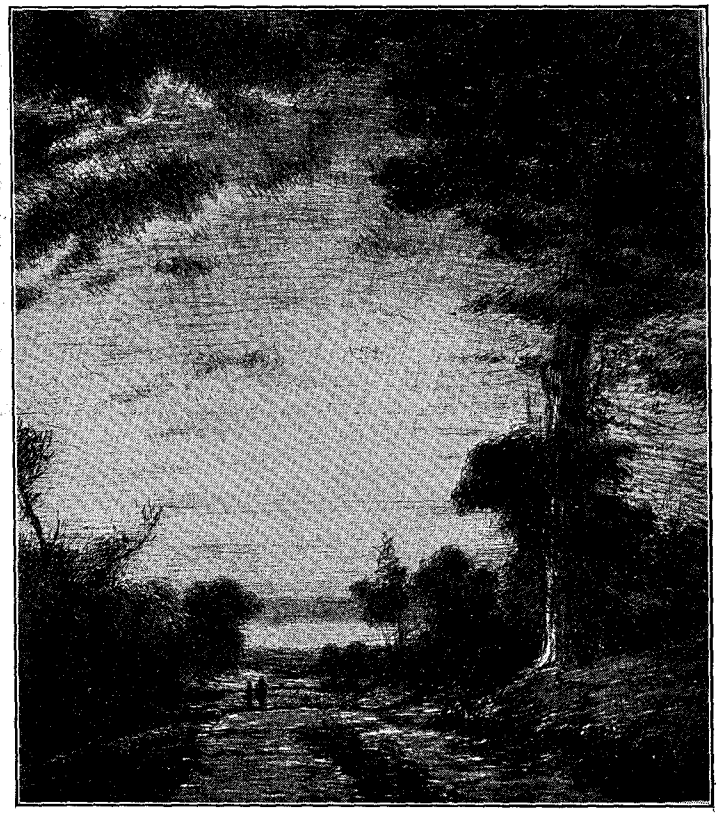
tling, eager, inquisitive, impressionable and somewhat unrestrainedly and unthinkingly individualistic present, in which the latest achievement to record is that of Arthur B. Davies. A dozen or more years ago this insatiable trier of processes made a number of experiments in lithography, delightful in their spirit of adventurous discovery, no two alike in method of production. It was like a sensitive preluding performance, a running over the keys, a testing of the various stops of this instrument of rare possibilities. Then, quite recently, he exhibited in New York a lot of lithographs in color which were, in their way, a revelation, not only of Davies, but of lithography. Whistler, Toulouse-Lautrec, Ibels, Lunois, are some of the names that rise to memory at the thought of color-lithography for artists. They represent so many different methods of combinations of the stone, colored inks, and the artist. Davies has added another. This tireless experimenter, ever alert to try out the new idea or process, who will pull different proofs of the same lithograph in different color combinations, is, of course, attracted by the medium for what it will yield in expression of himself. His figures live in a world of their own, an exemplification of beauty for beauty's sake.



Morning. By Bolton Brown.
Courtesy of Knoedler Gallery.

From these imaginings one turns naturally to other figure pieces. Rockwell Kent's symbolical presentation of man in terms of typical experience. Albert Sterner's studies, of a reserved richness, always within the medium and always individual, running from the reality of "The Cards" to the daintily imagined "Amour Mort." His portraits include the characteristic one of Martin Birnbaum, which leads to a field in which W. Oberhardt has shown facile observation of salient traits, as in the heads of Pennell, John Gelert, and Edward Borein. S. J. Woolf's study of Mark Twain, W. J. Duncan's full length of Robert C. Holliday of the "Walking-Stick Papers," the late F. Walter Taylor's head of Joseph Pennell are illustrations of the sporadic or more or less habitual practice of portraiture. And, stepping backward a bit, one can add to this record the rather unusual poster portraits of Mrs. Fiske, by Ernest Haskell, flung on the stone with a nervous pertness which strikes a note of that actress's characteristic utterance. And there is—or isn't—that portrait of Ernest Lawson, by W. J. Glackens, so unfindable that it is becoming semimythical.

The prize-fight scenes and other pieces by George Bellows at times go beyond the

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author's engrossment with problems of chiaroscuro, and his attitude of sympathetically and smilingly observant aloofness, into a spirit of satire reservedly expressed. It is a humorously tolerant comment on his fellow man that appears in the street scenes by John Sloan, of whom W. B. McCormick said that he was neither up in the clouds nor down in the gutter, but on the sidewalk. His brotherly interest in humanity does not show the bitterness of the overzealous reformer. Sloan, moreover, modern in spirit and outlook, yet builds solidly on the firm foundation of tradition in the matter of technique. Jerome Myers has once, at least, put down on stone his types of New York's East Side.

From such thoughtfully amused observers of their fellow men the transition is easy to notice of the fact that crayon has in recent years crowded out the pen in the hands of political cartoonists such as Boardman Robinson, Cesare, John Cassel, Rollin Kirby. Over much of this the spirit of Daumier hovers as a strong source of inspiration. While these drawings were reproduced by "process," they have a lithographic "feel," and Robinson and Cesare, in fact, have worked directly in lithography.

At the end one is reduced, by very breathlessness through accumulation of citations in evidence, to the simple repetition of the fact that this most pliable and adaptable instrument may be played upon in as many ways as there are personalities worth while to take it up. Delicacy or vigor, realism or imagination, whatever the demand of subject or temperament, lithography stands ready to serve with a chameleon-like change of manner in adaptation to the need of the moment.

And here in our country, too, the use of this flexible medium has shown a wide diversity of styles and temperaments and moods.

Tenement Roofs. By John Sloan.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A Chapter of Retrospect

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AS the year draws to its end and the retrospect which belongs to such occasions engages financial thought, it is likely to prove more difficult than usual to embody the past year's economic history in a consistent summary. Not only has the trend of events been contradictory, but different people differ in their interpretation of the same events. The verdict on the economic position of one country at this year-end, as compared with the end of 1921, will vary widely from that which will be arrived at regarding another country. Financial conditions will determine some judgments, political conditions will determine others, social conditions others. Nowhere has greater confusion of judgment existed than in the financial markets.

Impressions at the Year-End

The prevailing opinion undoubtedly is that economic recovery in the United States has been real and substantial; tangible evidence is too strong for any other conclusion. Still, certain recent industrial and political events even in the United States have caused some hesitancy in the Wall Street view even of our own political or economic future, and at the same time a very strong undercurrent of belief will unquestionably be found to exist, to the effect that the European situation has simply gone from bad to worse during 1922.

MR. H. G. WELLS lately informed a Manchester audience that the collapse of existing institutions, which began in Russia and which is "laying its hands upon Germany," is now "coming further and further West," with signs of "the creeping death of modern civilization." The equally positive judgments of Mr. Wells on events in the world's history (from the creation of the solar system to the declaration of war in 1914) have not wholly succeeded in convincing historians outside of the "best-seller" class. In his prophecy for Europe, however, it might at least be said that he echoed opinions which had found wide utterance even in financial circles when exchange rates on Western Europe were collapsing in October. Since this is a question of facts, it will be best to make careful comparisons. First as to France, whose position has of late been pictured, in the cable despatches and on the markets, as darker than that of any other Western European state and as growing steadily more desperate. What is the financial and economic condition of France, compared with that of a year ago?

Prophecy and Fact in the Situation

If we look at the conventional indices of economic revival—those which we are in the habit of using to test American prosperity—the answer would have to be that France has recovered rapidly during the past twelve months. Railway earnings have increased 2 to 10 per cent over 1921; freight loadings in France, which amounted to 243,000 railway cars per week in January, had risen to 346,000 in October. The country's monthly iron production, which had averaged 285,000 tons in 1921 and 382,000 in the first half of 1922, was 462,000 last September. The monthly export trade of France has been running this past autumn nearly 200,000,000 francs beyond last year, and although the French harvest shortage of 1922 has made necessary an unusually large import of foodstuffs, nevertheless the monthly surplus of imports over exports has been only one-tenth of the average monthly import excess of 1920 and not quite 50,000,000 francs greater than the average monthly import surplus of 1913.

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Concerning the French Position

THE evidence produced this year of fresh accumulation of wealth in France has been indisputable. That, to be sure, is no new story; the world witnessed the same result of French thrift, enterprise, and economy after 1871. But after 1918 it was common remark that the thing could not happen again and when, last summer, Germany showed signs of shirking all reparations payments, it was frequently predicted that France also would repudiate her debts, or else that the devastated towns and cities would not be rebuilt, or else that inflation of the French paper currency would be resumed, to help the government out of its financial scrape. The two last-mentioned prophecies have been put to the test during 1922, under exactly the circumstances which the prophets of evil had in mind.

The result has been that, as shown by official statements, the population of the ten devastated departments, even last July, was only 600,000 less than in 1914; that of the 7,200,000 acres of land made useless by the war, all but 700,000 had been cleared of barbed wire and buried shells; that 2,200 factories had been rebuilt; that nearly 60 per cent of the 342,000 damaged buildings had been made habitable. This astonishing achievement has been effected without any contribution from Germany except the as yet insignificant "payments in kind." The actual cash allotted to France from the German reparations payments has been barely sufficient to meet the expenses of the French army of occupation.

Paying the costs of reconstruction out of her own pocket, it might plausibly have been supposed that France would have left her paper currency alone; for reduction in that inflated paper could be brought about only through progressively paying off the 29,000,000,000 francs owed by the State to the Bank of France in 1920 and thereby enabling the Bank to retire as much of its note circulation as it received in cash from the government. But the French authorities were determined to get the currency under control. They were "unreasonable," Mr. Maynard Keynes declared at Genoa last spring, when the French delegation scornfully rejected his proposal for some such devaluation of the franc as would enable the government to repudiate the greater part of its obligations under pretense of high finance. The struggle has been hard this year, but nearly 2,000,000,000 francs of the bank debt and of the paper notes were canceled in 1922, making the total reduction in the inflated currency 4,000,000,000 as compared with its high point of 1920.

Paying for Reconstruction

IF it is asked how, under all the circumstances, these exploits of physical reconstruction and currency reform were possible, the answer is that the people poured their money into the government's hands without stint or limit whenever it offered a public loan, and that the amounts thus contributed were of almost incredible magnitude. When the intermediary corporation established by the government to finance reconstruction of the devastated districts offered an unlimited loan last spring to raise the necessary money, the French people subscribed 4,000,000,000 francs cash in a week. When the government itself opened the subscription list for another unlimited loan last month, the people subscribed, partly through convertible bonds but largely again in cash, no less than 8,000,000,000 francs. The prosperous United States took a good deal of pride in its people's oversubscription of a $500,000,000 loan offered in September by its government.

Necessarily, there is another side to this achievement of France. The interest on the enormous sums raised by these government loans had to be added to subsequent budgets of annual public expenditure. The accountant of the French Senate's commission on the public finances reported last month that the known expenditure of 1922 had exceeded the known revenue by 30,826,000,000 francs and that the excess of estimated expenditure over estimated revenue in 1923 would be 35,234,000,000. The government actuary made the figures much lower, but discussion of this aspect of the situation drew out the fact that, despite the very great increase in the tax revenue, evasion of tax payments and wastefulness in tax collections had made the schedules far less pro-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

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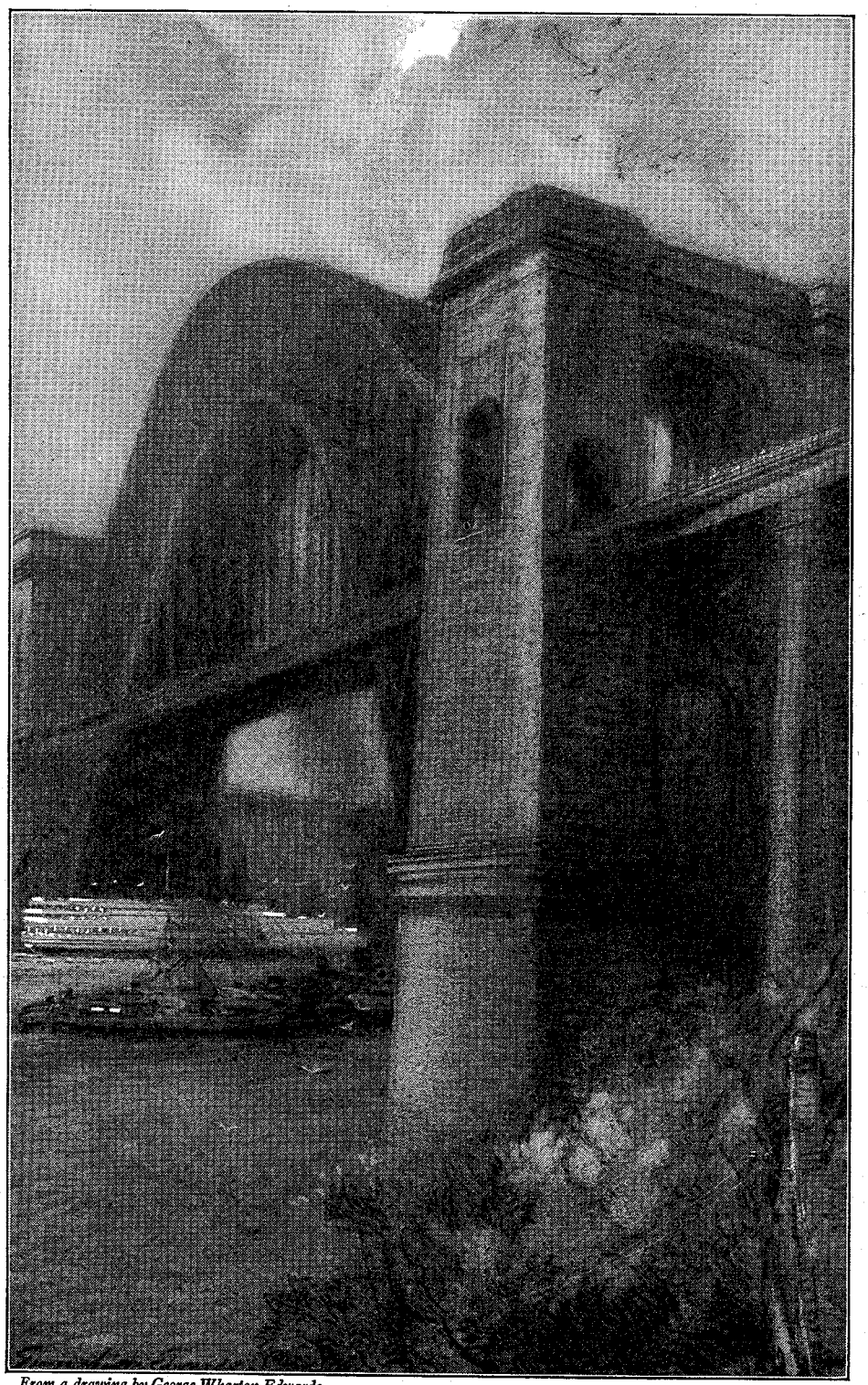

From a drawing by George Wharton Edwards.

THE HELL GATE BRIDGE.

—"Bridges of Manhattan," page 145.

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